The Outlook

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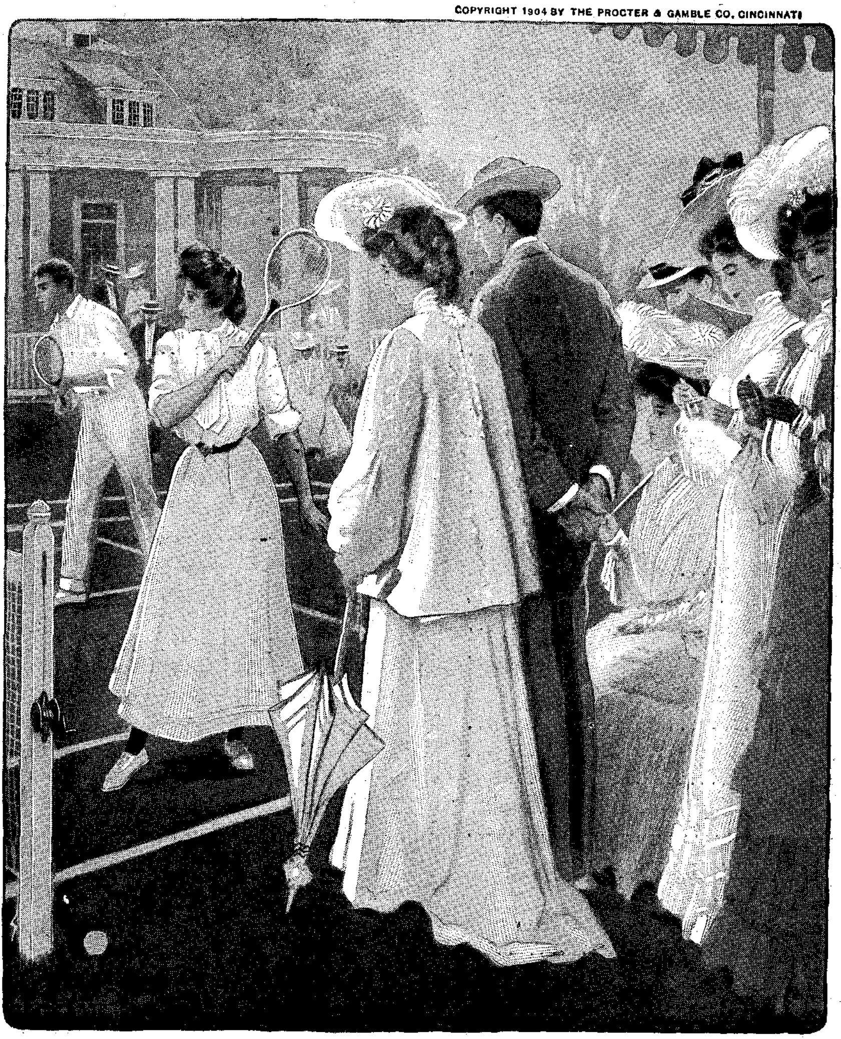

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1904

Judge Parker on the Philippine Question

Judge Parker's non-committal statement about the Philippine question in his letter of acceptance has been followed by a letter to Mr. John G. Milburn, dated August 22, in which he makes a definite declaration of his position:

> You are entirely right in assuming that as I employed the phrase "self-government," it was intended to be identical with independence, political and territorial. After noting the criticism referred to by you, I am still unable to understand how it can be said that a people enjoy self-government while another nation may in any degree whatever control their action. But, to take away all possible opportunity for conjecture, it shall be made clear in the letter of acceptance that I am in hearty accord with that plank in the Democratic platform which advocates treating the Filipinos precisely as we did the Cubans; and I also favor making the promise to them now to take such action as soon as it can prudently be done.

This postscript to Judge Parker's letter of acceptance sharply differentiates his position from that of Mr. Roosevelt and the Republican party. We are governing the Philippines, said Mr. Roosevelt, in the interests of the Philippine people, we are giving them a large share in their government, and we intend to increase this share as rapidly as they show fitness for the task. We are providing for a legislative assembly. This is the first step to be taken, "and it would be eminently unwise to declare what our next step will be until this step has been taken and the results are manifest." Secretary Taft, in a notable speech at Montpelier, Vermont, last week, put the position of the Administration in a few clear and definite sentences:

> The great object we now have in the Philippines is to build up the government there so as to make it more and more useful to the Filipinos, so that they may ultimately become an educated, intelligent, and self-governing people. Then, if they desire independence, let them have it. But if we bring them in behind the tariff wall, if they see that association with the United States is beneficial to them, as I verily believe it will be, it is quite unlikely that they will desire full independence. It is quite likely they will prefer that association which exists between England and Australia or between England and Canada.

Judge Parker seems to be unable to discover any difference between self-government and political independence, and holds that a definite promise of independence for a definite date, or an approximate date, ought now to be made. Judge Parker has done wisely in relieving his letter of ambiguity at a critical point. The only issue raised by his letter of acceptance was the issue of the tariff. The letter to Mr. Milburn raises a second issue—the issue of making a promise at this time for a future date, not only of self-government, but of political independence, for the Philippines.

⁂

Development of the Campaign

Several new features of the Presidential campaign are to be noted, the most important, perhaps, being the second announcement of Judge Parker, the Democratic candidate, of his position on the Philippines, referred to in the previous paragraph. It is becoming clearer each day that President Roosevelt will personally have to sustain the main assault of the Democrats. The Democratic literature and oratory are devoted almost exclusively to him. His writings and speeches are being ransacked in an effort to show that he is a venturesome and unsafe man. Ex-Senator Hill, who uses any kind of material that comes to his hand on the stump, at a county fair has called him a "fraud;" it would be interesting to hear Mr. Hill's definition of a fraud. Senator Bailey, of Texas, declared that the President denounces lynching in the South and upholds it on Western ranches.

Southern orators speaking in the North accuse him of stirring up the race question in the South, but there is great Southern discontent that Judge Parker has not seen fit to come out against negro suffrage and indorse Representative John Sharp Williams's plank in the St. Louis platform. We are told that the Democratic campaign text-book will be devoted almost exclusively to criticism of the President. A singular thing is that the Republicans as well as the Democrats are giving wide circulation to Mr. Joseph Pulitzer's letter, which was expected to alarm the country over the President's alleged designs on South America. In New York, Tammany Hall has been given further recognition in the State campaign at the expense of Senator McCarren, but the bitter feud between Murphy, the Tammany leader, and McCarren, the Brooklyn leader, goes on. A feature of the campaign that has not been generally discussed is the newly arrived foreign vote. This has been neglected by both parties since 1892. There are enough of these foreigners recently naturalized to turn the election in such close States as Indiana, New York, and Connecticut. The Republicans have been conducting a propaganda among these voters all over the country for a year, and much headway has unquestionably been made in inclining them towards Roosevelt and Fairbanks. The Democrats have ignored this work thus far. The week has seen a widening of the battle-ground. The Democrats are to make a strong effort to carry Rhode Island. This is expected to confine Senator Aldrich's activities to his own State. The Republicans, on the other hand, are far from convinced that Maryland cannot be held for Mr. Roosevelt, and are at work there. This will prevent Senator Gorman from giving the Democratic National Committee much help.

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Which Party will Win Congress?

A study of the Congressional situation will convince any man who goes over the field State by State and district by district that it is possible for the Republicans to elect a President and at the same time lose control of the House of Representatives. There are 386 members of the House. A party to have the majority must have at least 194 members. The Republicans now have a majority of about 34. In the present campaign there are about 162 districts that are regarded as safely Democratic, and about 153 that are set down as safely Republican. This leaves 71 doubtful districts, and in these the battle for control of the House will be fought. To get a bare majority the Republicans must carry 42 of these districts and the Democrats 31. The problem has been complicated by the number of districts in States where the National Republican Committee feels safe without making effort, and in others which are likely to be abandoned as hopeless. There are five districts in Wisconsin now represented by Republicans which are doubtful because of the party feud between Governor La Follette's "Half-Breeds" and Senator Spooner's "Stalwarts." It is said that the National Committee does not dare interfere in that State. Nebraska is perfectly safe for Roosevelt and Fairbanks, because the fusion between the Democrats and Populists does not extend to the electoral ticket, but there is complete fusion for members of the Legislature, who will vote for William J. Bryan for United States Senator, and for members of the House of Representatives. This makes four districts now represented by Republicans doubtful. So, too, in Kansas, where Mr. Roosevelt will have a tremendous majority, fusion has placed three Republican districts in the doubtful column. Massachusetts is also safely Republican on the National ticket, but three Republican districts are fighting-ground, and the two districts in Rhode Island are questionable. Connecticut, with a solid representation in the lower House of Congress of five, has three members who will have sharp contests. Republican campaigners are also figuring as in the balance four of the five Republican districts in West Virginia, four in Ohio, three in New Jersey, and the entire delegation of Colorado. It may be the hardest battle for control of the House fought since 1892—harder than that of 1898, when the Republicans got through with thirteen majority.

Lawlessness versus Lawlessness Cripple Creek, Colorado, has again resorted to the deportation, without trial, of men suspected of plotting outrages. On Saturday, August 20, workmen on the Adney Mine discovered three men skulking about the mine. On examination it was found that the brake-gear on the drum of a hoist was loosened. If this had not been found, four men would have been dashed in pieces at the bottom of the shaft. The three men who had been suspected of loosening the gear escaped. The community, however, wrought to a high pitch of excitement, seemed bent on retaliation. Two thousand men gathered in the streets, and took possession of a union store which had been opened by men sent in from Montana by the Miners' Federation. Later in the day a mob of about a hundred men partially wrecked the store, destroying perhaps half its contents. Twenty-five men regarded as sympathizers with the Federation were deported from the city, apparently without any action on the part of officials. A correspondent in Colorado writes us that "the deportation and wrecking seem not to have been the work of the Citizens' Alliance, but of individuals," and that "the sober judgment of Colorado generally condemns it." It is not necessary to be a defender of an organization whose leaders have been guilty of reckless agitation, in order to be convinced that the same logic which holds the Western Federation of Miners responsible for certain acts of violence would, if unprejudiced, charge other acts of violence to the account of the Citizens' Alliance. If, as our correspondent says, the action of the mob at Cripple Creek "bears witness to the determination of the community to root out the baleful action of the Western Federation in the district," it also bears witness to an uncivilized state of society. In a civilized community such a determination does not take the form of lawlessness, but of the orderly procedure of a strong government. So far as we have been able to learn, no member of the Western Federation of Miners has yet been judged guilty of any of the crimes charged against the organization during the disturbances of the past year, though a number have been tried on the charge. This means either that the Miners' Federation is guiltless and its members and defenders have been treated with great injustice, or else that the machinery of justice in Colorado is corrupt or defective. In either case the cure cannot come through lawlessness. If it is true that the respectable citizens of Colorado approve of these continual extra-legal deportations, the respectable people of Colorado are demoralized. The fact that the owners of the wrecked store are citizens of another State makes it probable that if suit is brought against the wreckers it will be tried in a Federal Court. It is to be hoped that in this case light will be thrown on the conditions in Colorado as it has not yet been thrown on them by the action of the State authorities.

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Municipal Lobbyists The Chicago papers record the fact that the Chicago City Council has authorized the Mayor to appoint a representative at a salary of $2,000 per annum to look after legislation affecting the city's interests. This is in line with sound public policy, and indicates that Chicago intends to keep herself in the forefront in municipal matters. When we recall the fact that large corporations maintain not a lobbyist only, but a whole lobby to watch and influence legislation, there is no sound reason why the city, which has still greater interests to protect and advance, should not follow the same practice. If a few more cities were to follow Chicago's example, we might hear less of adverse State interference in local affairs. Already an increasing list of reform bodies have followed in the footsteps of the corporation in that they maintain representatives to watch every step in legislation. With this striking difference, however: they watch in the interest of the public and to protect its rights, whereas the corporations maintain theirs for purely private and often corrupt purposes. No small part of the success of the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago is due to the fact that its representatives know at least as much about city legislation as even the city fathers themselves. The Legislative Voters' League is pursuing the same policy. The City Club of New York has long watched municipal legislation affecting New York, and during the coming session it will maintain a full corps of trained men to report daily upon every measure in any wise touching New York's interests. In this way the Club will keep itself informed, and, moreover, will be able to keep kindred bodies equally informed, as well possibly as the newspapers themselves, which often must depend upon a single overworked correspondent. The Civil Service Reform Association of Pennsylvania will go a step further next year. It proposes to keep a representative at Harrisburg for the sole purpose of securing consideration for the Association's bill; and the Joint Committee on Electoral Reforms is likely to join the Association in maintaining a lobbyist, or it may have its own.

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Pensioners Decrease: Pensions Increase

The annual report of Commissioner Ware for the fiscal year ending July 1 of this year has just been made public. The report is unusually elaborate, and discusses the statistics of pensions from many points of view. The most important single fact is contained in the statement that the number of those receiving pensions from the United States has during the year decreased by 1,783, while the amount of money paid out for pensions has increased by about three and one-third millions of dollars. The total amount paid out for pensions during the year was $141,093,571. How far the actual increase in cost of the pension system and the larger relative increase in proportion to the number of pensioners may be due to the much-discussed order by which disability is assumed after a certain age is not quite clear from the report, but apparently this order has only begun to have its effect, and may be expected to increase that effect greatly during the coming year. Somewhat over forty-seven thousand claims were filed under the terms of that order in the year reported, and somewhat over eighteen thousand of these claims have been allowed, while most of the others are carried forward for final decision. Among the curiosities of the report is the fact that there are still three Revolutionary pensions on the list—one being to a widow of a Revolutionary soldier, and the other two to daughters. One, and only one, man is reported as alive and receiving a pension who fought in the War of 1812. Out of 994,762 pensioners on the rolls, 945,358 were engaged in the Civil War, and 16,829 in the war with Spain. Looking at the burden of the pension system with regard to the total wealth of the country, Commissioner Ware finds that it was heaviest in 1893, and has since shrunk from $2.24 per thousand dollars of taxable wealth to about $1.34. He adds that "in ten years more the burden will cease to be noticed;" yet in its total amount it has increased enormously since 1893, and is apparently still to increase for some years. Mr. Ware makes several recommendations, all or nearly all of which have been made without effect by himself and former Commissioners. Among them are recommendations for the passage of laws causing a man convicted of an infamous crime to forfeit his pension rights; forbidding the giving of pensions to widows who have married soldiers after the soldiers became old pensioners; providing for pensioning superannuated clerks and for consolidating some pension districts; and, most important of all, for establishing a different method of examining applicants for pensions. The present method Mr. Ware rightly characterizes as "most uncertain, expensive, and unsatisfactory," and adds that it is liable to outside control and political dictation.

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The War in the East

The cloud of battle hung over Port Arthur last week, and it was impossible to determine with certainty precisely what advance the Japanese made. It seems probable, however, that at one point they had broken the inner line of Russian defense by the end of the week. If it is true that the fort called Itseshan (shan means simply hill) has been occupied by the besiegers, the fall of the citadel seems near, for that fort lies only two miles from the citadel itself, and is on a hill of considerable elevation. At such a distance and from a height siege-guns can demolish almost anything that can be raised against them. On the other hand, an American officer who left Port Arthur on August 14 considers the Russian positions impregnable, says that the garrison is well and has plenty of food, and adds that, although the Japanese shells are falling in the town, each house has a bomb-proof cellar and little actual damage has been done. Turning to the military situation in Manchuria, a quiescent period was last week followed by one of advance. General Kuroki has been pushing his attack directly toward Liaoyang from the south, and at the end of the week heavy fighting in this vicinity was reported, with the probability that a tremendous battle was going on. One grim indication of this is the statement in the despatches that the Japanese had sent forward ten thousand small wooden boxes, in which it was intended to place the ashes of the killed in this battle, while eight hundred Chinese had been engaged to burn the bodies on the battlefield. General Oku, in command of the Japanese western position, did not seem to make an attempt to advance last week, and it is rumored that his army has been temporarily weakened by sending reinforcements to the south to take part in the attack on Port Arthur. The international tension has been greatly improved by Russian official assent to the dismantling of the cruiser Askold and the destroyer Grozovoi at Shanghai; and although Japan still refuses to return the destroyer seized at Chefoo, it is believed that China will be allowed to maintain its neutrality as best it can, without too much being demanded of a practically helpless nation. A further possible cause of dissension between Great Britain and Russia has appeared in the reports that British vessels have been stopped and searched by one or more Russian ships in South African waters. It seems probable that one of these vessels is the Smolensk, one of the volunteer ships which, after passing through the Dardanelles, assumed a warlike character. The Russians say that they have issued instructions to the captain of the Smolensk to cease stopping and searching neutral ships, but that they fear the orders have not reached him. A decidedly aggressive feeling was shown in the British Parliament on this subject, and Mr. Balfour spoke very plainly as to the purpose of the Government to maintain the British position as regards neutral rights.

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The Czar's Clemency

The christening of the heir to the throne of all the Russias took place in the church of the Peterhof Palace in St. Petersburg on Wednesday morning of last week with the most imposing ceremonies. The infant prince was carried to the palace in a gilded coach, so enveloped in laces and dainty materials that he was invisible to the great and brilliant assemblage, who were satisfied, however, of his existence by the lusty cry with which he received the complete immersion in the warm water of the font at the hands of the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg. The christening was made the occasion of one of those acts of clemency with which absolute monarchs have been accustomed from time to time to ameliorate the conditions of their subjects. The most important benefits conferred by the Czar's manifesto are the abolition of corporal punishment among the rural classes and its curtailment in the army and navy; the remission of land purchase arrears, which benefits a very large class of the population, and the operation of which is extended to estates in Poland; an all-round reduction in sentences for common-law offenses; a general amnesty for all political offenses, except in cases of murder; the setting apart of $1,500,000 from the State funds for the benefit of landless people of Finland; the remission of all fines imposed upon the rural and urban communes in Finland for failure to elect representatives or to serve on military recruiting boards during the years 1902 and 1903, and permission to the Finns who have left their country without the sanction of the authorities to return within a year. The St. Petersburg newspapers welcome the abolition of corporal punishment as the most important of these concessions, and declare that it will not longer be possible to stigmatize Russia as "the land of the knout." The remission of land arrears, although on a large scale, is a remedy entirely inadequate to meet the long-continued agricultural depression. The manifesto is not an adequate redress of wrongs from which the Russian people are suffering; it is an expression of personal gratitude and good will and not a serious and well-considered endeavor to give Russia the more intelligent government which she so greatly needs.

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Australia's New Ministry

Another kaleidoscopic change has taken place in the field of Australian politics. The Labor Ministry of Premier Watson, which held office for only a few weeks, was recently defeated on a clause of an arbitration bill, and a new Cabinet has been formed, with the Rt. Hon. G. H. Reid as Premier. Mr. Reid, who is a free-trader, was opposition leader in the Australian Parliament before that body became divided into three parties, with the Labor party holding the balance of power. He opposed Australian Confederation in the later stages of that movement, and was Premier of New South Wales from 1894 to 1899. Of the six Cabinet members, four, including Mr. Reid, are from New South Wales, and are also free-traders. Nevertheless the advent of the new Ministry is not to be looked upon as a distinct triumph for free trade, because a protective tariff is in operation, and there is not a very strong disposition to change it without a fair trial. The defeat of Premier Watson was due specifically to the withdrawal of free-trade support, which had helped him to gain office, that withdrawal resulting from lack of confidence in the late Premier's policy in the alleged interest of labor. That policy was inconsistent in proposing, on the one hand, increased privileges for laboring men, and, on the other, in legislating to compel them to join unions or run the risk of violence or starvation. Though the Labor party has been strong in Australia, before as well as after confederation, there has recently been a revolt against some of its demands, and the defeat of the New South Wales Government about three weeks ago was a blow which helped to hasten the fall of the Watson Cabinet. It should be recalled that on the formation of the first Federal Government the Labor party did not exist as a separate party aspiring to office, and its subsequent change of tactics has not been very successful. It now finds itself suspected and opposed both by the moderate protectionists under Mr. Deakin and free-traders under Mr. Reid. This is the situation at present; but so shifting and experimental as yet are party lines and exigencies under the federal system that it is impossible to predict a prolonged tenure of office for the new Ministry. Judging by reports, however, affairs will be more settled now that the various parties have all had their turn.

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The Archbishop of Canterbury

Unusual interest attaches to the visit of the Most Reverend Randall Thomas Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury, who arrived in New York last Saturday morning, accompanied by Mrs. Davidson, the Vicar of Windsor, and two chaplains. No Primate of All England has ever before set foot on this continent. The Archbishop's plans, so far as announced, include a visit to Canada, to Niagara Falls, and to Washington, short visits with Bishops Potter and Doane, attendance on the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church which is to be held in Boston beginning the first week in October, and participation in the sesquicentennial exercises of Columbia University. It will be remembered that Dr. Davidson succeeded Dr. Temple as Primate of All England on January 8, 1903, having previously been Dean of Windsor, Bishop of Rochester, and Bishop of Winchester, and for many years, therefore, a figure of the first prominence in the English Church. The American Episcopal Church has no connection of any kind with the English Church, and the Primate comes here as a guest and as a student of the relations of the Church and the State in America. It is believed that his visit is not only an expression of the very cordial relations now existing between England and America in all departments of life, but in furtherance of a purpose to study the methods and the position of a free Church in a free State. He will find a cordial welcome, not only on account of his great position, but because of his eminent character and his distinguished career.

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The Revolt in Wales In Wales, whose population is very largely Nonconformist, the revolt against the operation of the Education Act for the maintenance of Church of England schools, which we reported last winter, has entered a more serious stage. The County Councils having generally refused to put the Act in operation, Parliament has just passed a bill to checkmate their refusal. This, popularly styled the "Welsh Coercion Act," authorizes the central Board of Education, in the case of a county proclaimed in default, to provide for Church schools and to deduct such appropriation from the Government grant for educational uses to the county. As the deficit thus caused in the sum available for the National schools would have to be made up by the county, the recalcitrant county would thus indirectly be saddled with the maintenance of the Church schools. This scheme the undaunted Welshmen have planned to hamstring by passive resistance of a sweeping sort, already sanctioned by the executive committee of the Welsh County Councils Association. Directly an attempt to work it is made in any county, the County Education Committee will resign, the managers of the National schools will resign, and the entire management will be dropped on the central Education Board, which is powerless either to appoint managers or to raise a penny independently of the County Councils. Due notice has been privately given to the central Education Board as a cautionary intimation. The temper of Wales seems to be roused. The plan of campaign contemplates the opening in every chapel, in case the National schools should be closed, of "a school in which children will have an object-lesson in the fight for religious freedom and civil rights."

Resignation of Professor Beet Dr. Agar Beet, the foremost scholar among British Wesleyans, has at length determined to regain his freedom by resigning his professorship in Richmond College. Two years ago, as our readers will remember, an attempt was made to oust him from the chair honored for many years by his learning. The conservative party, offended by what they deemed dangerous laxity in Dr. Beet's opinions regarding everlasting punishment, were defeated only when Dr. Beet, for the sake of peace in the Church, engaged not to publish anything further on that subject, discussed in his book, "The Last Things." This year he was refused liberty even to republish that book, and the yoke became intolerable to him. It is said that next year, when his resignation takes effect, he has a work forthcoming that will attract attention. What any church can sanely expect to gain by intolerance toward its scholars is the wonder of the modern world.

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The "Wee Kirk" Waiting for the dust to settle that has been raised by the legal ruin of the Free Church by the House of Lords seems to be the present attitude of parties in Scotland. The decision does not become legally binding there until made so by the Court of Session in October. Meanwhile consultations are going on. The "Wee Kirk," as the twenty-four now adjudged to be the genuine Free Church are called, seems to be aware of its inadequacy to manage the vast plant that the law has put into its hands—churches, missions, colleges—and awaits proposals from the ousted party. The Free Church is bracing itself for fresh sacrifices to maintain its historic struggle for freedom, and is raising an emergency fund of $300,000. The London "Times" warns the two parties that Parliament will see that justice is done, unless they come to an agreement. The Moderator of the Established Church takes the opportunity to welcome all who are now disposed to return to her fold. To promote this is said to have been among the objects aimed at by the Wee Kirkers, and to have gained them favor both in Scotland and England among those who feared the movement toward disestablishment, strengthened by the union in 1900 of the Free and the United Presbyterians. But how a return to the Establishment would further the fight of the Wee Kirk against the higher critics and heresy is hard to see. The Home Rule Association avails itself of the occasion to make a vigorous appeal to national sentiment against the indignity that the unanimous judgment of the highest courts in Scotland on an exclusively Scottish question should be reversed by "foreign judges," with but one Scot and no Presbyterians on the bench. The court stood five to two, not four to three, as we reported.

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Professor Shields In the Protestant churches there have always been two complementary forces—one working for religious liberty and the rights of the individual, the other working for orderliness, dignity, and organic strength. Some churches, for instance the Congregational, have especially represented the one force; other churches, notably the Protestant Episcopal, have represented the other. In all churches, however, the two forces have existed measurably together. Professor Charles W. Shields, who died on Friday of last week, was long prominent in the Presbyterian Church as an advocate of orderliness, dignity, and organic strength. In particular he believed and strongly urged that the spiritual unity of the Church, now divided into many denominations, ought to be expressed by a visible and formal unity. His books, "Essays on Christian Unity" and "The United Church of the United States," promulgated his belief. Out of the same conviction he prepared "The Presbyterian Book of Common Prayer." This belief did not imply, however, that he was not sensitive to attack on personal liberty. Indeed, it was because he felt that he was under constraint in the expression of his own views on temperance that he left the Presbyterian Church and was ordained as a Protestant Episcopal minister. He was a native of Indiana, a graduate of Princeton, and since 1865 Professor of the Harmony of Science and Revealed Religion at Princeton. He was in his eightieth year. He was for many years a familiar and conspicuous figure in Princeton, where his dignity of character and charm of manner won him many warm friends.

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A Journalist of Ideals The death of Mr. Carlyle McKinley, associate editor of the Charleston "News and Courier," which occurred in that city last week, is a loss to American journalism. Mr. McKinley had not made a wide popular reputation, but he was a high-minded, intelligent, and capable editor. His reputation among the men who knew him in his own profession was of a kind which any man would prize; for his ideals were high and his work on a level with his ideals. Beginning life as a Presbyterian minister, he formed a connection with the Charleston "News and Courier" as an editorial writer twenty years ago. He is best known to the public by "An Appeal to Pharaoh," published in 1889, a plea for transporting the negroes of the United States to Africa, which attracted a good deal of attention at the time, but which was of importance only as a serious argument for an impossible solution. The cyclone of 1885 and the earthquake of the following year were treated by him with intelligence and skill, but he was best known by his poems and miscellaneous essays. He was a man of somewhat shy disposition, and the world's acquaintance with him was a good deal limited by that shyness. One of his poems, which recently appeared in "The Century," greatly enlarged the circle of those who were ready to appreciate him. He was a skilled workman who put his heart into what he did; and he leaves behind him a highly honorable record.

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A Vermont Strike The tyranny which labor unions sometimes attempt to exercise seems likely to receive a damaging blow at Proctor, Vermont. The marble workers were ordered early in July to go on a strike unless the marble manufacturers would give the unions a closed shop, a uniform wage of $2.50 per day for cutters, abolish piece-work, grant a nine-hour day, and some other things. It was freely admitted at the time that the agitation was begun by members of the International Association of Marble Workers who were not employed in the marble industry within the State, and was aimed particularly at the Vermont Marble Company, the largest marble company in Vermont and probably in America. This business was largely developed by Senator Proctor, and his son, Mr. Fletcher D. Proctor, has been president of the company since it was incorporated. This company firmly refused to unionize its shops or abandon piece-work from the first, although it has not objected to its men joining the union if they wished. About 750 of the 3,000 men employed in the marble industry stopped work, but they are now gradually returning to work, and every plant which was at first obliged to close has resumed operations, some to a limited extent only. None of the shops or mills of the Vermont Marble Company were obliged to close, and the National officers who called the strike threatened a boycott on the product of the company's mills. Work has been stopped at some points in the country where the company was filling construction contracts, but in every case it has been resumed. A peculiar feature of the strike has been the anxiety of the strikers themselves not to have the demands of the International Association granted by the company. Old employees have gone to the head of the company and told him that if he yielded and established a uniform wage of $2.50 per day they would be obliged to go elsewhere after work was resumed. In reply to the query why they did not return to work and support the company, they said they did not dare to do so for fear the union might sometime get control of the shops and force them to stop marble work entirely. A company store is maintained near all of the large mills and shops owned by the company, but in every instance it is conducted on a co-operative plan, and the employees share in the profits in proportion to the amount of trade each has done at the store.

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Violence

One of the unqualified statements in Mr. Parker's speech of acceptance was a severe arraignment of present tendencies in American life. These are his words: "Impatience of the restraints of law, as well as of its delays, is becoming more and more manifest from day to day." These words must have been well weighed before they were uttered, for they are not the sort that reflective men utter lightly. If they are true, they must bring concern not only to the jurist, but also to the inconspicuous citizen. They are equivalent to a charge that the United States is steadily, if gradually, relapsing into barbarism. In a monarchy, impatience of the restraints of law may possibly be a sign of progress, for it may indicate the struggle of a liberty-loving people to throw off the fetters of an unjust despotism. In a democracy, however, such impatience denotes one of two things: either that the people have been heedless or corrupt enough to permit the enactment of ineffective or unjust laws, or else that increasing numbers of the people are determined to assert their own wills against the welfare of the community.

Whether such relapse into barbarism is general or not we shall not here undertake to discuss. There have recently been enough cases of such relapse to make it evident how quickly and easily it can take place in a community.

In Colorado men who have sought to work against the wishes of one organization have been murdered, and other men who have spoken their minds in support of that organization have been dragged from their homes and maltreated. In Georgia a white family has been murdered by a group of negroes representing a lawless band, and the criminals have been seized by a mob and burned. In New York City an Italian boy has been kidnapped and Italian tradesmen have been blackmailed by Italian bandits, and the victims of the outrages, disregarding and even obstructing the efforts of the police, have under-taken to protect themselves and to recover what they have lost by violence or by private dealings with the offenders.

If such communities are to remain self-governing and civilized, they must recognize two duties that lie before them—one, to put at an end the immediate disturbance; the other, and more important, to create an orderly character within itself. In other words, it is imperative that, first, the symptom be relieved, second, the disease be cured.

The immediate need in Colorado is a strong hand laid on all offenders, whether they are turbulent miners or "committees of citizens." The ultimate need there, however, is a purifying of public offices. The lawlessness of violence there is the fruit of the lawlessness of corruption. The symptom will reappear as long as the disease is not cured.

In Georgia the immediate need is a body of militia with rifles that are not unloaded. The strong action of Governor Terrell last week, in ordering a court of inquiry, indicates that the symptom will be firmly treated. The ultimate need there, however, is a doubling of the educative forces in the remoter regions. The lawlessness of violence there is the lawlessness of ignorance. So long as there are masses of ignorant, brutish negroes, and so long as there are ignorant, arrogant whites, the symptom will keep reappearing.

In New York City the same principle holds good. Men familiar with the Italian language, the Italian manners, and the Italian population ought to be on the police force in sufficient numbers to be the first on hand and the best informed whenever a disturbance occurs. That is the immediate need—increased efficiency in the police. The ultimate need there, however, is an inculcation of these Italians in the principles of American citizenship, an infusion of American feeling into this body of aliens. So long as these Sicilians and Calabrians live as if they were in their native land, the symptoms displayed in their brawls and their blackmail will recur again and again.

Wherever lawlessness appears it ought to be a summons first to enforcement, then to education.

The Value of Liberty

There is much in the declarations and expressions which our political forefathers have left to indicate that they believed that in attaining liberty they should secure the ultimate good in life, and that, independence having once been won, other problems would settle themselves. This was the dream and the hope of the men of the Revolutionary period; to whom it seemed as if Liberty held all things in her hands, and that in her companionship all the higher aims of life would be realized. A large part of the Western world has gained liberty of thought and action. Under different forms of government there is, for the great majority of the peoples of the West, practical freedom of political action, with the larger freedom of individual action which goes with it; and yet, decades after these beneficent ends have been attained, the problems of society were never more numerous, more perplexing, or more menacing!

Modern men seem, in fact, to have come at last face to face with the ultimate questions regarding the relation of man to man in the family, the Church, the State, and the world of business. It seems, looking at the turmoil and confusion of the modern world, as if all other earlier changes in forms of government had been in a way preliminary, and as if now, for the first time, men stood face to face with the fundamental questions. And there is a great deal of truth in this impression; for the prime result of liberty has been the creation of a free society and the opening of the whole field of life to individual effort, and this means securing the conditions under which, for the first time in the history of the world, the fundamental relations of men can be determined, not by precedent or authority, but by principle.

Our forefathers did not overvalue the importance of liberty; they did not realize that liberty at its best is not a final good, but a means to an end, and that the value of liberty depends chiefly on the character of the society which possesses it, and the purpose for which it is used. A German publicist once said, with great truth, that administration is two-thirds of liberty; meaning that the value of liberty depends on the social, material, and political conditions in which one enjoys it; for the charm, sweetness, and interest of life do not lie in the ability to have one's own way, but in the richness and variety of resources which life offers, in the nobility and spirituality of the atmosphere in which it is lived. There is far less liberty, in the sense of the ability to do what one chooses at any particular moment, in a city like Munich than in a frontier mining town; but liberty in Munich is worth more than in a frontier town, because life offers so much more. Liberty in Munich means the best attention to the comfort and safety of the residents of the city; it means cars which are never overcrowded; it means that the streets are never surrendered to automobile chauffeurs or bicycle-riders until they are thoroughly master of the machines they use; it means a host of restrictions sometimes irritating to the American, but all tending to make life safer, to insure comfort, and to provide for pleasure. It means access to books, to art galleries, to parks, to the best music, the best plays, and the best operas, with the smallest expenditure of money and under the most normal conditions. Liberty purchases, therefore, a great deal more in Munich than it purchases in a frontier town. There is less of it, but what there is of it is of much greater value.

A community may have liberty—that is to say, all men, women, and children in it may do as they choose—and the place may be hideous to the eye, dull to the imagination, and uncomfortable as a place of residence. It is not by being free that men become great, but it is by being free to choose the best things and then choosing them. Liberty of choice is essential to greatness of character, but a community is great, as an individual is great, not by reason of its ability to select as it chooses the good or the bad, but by the fact that, having that freedom, it has elected to take the best and reject the worst. The fact that liberty is less talked of in this country than it used to be, that the right of universal suffrage is very gravely discussed and very seriously questioned, does not mean that men undervalue liberty or care for it less than their fathers cared; it means that they understand, as their fathers did not, that liberty is a means to an end, that it is only a step on the road, that it is the beginning of an ordered and noble society and not its ultimate achievement, and that its value depends on the conditions under which it is exercised. Our chief concern now is not to have our way, but to discover the best and pursue it to the end.

Love and Work

Idealism as an interpretation of life, a vision of ultimate ends and conditions, has always won to itself the ardent, the poetic, and the high-minded—the great company of seekers after light and love in every generation, who rebel against the hardness and injustice of the world, hate its noise and brutality, its fierce competitions and its stolid indifference to the defeated. Even in the presence of the great purpose which runs through the visible order of things and the society in which men have arranged themselves, and which has come to light, as one of the most spiritual men of the day has said, just in time to save some of the best men and women from despair, it is hard for the sensitive and aspiring and tender-hearted to bear the sorrows of the world and to sit with a cheerful spirit while so many losses ravage the homes that are dear to them and despoil the best fortunes of men. There are hosts of men and women who go through life with a noble discontent in their hearts, a sense of loneliness and isolation in their souls; they are homesick for a world in which men help instead of smite, bind up instead of wound, are quick to recognize the good instead of eager to find the evil, stand ready in all crises to rebuild the fallen, are patient of spirit with the weak, love the sinner while they loathe the sin, are kindly in speech because kindly in thought, are indifferent to external conditions because conditions are the happenings of life while the soul is its great and enduring reality, are bound together in a vast conspiracy to cheer, to aid, to give heart and hope, to make the highways of life bloom with spontaneous kindnesses, and to make the lonely world a warm, hospitable, many-windowed home for all who pass this way on the journey of life.

If the truth were told, what confessions of solitude, of heartache, of loneliness of spirit, would come like a flood from those whom men count happy because they are intrenched against the blows of disaster by all manner of material possession! "The heart knoweth his own bitterness" is one of the truest and saddest of all the summings up of experience in the Book of Proverbs; and where there is no bitterness there is always loneliness. In whatever circumstances men are born in this world, they are all born in exile; and in exile palaces are often as prison-like as hovels.

This is the penalty of immortality; the price we pay for the birthright of the divine in us. To have the power of creating heaven in the imagination is to bare one's heart to the coldness and hardness of the world; to see Paradise at a distance is to make the desert in which we are traveling more barren and lonely. As one who loves the sweetness of the open meadow, the solitude of woods, and the cool music of running brooks finds the noise and odor and crowding of the city almost intolerable, so those who carry a vision of heaven in their souls find the unkindness, the tumult, and the hardness of this present world almost unbearable. They have often fled from it and sought refuge in isolation; they have made homes for themselves in the vast quiet of the Nile valley, they have built monasteries on almost inaccessible heights, they have buried themselves out of the sight and sound of the world in all manner of lonely refuges. But wherever they have gone they have carried the passionate human heart with them, and even when they have found the peace which sometimes flows out of the heart of silence, they have never found the perfect society, the cloudless day of joy, the redeemed world.

If Idealism were at bottom an explanation of life as it reveals itself within the limits of time, it would often seem the idlest of dreams, the most untenable of philosophies; but it is a solution of the great problem only at the end of a world-wide and an almost illimitable process of growth and unfolding; it is the vision of an ultimate perfection, not a statement of present conditions; it is, at the heart, a glimpse into the great mystery of education which makes this life not only bearable but marvelously spiritual and hope-inspiring.

The Idealism which lies within every man's reach and is every man's need is surrender to the urgent and passionate desire to give his own spirit the shape and quality of the divine spirit, and to create in himself those traits and that attitude which he yearns to find wrought into the fiber of society; to be in his own soul that which he wishes all men were. Conditions, whether easy or difficult, are secondary; the eternal element of peace and happiness lies in every man's soul, beyond the reach of accident. They who seek heaven must take refuge in their own spirits, not in some solitary place at a distance; and they must find it, not in more congenial circumstances, but in a freer and nobler putting forth of the best in themselves. The true Idealist is not a dreamer in a world of realities which make his dream incredible, nor is he a refugee escaping from conditions which he cannot bear to a more comfortable place; he is a man who is patiently and often painfully shaping his life in harmony with an inward purpose; who is mastering crude materials that he may make the vision in whose light he lives shine before the eyes of men whose sight is less clear than his; who is doing commonplace things in a spirit which gives them the beauty of a high purpose, as the great architect redeems the meanness of the hidden stone by the splendor of the structure in which it finds its place.

Men are made happy, not by the things which surround them nor by the things which they take to themselves, but by the noble putting forth of the soul in love and work; the two great activities which are never divorced in the harmonious and balanced life, the two languages in which every true Idealist makes confession of his faith and gives evidence of its reality. For love is the ultimate expression of faith, and without works faith is a vain shadow of reality.

Impressions of a Careless Traveler

Southern California

THERE are two ways of "doing" California. One is to join a personally conducted party. In that case you pay a fixed sum for your entire trip and are taken care of from start to finish. The sum paid covers all railroad fares, hotel bills, carriage hire, and tips. You travel in a special train, provided with a dining-car. When you stop, you are carried to and from the train to the hotel, where you find your room engaged beforehand, and where your baggage is brought to you. In short, you travel with the least possible care and anxiety, and I judge no greater expense than is involved in individual travel. But individuality is of course lacking; you must keep with your party and accept the itinerary which has been made for you. Those who have tried this method commend it warmly. I believe, too, that the traveler can arrange to leave his party at any point in the itinerary and, keeping his railroad ticket, complete his journey by himself. The other method is the one we have pursued: settle the general outline of the trip; purchase a round-trip ticket which enables you to stop off when and where you will; and travel as an individual, stopping where you like, when you like, and as long as you like. Traveling in this fashion, we have found the conveniences and comforts remarkably good—dining-cars, with meals *à la carte*, or buffet-cars on the through trains; porters at the stations; invariable courtesy from conductors and trainmen. The hotels are decidedly better than they average on the Atlantic coast. We have stopped at all kinds of hotels, from the little inn in the woods, with no village near and no attractions for tourists except the stillness of a great solitude, to the great hotel in the heart of a city, with accommodations for four hundred guests; and we have not found a poor hotel in all our journey. In every hotel we have had not only the physical comfort of clean rooms, good food, and generally prompt attendance, but that indefinable comfort which only a genuinely hospitable spirit and desire to please can produce. The cooks, I believe, are generally Chinese, and they deserve the same credit which European travelers give to Swiss cooks. The prices are reasonable, decidedly more reasonable than in hotels of the same class in summer resorts on the North Atlantic coast or winter resorts on the South Atlantic coast. At the end of six weeks' trip I find my expenses have not exceeded five dollars a day each. This includes hotel bills, excursions, carriage hire, incidentals—in short, all expenses except railroad tickets and special purchases; and we have invariably chosen the best hotels, and the only limit to excursions has been put by our tastes, our inclinations, and our time, not by our purse.

Every Californian wants to know what we think of the climate; pretty nearly every one assures us that the weather has been "extraordinary" this season; occasionally, one more frank than the rest informs us that the weather always is "extraordinary" in California. My first impression is that the Californians are rather solicitous about their climate, as a mother might be about a child who does not always show his best to strangers. It is somewhat absurd to give even an impression of a climate from a little over two weeks' experience—and that is all we have had at this writing, most of it in Southern California. It would be quite absurd to

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offer any conclusions respecting the climate from so brief an experience. Our two weeks spent in Southern California were in March. Two years before we had spent about the same length of time in Rome, Italy, where also we were assured, however, that the weather conditions were exceptional. The climate of Rome, Italy, and of Pasadena, Southern California, seemed to me, from these two very brief experiences of ten days' each, very similar. There was a like admixture of mountain and sea air, a like contrast between the warm, verging on the hot, and the cool, often becoming decidedly chilly. In no one day, however, did I find the contrast quite as great as I once found it in Athens, where, driving, I had alternately to take off my overcoat and put it on two or three times in an hour's drive, depending upon the question whether the sun was behind the cloud or shining down upon us out of a cloudless section of the sky. An old resident of Southern California appeared to me to interpret the climate with equal accuracy and terseness, in saying that in Southern California the sun is hot and the air is cool. I did not see women with furs on the shady side of the street and in light summer dresses on the sunny side of the street, at the same time, though I was told this spectacle might be seen a little later in the season; but I found it very wise always to carry my spring overcoat with me, ready to put it on if the sky became clouded. He who, on the Atlantic coast, has started out on a drive in a late October day, while the sun is still high in the heavens, and has found himself coming home after sundown, will perhaps understand from that experience the contrast in Southern California at all seasons of the year between a sunshine which would make the thinnest clothing acceptable, and the shade which makes a light overcoat not burdensome. It is said that the climate in California is more equable than on the Atlantic coast. I do not know what the thermometer records; but giving here, as everywhere, impressions which scientific accuracy might show to be wrong, I should say that the differences in temperature in any one day are greater on the Pacific than on the Atlantic coast, but the differences in any one month are much less. The winter is never so cold, and if the summer is hotter measured by the thermometer at midday, it is cooler after sundown. We had at Pasadena some exceptionally warm and murky days, at least we were assured that they were exceptional; but I think there was no night when we did not want one, two, or three blankets over us, and I am assured by my friends that it is very rarely the case in any month in the year that this want is not felt at night. When we passed the invisible line which separates Southern from Northern California, we came into a new climate. The cold was less than in the Ojai Valley, but it was more penetrating. Speaking broadly, as the result of two weeks in Southern California and a few days in San Francisco, I should say that the April climate of Pasadena is not unlike the April climate of Rome, and that the April climate of San Francisco is a very much mitigated Boston climate.

What perhaps most impresses all visitors to California who have ever tried to develop a "place" in the East, is the extraordinary variety of vegetation and the rapidity of its growth. We missed some of the Eastern trees—especially the maple and the elm; but their place is taken by a great variety of trees—the eucalyptus, shooting up to a great height like Jonah's gourd almost in a night; the redwoods, some of them already aged when the oldest pyramid was being built; the palm, graceful, pliant, swaying to and fro with the lightest breeze; the live-oak, with a sturdy, gnarled, unsymmetrical, individualistic beauty; the pepper-tree, as graceful in its pliancy as the weeping willow, and more delicate and beautiful in its leaf; the orange-trees, fragrant with blossoms and golden with fruit in the same season and on the same tree; endless varieties of evergreen, from the cedars of Lebanon to the pointed firs of Maine; and innumerable products of skilled arboriculture of which I know neither the names, the nature, nor the birthplace. The rapidity of growth is even more remarkable to the Eastern tourist than the variety of the vegetation. Some thirteen or fourteen years ago, Mr. Albert K. Smiley, of Lake Mohonk fame, saw with prophetic vision the possibility of beauty in one of the barren hills which environ Redlands—a hill bearing nothing more valuable than the sage-brush—purchased it, provided for it irrigation, and, bringing to the Pacific slope the long experience derived from his treatment of the Lake Mohonk park, began to lay out roads upon the hillside and to plant trees where only stunted bushes had grown before. For two years the people of the town below scoffed at "Smiley's folly." Now it is a private park, but open to the public, and is the pride of Redlands. Over a thousand varieties of shrubs and trees grow upon it. Europe, Asia, Australia, and Japan have contributed to its arboricultural wealth. So rapid has been the growth that to-day men are cutting down trees which were planted less than fifteen years ago; in some cases because they are too thick, and the shade is too dense; in others, to make room for a better class of trees of slower growth. Some of the trees cut down measure a hundred feet in height by actual measurement. And yet Mr. Smiley tells me that the growth of vegetation in Southern California is not at any time of the year as rapid as it is during the three growing months of the year in New England. But in Southern California everything grows all the time, and so, to quote his figure, "the California tortoise outruns the New England hare."

This is but typical of the process which has created Southern California. We entered the State through a gateway guarded by snow-capped mountains on either side, and in fifteen minutes we had passed from an arid desert into a fruitful garden. This combination of Sahara desert, Alpine peaks, and Italian gardens has, I suspect, no parallel in the world. One instinctively recalls such phrases as "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose," or "Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well." That which has accomplished this transformation is the discovery of the fact that the barrenness of the soil is due to the absence of water, and that artificial irrigation, properly applied, will convert it into one of the most fruitful soils of the world, though, as Mr. Van Dyke has shown, this fertility may be due in part to the warm climate which the neighboring desert itself furnishes. Man can improve upon nature—but he must do it with care. It is clear that this irrigation is a National, not a local, problem, and requires to be done with a care which has been conspicuously absent in our wasteful clearing of our forests. The view from the car window illustrates in a striking manner what the intelligence and energy of man can do in subduing the earth. At the same time, it emphasizes and justifies the progress of civilization. Grant that progress involves much necessary hardship to inferior races, and is accompanied with much hardship which is both unnecessary and unjust; nevertheless, when one looks upon these fruitful and smiling valleys, with their fragrant blossoms and their luscious fruits ripening under the sun, and realizes what health and happiness dwell among these vineyards and orange groves, and how much health and happiness they are ministering to other homes on the other side of the continent, and then reflects that for centuries this same land, first roamed over by Indians, then cultivated badly or not at all by descendants of the Spanish race, furnished but a bare subsistence or hardly that to a mere handful of people, he cannot but feel that the gain to humanity amply justifies the change in civilization, although, as he recalls the history of that change, he realizes that all its advantages might have been obtained without the practical expulsion of the inhabiting race. Less than one hundred years ago the Spanish-American people dominated this coast. Its potential wealth was theirs. Now few of the old families are left anywhere. Such wealth as they possess has departed from them, and a more energetic and efficient race has come into possession.

This new race and what they are doing interests me more than the natural scenery, or even the gardens and groves, except as they witness to the achievements of this race. Some years ago I met in the smoking-room of an English inn an Englishman who had been reading Bret Harte, had taken his stories quite seriously, and attributed the manners and morals of Bloody Gulch to the best society in New York City. Nothing that my companion or I could say could persuade him that every American did not carry a pistol in his hip pocket, and that there was no way to be safe on Broadway or Fifth Avenue except ability to draw your own revolver quicker than your neighbor could draw his. Perhaps Bret Harte had interpreted California manners to me; certainly I expected to find some signs in its life and society of the wildness which characterized its early history. As yet I have seen only a section of California society, but the impression which Southern California has given to me is that it is more New England than New England itself. In three weeks I have met, I believe, only three "native sons." Every one has come from the East, and a majority from the Atlantic States. And, coming, they have brought their life with them. The residential avenues in Pasadena or Redlands or Riverside or Santa Barbara might have been transplanted from the best residential districts of Springfield, Hartford, or New Haven, and subsequently immeasurably enriched by the semi-tropical growths of the new climate. The church attendance I judge to be at least as good as in analogous towns in New England or New York. While we were at Pasadena, Dr. Campbell Morgan and Mr. B. Fay Mills were carrying on simultaneously religious meetings, though of very different character, and both series of meetings were reported as thronged with eager congregations. The streets are quite as well cared for as in any New England city, perhaps better cared for. The schools are of the best; libraries have been provided either by private beneficence or by public spirit; it is only in art and music that one notes any indications that the community is newer than analogous communities of the East. It has seemed to me as though the people whom I met might have been brought across the continent from New York and New England in a Pullman train fifteen years ago, and dropped upon the foothills of the Sierras. The climate has apparently done nothing to lessen their energy, but something to mitigate their strenuousness and to lessen their hurry. People have time in Southern California to be courteous. One gratefully misses in the electric car the familiar summons of the motorman to "Hurry up there!" Perhaps the advent of great numbers of invalids has done something to develop courtesy and consideration. Landing from my train somewhat burdened with shawl-straps and bags, and waiting on the corner of the street for a trolley-car, when it appeared an entire stranger picked up two of my bags for me, escorted me to the car, and put them on, while I, freed from the overburdening luggage, assisted the ladies to their places. Never in strenuous New York, never in cultivated Boston, never even in quiescent Philadelphia, have I had such an experience as this, which came to me in energetic, enterprising Los Angeles. I wish this note might fall into the hands of my unknown friend, and convey to him my thanks in better fashion than I could call them back to him from the car. Nor is it only an added courtesy and consideration which transplantation has given to this Pacific New England population. One finds them broadened as by the trip across the continent, and ripened and mellowed as by the sunny Italian climate. In them are curiously mated the energy and enterprise of the too cold, too independent, too individualistic New Englander with the ready friendship, the warm-hearted and eager hospitality of the Southron. I had expected to find myself in California a stranger in a strange land. The vegetation and the climate so constantly recalled to me Italy that I found myself every now and then in a state of surprise that I could understand the language and could talk with the people. But nowhere in the East have I found a warmer welcome or more hospitable friends. L. A.

FOR WORLD PEACE

The International Peace Congress at Boston
The Interparliamentary Union at St. Louis

By R. L. Bridgman

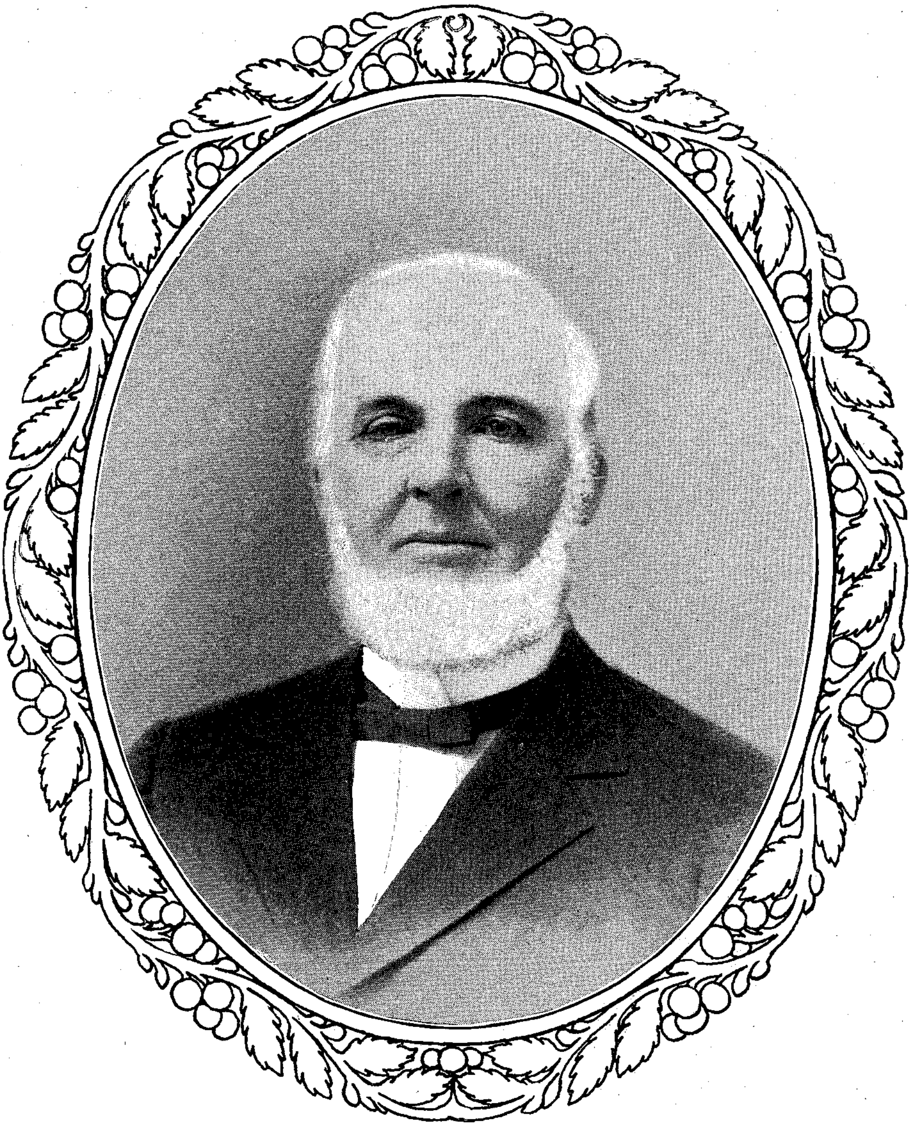
TWO notable gatherings will be held in this country this year to promote the peace of the world. First will be that of the Interparliamentary Union—the twelfth in its history—in connection with the World's Fair at St. Louis, on September 12, 13, and 14. Second will be that of the International Peace Congress—the thirteenth in its history—to be held in Boston, from October 3 to 7, inclusive. One gathering of the International Peace Congress has been held in this country already—in connection with the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. But no other gathering of the Interparliamentary Union has ever been held here before, for the United States branch of the Union was not formed until last winter, when it was established in Washington, largely through the efforts of Richard Bartholdt, Representative in Congress from Missouri. The Union was formed October 31, 1888, by a meeting of thirty members of the French Chamber of Deputies and ten members of the English Parliament, in a small hotel in Paris, and, as usual in pioneer efforts for peace, it was welcomed with abundant derision. But the Union grew until it included parliamentary delegates from every European country having a constitutional form of government. Russia and Turkey, having no parliament, are not represented. Yet it is a highly important and but little known fact that the meeting of the Union at Buda-Pesth in 1896 was attended by an official representative of the Czar, and it was the report carried back to the Czar by him which had more than any other one cause to do with the issue of the Czar's invitation in 1898 which resulted in the establishment of the Hague Court of Arbitration. At the meeting in Vienna last September about 600 delegates were present from nearly all the countries of Europe, and one of the most important resolutions adopted was that calling for a new international conference, like that which established the Hague Court, to discuss especially the reduction of the armaments of the nations. Last, and it is to be hoped not least, the United States has entered the Union, and there will be presented at the St. Louis meeting a resolution like that which was adopted by the Washington Conference last winter which formed the United States branch, and which is pending before our Congress, that the President be requested to invite the nations to a Conference similar to that which established the Hague Court, "whose purpose it shall be to devise plans looking to the negotiation of arbitration treaties between the United States and the different nations, and also to discuss the advisability of, and, if possible, agree upon, a gradual reduction of armaments." Congress has appropriated $50,000 for the entertainment of this distinguished gathering of the most active workers in parliamentary bodies for a mutual understanding and co-operation in promoting the peace of the world. The American group in this Union has prepared an itinerary for the European visitors which will begin and end with New York, taking in Philadelphia, Washington, Cincinnati, Niagara Falls, Chicago, Omaha, and Denver, and the expense will be met from this appropriation. After the meeting, it is hoped that a material number of the delegates will attend the Peace Congress at Boston.

The International Peace Congress is the lineal successor of the great international Peace Congresses which were held over fifty years ago. They were at London in 1843; Brussels in 1848; Paris in 1849; Frankfort in 1850; London in 1851; Edinburgh in the spring of 1853, and in Glasgow in the fall of the same year. Then they stopped, for the impending discords of the Crimean War and of our own Civil War drove peace from the possibilities of those years. Americans were well represented at these Congresses, and Elihu Burritt and Amasa Walker were prominent figures. Among the great Europeans were John Bright, Richard Cobden, Victor Hugo, Émile de Girardin, and many of that type. Not until 1878 was another gathering of this class held, and that was in connection with the Paris Exposition. It was in 1889 that the beginning of the present series was held in the hall of the Palace of the Trocadero, under the auspices of the French Republic. Since then this Congress has held annual sessions, save that none was held in 1895, and, again, in 1898 and 1899, when the United States was at war with Spain and the Boers were resisting England, no sessions were held. Hence the series counts up only its thirteenth number this year. The successive places of meeting have been Paris, London, Rome, Berne, Chicago, Antwerp, Buda-Pesth, Hamburg, Paris, Glasgow, Monaco, and Rouen. European nations naturally have been far more largely represented than the United States, both because of the nearness of the meeting-places and the greater practical concern of the nations in the subjects of the discussions. The movement has gained strength constantly from the beginning, and a vast amount of effective work has been done.

On the day before the Monday upon which the regular sessions of the Congress will open in Tremont Temple, special religious services will be held in many Boston pulpits with reference to the peace meetings. Distinguished preachers from Europe and the United States will be heard. Germany and France will be represented by both Protestant and Catholic speakers, one of the French Protestants being Pastor Charles Wagner, of Paris, author of "The Simple Life." Cardinal Gibbons and Bishop Spalding, representing Catholics in this country, are members of the general committee to manage the Congress. On Sunday evening will occur a musical consecration service in Symphony Hall, where the Handel and Haydn Society, with a chorus of over four hundred voices and a full orchestra, will lead what is expected to be one of the most inspiring features of the week. The regular session on Monday noon will be opened by addresses of welcome to the delegates by Mayor Collins in behalf of Boston, by Governor Bates in behalf of the State, and by some representative of the National Government. The plan of the meetings is to have deliberative sessions every forenoon in Tremont Temple, while the evenings will be given up to public meetings for everybody in the same place, in Park Street Church, the Old South Meeting-House, and Faneuil Hall. Afternoons will be surrendered to the foreign delegates for the purpose of visiting the historic places in the city and suburbs, or such other diversion as they may prefer. According to the custom of the Congresses, the president of the local peace organization will preside at the regular sessions, and this means that the chair will be occupied by Robert Treat Paine, the President of the American Peace Society.

Special topics to be discussed during the week will be the work and influence of the Hague Tribunal, the reduction of the armaments of the nations, the education of the peace sentiment, the mutual relations of races, the special interests of women, the industrial warfare between labor and capital, and the application to it of the principles of arbitration. It is also expected that a place on the programme will be given to the proposed regular International Parliament or Congress, a resolution for which was adopted unanimously by the Massachusetts Legislature in 1903, and a memorial for which has been signed by all of the judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and other prominent citizens, and is now pending before the Senate and House Committees on Foreign Affairs at Washington.

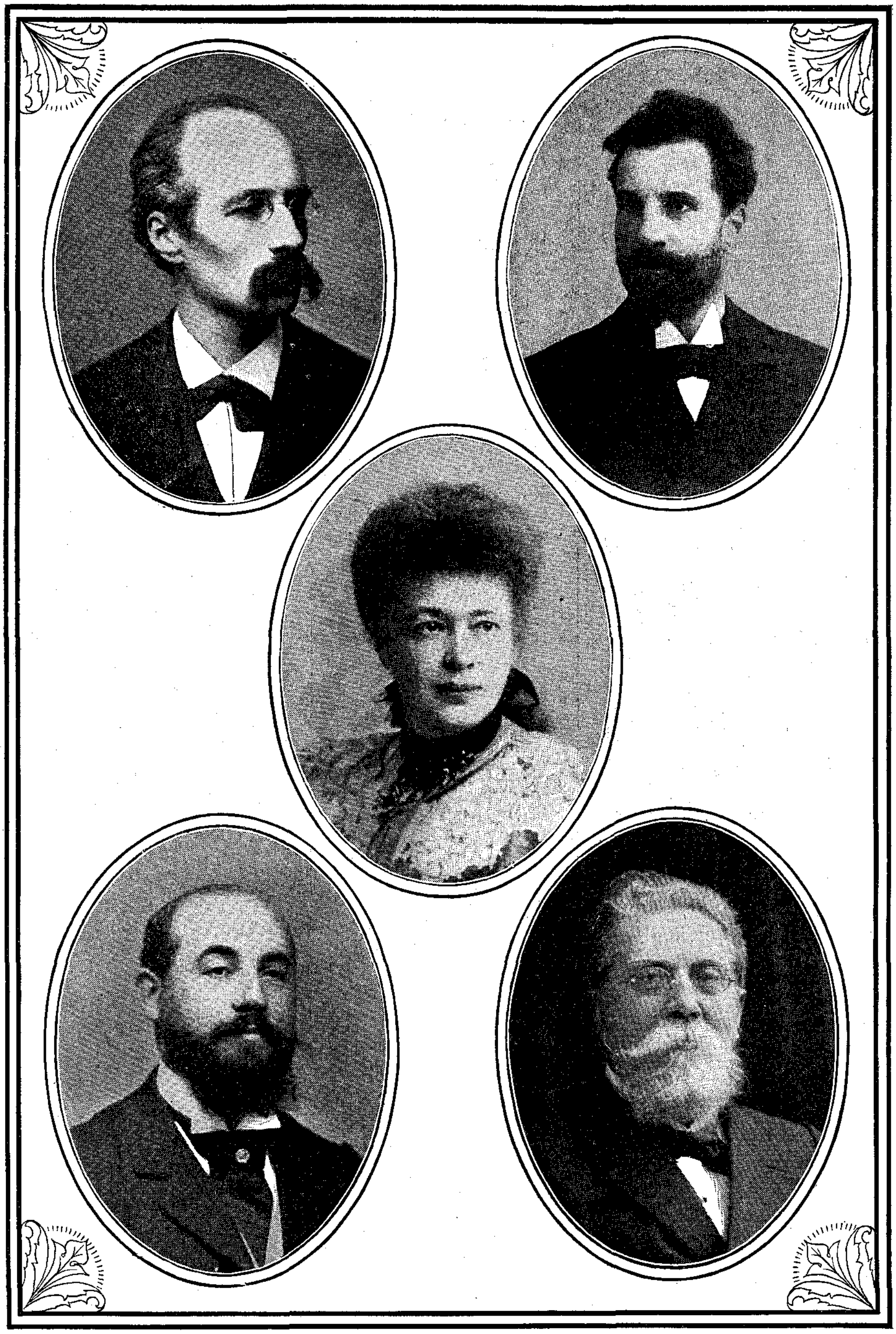
A considerable delegation to the Con-



ALBERT K. SMILEY
Founder of the Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration

gress is expected from the newly formed "International Brotherhood." This was one of the results of the great Christian Endeavor Convention in London in May last. The Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark, head of the Christian Endeavor movement, is a member of the committee on the Peace Congress, and is deeply interested in the success of the gathering. The "World's Unity League," a product of the World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago in 1893, will also be represented. The foreign delegates come representing the many peace and arbitration associations of various names which exist in all of the European countries. They are the real head and front of the movement, and have been from the beginning. They are the constituencies from which the delegates are selected.

All through the history of the Congresses has run an earnest spirit of effort and sacrifice. Distinguished statesmen, clergymen, scholars, and professional men have been identified with



A GROUP OF PROMINENT DELEGATES

HENRI LA FONTAINE
Secretary of the Belgian Arbitration Society

RICHARD FELDHAUS
A noted German worker for International Peace

BARONESS BERTHA VON SUTTNER
Founder of the Austrian Peace Society

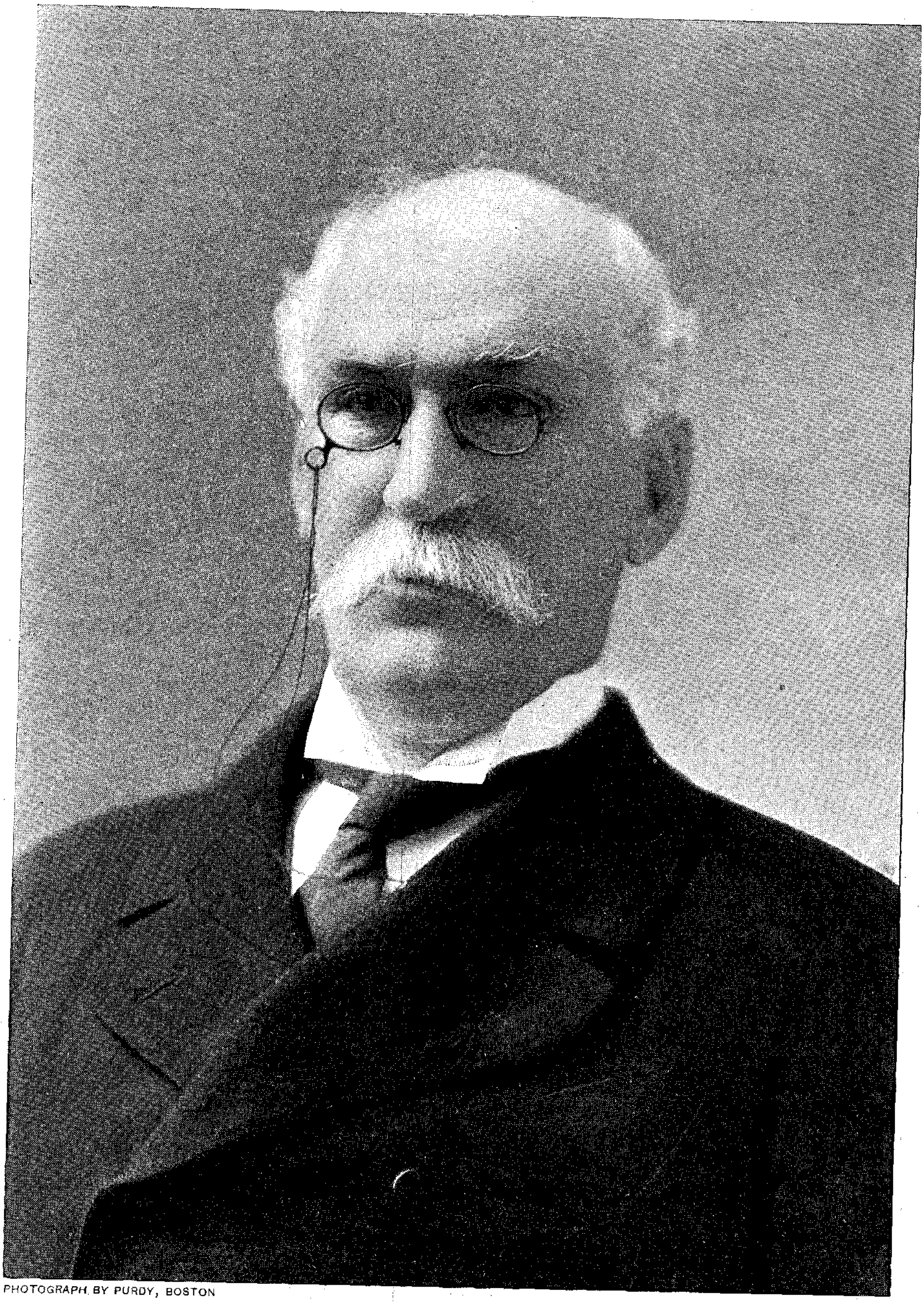
J. PRUDHOMMEAUX
Secretary of the Association de la Paix par le Droit

DR. ADOLPH RICHTER
President of the German Peace Society

the movement ever since the first session was held. They have differed from each other at times in matters of detail, but they have been one in their opposition to war and to the use of force in any way as a substitute for justice. The practice for the Congresses has been for a programme of important topics to be arranged for discussion by the most competent delegates, and then to have the matter thrown open to the floor, after which a resolution would be acted upon to express the opinion of the Congress. These resolutions have some similarity during the years, varying from time to time as exigencies demanded special attention, such as the massacres of the Armenians, the Boer War, or the troubles in China. But the one topic which has been foremost in every Congress has been arbitration in some form or another. That has been steadily pressed upon the attention of the nations. Disarmament has also been another prominent theme. Gradual or otherwise, it has been up for discussion at every session. Then there has been a wide range of discussion, with adoption of resolutions, such as those in favor of the neutralization of small nations and of straits through which neutral commerce must pass in large quantities; national control over declarations of war, not leaving the grave responsibility with the national executive; the protection of weaker States and races against aggressions by the stronger; the promotion of the brotherhood of man; the multiplication of peace societies; better education regarding the horrors of war; against military drill in public schools; independent courts for the examination of causes of national disputes; an international peace bureau; against war loans; for the codification of international law; against dueling; for a European customs union; for better education of the moral sense of the nations, and so on, always closing with a formal and powerful appeal to the nations of the world to abandon the brutality and injustice of war and to substitute the humane and just methods of peace.

Hundreds of European delegates are expected at Boston. Among them may be named the Bishop of Hereford, the Bishop of Ripon, William Randal Cremer, the veteran member of the British Parliament, who has made peace the aim of a strenuous life-work, and who was the last recipient of the Nobel peace prize, amounting to nearly $40,000 (which he immediately gave entirely to the peace cause); Sir John Macdonnell; Dr. W. Evans Darby, Secretary of the English Peace Society and one of the foremost workers for the cause in that country; George H. Perris, editor of the peace monthly "Concord," the journal of the International Arbitration and Peace Association (he is also Secretary of the Cobden Club); Mrs. Cobden-Sickert, daughter of Richard Cobden; Miss Sophia Sturge, daughter of Joseph Sturge, the eminent English philanthropist by whose suggestion in Boston in 1841 the first international Peace Congress was held in London in 1843, and the entire train of Peace Congresses was started; Thomas Barclay, the Englishman who was here early this year to promote the peace movement; MM. Gustave Hubbard (member of the Chamber of Deputies) and Jules Siegfried, of France; M. Houzeau d' Le Haie, of Belgium; M. Henri La Fontaine; Dr. Adolph Richter, of Germany; the Baroness von Suttner, of Austria, one of the most active workers in the peace movement; Signor E. T. Moneta, of Italy, who has been a foremost figure in several recent Congresses, and John Lund, member of the Norwegian Parliament and well known in all the peace circles as one of their most efficient members. It is also announced that the Chinese Minister is expected from Washington and that Japan will be fittingly represented.

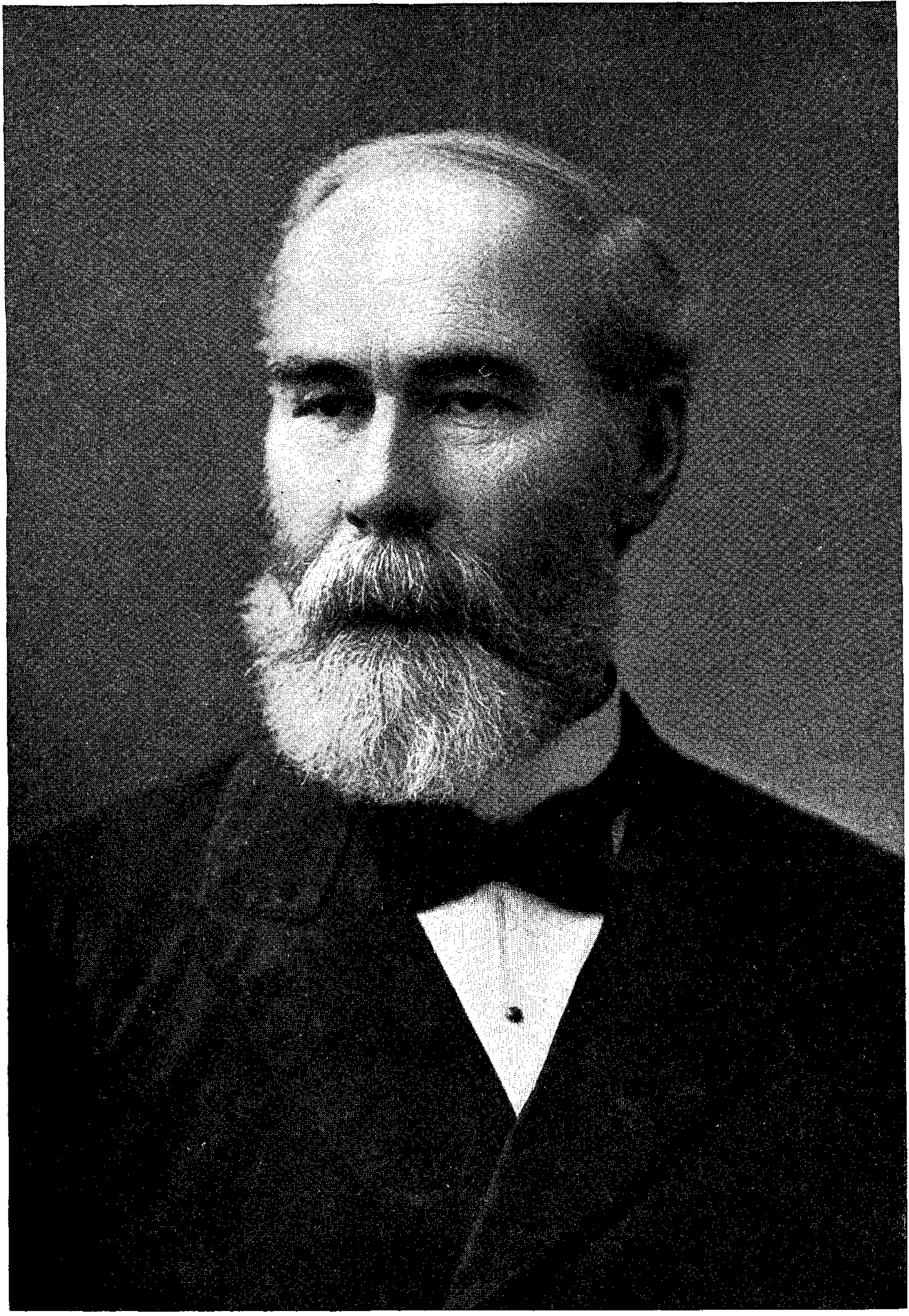
Among the prominent people of this country who will be in the Congress are the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, the Nestor of the peace movement in the United States; Andrew D. White, head of the American Commission at the Hague Conference which established the Court ot Arbitration; John W. Foster, President of the Washington Arbitration Conference last January; Andrew Carnegie, giver of $1,500,000 for the Temple of Peace at The Hague, and of $5,000,000 in pensions for "heroes of peace;" Albert K. Smiley, the founder of the



PHOTOGRAPH BY PURDY, BOSTON

ROBERT TREAT PAINE

President of the American Peace Society



PHOTOGRAPH BY PURDY BOSTON

DR. BENJAMIN F. TRUEBLOOD

Secretary of the American Peace Society

Mohonk Arbitration Conference; Edwin Ginn, of Boston, publisher of peace literature; Edwin D. Mead and Mrs. Mead, foremost agitators and efficient workers for the peace and organization of the world; Benjamin F. Trueblood, Secretary of the American Peace Society, one of the best-known workers in the country, and a frequent delegate to the Peace Congresses abroad; Mrs. May Wright Sewall, Chairman of the Peace Committee of the International Council of Women; Mrs. Hannah J. Bailey, Chairman of the Peace Committee of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union; Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell, of New York; Miss Jane Addams, of Chicago, well known in industrial and social reforms; Edward Atkinson; the anti-war statistician; Walter S. Logan, of the New York bar and active worker for the cause; and plenty more. Samuel Gompers will preside at the workingmen's meeting, which will be held some time during the week in considering the cause of industrial peace. One of the representatives of the United States in the membership of the Hague Court of Arbitration, the Hon. Oscar S. Straus, will be one of the speakers. It is planned to have the visitors from abroad speak in other large cities of the country, after the meetings in Boston are ended, in order to spread the enthusiasm for the cause as much as possible by personal contact. Strong efforts and ample means will be spent to make the meeting notably and permanently memorable and influential in the history of the world's peace movement.

Inasmuch!

I asked for alms!
He flung a coin at me
Contemptuously.
Not without sense of shame
I stooped and picked it up.
Does this fulfill
The Master's will
To give a cup
Of water in His Name?

I asked for bread!
He handed out to me
Indifferently
A ticket for some food.
It answered to my need.
Was this the way
On that great day
Christ stopped to feed
The hungry multitude?

When we shall wait,
After this mortal strife,
Eternal life,
And to His presence go
As suppliants indeed,
Will it be thus
He will on us
In our great need
His priceless gift bestow?

R.

THE JAPANESE RED CROSS

BY GEORGE KENNAN

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in the Far East

ONE of the essential features, if not the fundamental principle, of Red Cross relief work—viz., the impartial treatment of all wounded belligerents in time of war—was adopted by the Japanese long before Japan became a party to the Geneva Convention, and six or seven years before the first Red Cross association was organized in the United States. It first took official form in the shape of an order issued by Vice-Admiral Saigo to the Japanese surgeons in 1874, during an expeditionary campaign against the Botangs, one of the savage tribes of the island of Formosa. In this order the surgeons were directed not to confine their relief work to the Japanese, but to treat with strict impartiality the sick and wounded of both sides, regardless of the fact that the enemy was a tribe of piratical savages who themselves showed no mercy, and who had begun hostilities by attacking the Japanese settlements in the Loochoo Island prefecture of Okinawa. So far as I have been able to ascertain, this was the first official recognition by Japan of the humane Red Cross principle that a wounded and disabled enemy is entitled to protection and relief.

There was no attempt at that time to alleviate the miseries of war by enlisting popular sympathy and obtaining from the people means for affording relief on a larger scale; but when the formidable Satsuma rebellion broke out, in 1877, the sufferings of the neglected wounded, all of whom were Japanese, made a strong appeal to the awakened altruistic feeling of the nation, and in April of that year a number of philanthropic Japanese noblemen, with Count Tsunetami Sano and Viscount Yuzuru Ogiu at their head, organized a body known as the "Hakuaisha," or "Extended Relief Association," whose object it was to send representatives to the field of military operations, and to aid the surgeons and nurses of the imperial army in caring for the wounded of both sides—rebels as well as imperialists. Prince Komatsu consented to act as honorary president of this organization; Prince Arisugawa Taruhito, commander-in-chief of the Government forces, gave it permission to begin work; and on May 1, 1877, it sent its own surgeons and nurses to the base and reserve hospitals on the inland sea, as well as to the actual field of military operations on the island of Kyushu.

Although the Satsuma rebellion lasted only seven or eight months, it was characterized by desperate fighting on both sides, and the number of wounded, therefore, was very large. Nearly nine thousand imperialists were treated in the Osaka hospital alone, and the total number of injured and sick, including disabled rebels, probably exceeded twenty thousand. In the work of caring for the victims of this sanguinary civil war, the "Extended Relief Association" rendered invaluable service; and when, in September, 1877, the rebellion was finally suppressed, the promoters of the "Hakuaisha" determined to effect a permanent organization, and to form a corps of trained surgeons and nurses which should be ready for active field service in any emergency and at any time. In order to accomplish this, they established at Tokyo an institution known as the "Hakuaisha Hospital," where poor patients were treated gratuitously, and where, in time of peace, surgeons and nurses were trained for the duties that they would have to perform in time of war. This hospital is still in existence, but it now occupies a new and larger building, and is called the "Red Cross Hospital of Tokyo."

In the "Hakuaisha" and its hospital the Japanese Red Cross had its origin. Through the efforts and representations of Dr. Shibata, Japanese delegate to the Sanitary Exposition of Berlin in 1883, and of Baron Hashimoto, Director of the Medical Staff of the Japanese army, who made a study of European Red Cross methods in 1884, the Government of the Mikado was induced to become a party to the Geneva Convention; and in 1886 the "Extended Relief Association" changed its name to the "Red Cross Society of Japan," and modified its regulations so as to make them accord with those of the international organization.

The first work of the new Society was in connection with the great eruption of the volcano Bandai-san, an eruption which bore a striking resemblance to that of Mont Pelée, on the other side of the globe. A party of Red Cross surgeons and nurses went at once to the scene of the catastrophe, and spent several weeks in taking care of the injured survivors and in relieving the distress caused by the destruction of three or four Japanese villages.

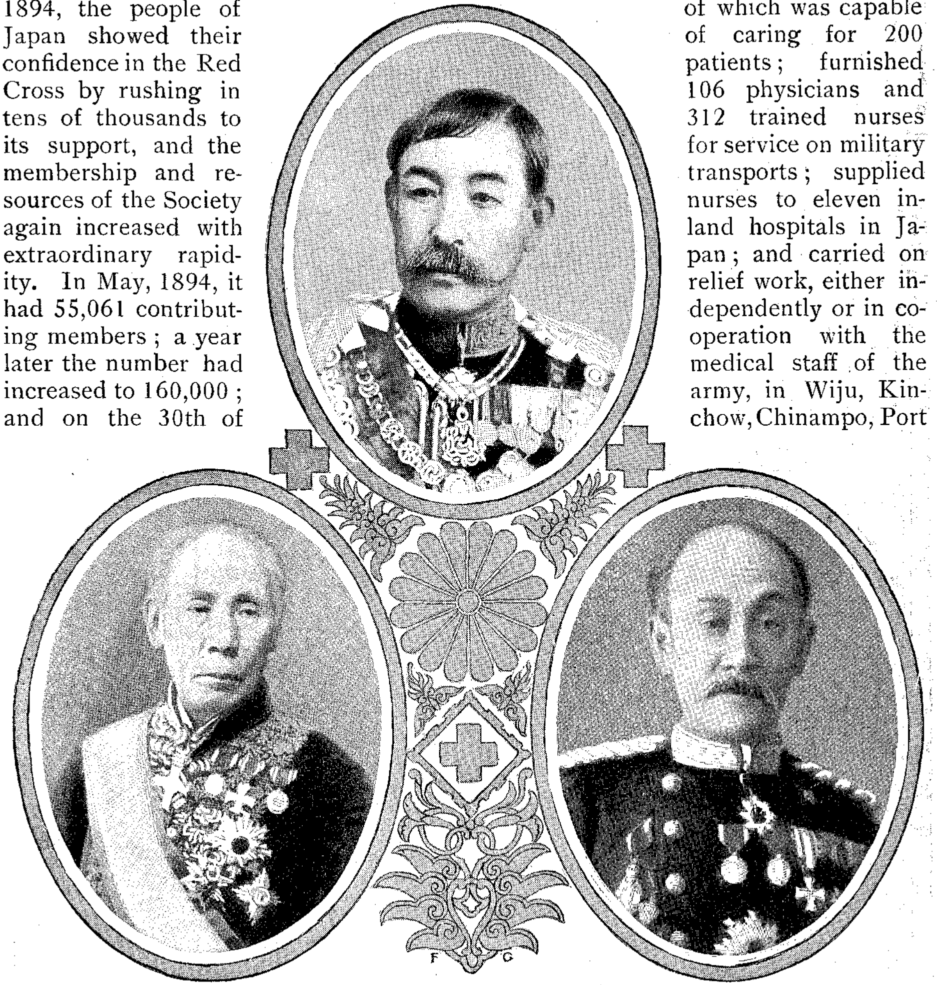
Two years later, the Society admitted to a hospital that it had established in Hiogo the surviving sailors of the Turkish warship Ertogroul, which had foundered in a typhoon off the coast of Kishu; and in the fall of 1891 it afforded relief to nearly 19,000 men, women, and children who had been injured and rendered homeless by a tremendous earthquake in the provinces of Mino and Owari. The care given to these unfortunate sufferers was so skillful and assiduous that out of 4,600 persons whose injuries were so serious as to require surgical aid and hospital treatment, only eleven finally died.

In 1891, when Japan adopted a new civil code, the Red Cross Society made some changes in its constitution and regulations, in order to acquire the legal rights of a judicial person; and in December of the same year an imperial ordinance was issued, setting forth and defining the relations that should exist between the Society on one side and the regular medical service of the army and navy on the other. By virtue of this ordinance, the Red Cross became a part of the military establishment; its field force was put under the direction of the War and Navy Departments, and its surgeons, nurses, and attendants were made subject to military discipline. It still derived its means of support from the people, and, within certain limits, it still managed its own affairs; but in its relief work it was auxiliary to and acted under the direction of the military authorities.

The support given to the Red Cross by the Government and people of Japan was hearty and generous from the first. Its work in caring for the survivors of the Bandai-san eruption and the Owari earthquake attracted general attention, and was everywhere favorably commented upon; the Emperor made a contribution of 100,000 yen ($50,000) to its funds from the privy purse; and before the end of 1897 it had half a dozen branches and a total membership of about 2,100—more than the American Red Cross has had in the whole period of its existence. From that time the Society gained constantly in numerical strength until, in 1893, it had 37,000 contributing members, and was in receipt of a yearly income of nearly $60,000.

As its financial resources increased, the Society built more hospitals for the training of surgeons and nurses; purchased relief material in the shape of surgical instruments, drugs, cots, bedding, stretchers, clothing, and aseptic bandages, and employed a paid staff of competent workers who were ready at any time either to go to the relief of sufferers from typhoons, tidal waves, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions, or, in case of war, to co-operate with the medical staff of the regular army in the field.

When the war with China broke out, in 1894, the people of Japan showed their confidence in the Red Cross by rushing in tens of thousands to its support, and the membership and resources of the Society again increased with extraordinary rapidity. In May, 1894, it had 55,061 contributing members; a year later the number had increased to 160,000; and on the 30th of April, 1896, when it closed its first military campaign, it had 201,011 members, and had received from them in a single year the sum of $270,000, to say nothing of 292,277 gifts in kind, which had been contributed by 45,826 individuals and 305 different clubs, guilds, societies, and independent organizations.

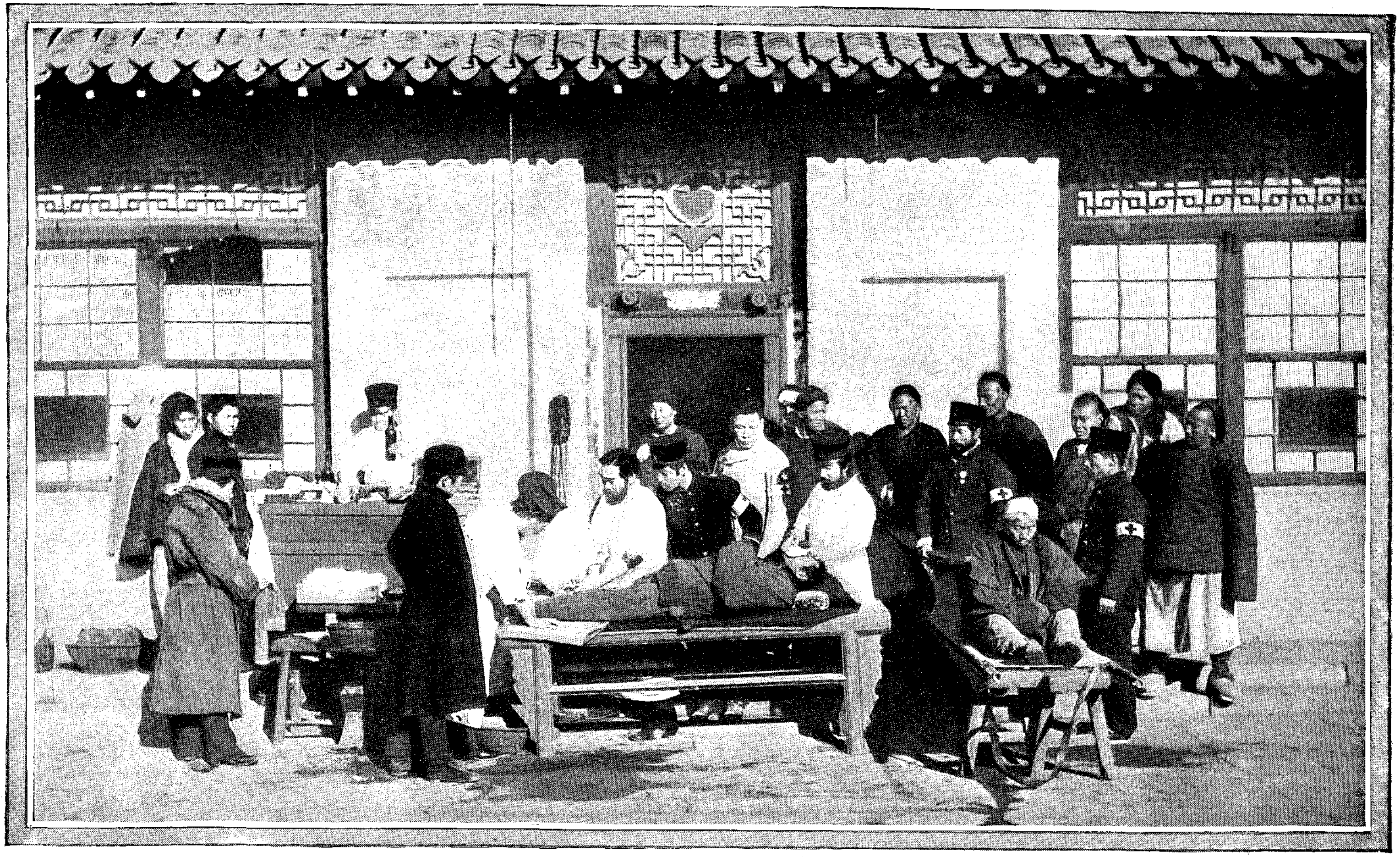


COUNT SANO
First President of the Japanese Red Cross

PRINCE KOMATSU
Honorary President of the Japanese Red Cross

BARON HASHIMOTO
Chief of the Red Cross Hospital, Tokyo

With such financial resources and such enthusiastic popular support the Society was able, of course, to undertake relief work on a very large scale. It purchased and equipped two hospital steamers; enlisted and trained a supplementary force of 668 nurses; sent to Korea and Manchuria three corps of surgeons, nurses, and attendants, each of which was capable of caring for 200 patients; furnished 106 physicians and 312 trained nurses for service on military transports; supplied nurses to eleven inland hospitals in Japan; and carried on relief work, either independently or in co-operation with the medical staff of the army, in Wiju, Kinchow, Chinampo, Port Arthur, and dozens of other towns in Korea and Manchuria, as well as at a number of places on the island of Formosa. Sixty-eight nurses devoted themselves exclusively to the care of Chinese wounded in the Japanese inland hospitals, while 6,965 sick or wounded Chinese and Koreans were treated in the hospitals on the Asiatic mainland.



JAPANESE RED CROSS SURGEONS AND NURSES TREATING WOUNDED CHINESE AT KINCHOW

All together, the Japanese Red Cross sent into the field, in the course of the war, 1,587 surgeons, nurses, and attendants, and afforded relief to 101,423 sick or wounded combatants and prisoners.

This, however, was only a part of the Society's work. Tens of thousands of patriotic Japanese, many of whom were too poor to contribute money, wished to send gifts of various kinds to the soldiers who were fighting for their country in the field. Inasmuch as the quartermaster's department of the army found itself utterly unable at first to deal with this deluge of packages, the Red Cross Society volunteered to pay all transportation charges on such gifts, and to attend to their distribution, until the military authorities should be able to relieve it of this duty. During the time that the Society carried on this work it conveyed 6,781 parcels to sailors on the Japanese war-ships and transports, and sent 49,981 packages to soldiers in various parts of Korea, Manchuria, and northern China.

Another branch of the Society's work, which may seem comparatively unimportant, but which, nevertheless, had a powerful influence upon the morale and fighting efficiency of the army, was the care and encouragement of soldiers on railway trains and transports. Through its numerous auxiliary branches, the Society sent surgeons, nurses, and Red Cross attendants to all of the principal railway stations and steamer landings to look after the health and comfort of the troops while *en route*, to furnish them, when necessary, with food or drink, and to show them, in every way possible, the nation's affection, sympathy, and confidence. Thousands of people who had no official connection with the Red Cross co-operated in this work by coming to the stations with flowers, banners, and bands of music, and by bringing to the soldiers such inexpensive but useful gifts as cigarettes, matches, confectionery, well-filled lunch-baskets, and little packages of handkerchiefs or towels. Sometimes the Red Cross attendants gave the soldiers nothing more than small cards bearing printed words of good cheer, encouragement, and good-by from the Society; but it all helped. From the time when a soldier left his home he was made to feel the care, solicitude, and affection, not only of the Red Cross, but of the whole nation; at every station he was welcomed and cheered by crowds of people; and he rode to the coast almost literally through an avenue of waving flags and banners. The effect of all this upon naturally brave and patriotic men can readily be imagined. They went to the front with the consciousness that in them were centered the hope, trust, and affection of all Japan, and with a determination to show that they were not wholly unworthy of such manifestations of confidence and love. I have seen something of this branch of Red Cross work in the present war, and I feel sure that to it is attributable—in part at least—the heroic courage of the Japanese soldiers in such desperate fighting as that, for example, at the hill of Nanshan, on the Liaotung peninsula, quite recently, where charge after charge was repulsed, not because the Japanese soldiers were driven back by a fire that they could not face, but because every man in the attacking force was killed or wounded before he could get to the Russian intrenchments. Three Japanese columns were literally annihilated, one after the other, but the fourth finally carried the position by storm, in spite of mines and barbed wire entanglements, and in the face of a terrific hail of projectiles from seventy-eight Russian cannon and machine guns. Courage of this kind is not wholly temperamental. It is the product of intense patriotism, strengthened and supported by such demonstrations of popular trust and affection as those that I have described. The soldier who has been escorted to a railway station by hundreds of his guildsmen, kinsfolk, and friends with music, banners, and "banzais," who has seen long lines of men and women standing in the rain beside the track in remote country districts merely to see his train pass, and who has been looked after, cared for, and encouraged by the Red Cross at a score of railway stations on his way to the front, is not going to disgrace himself, his kindred, the Red Cross, and the nation by showing

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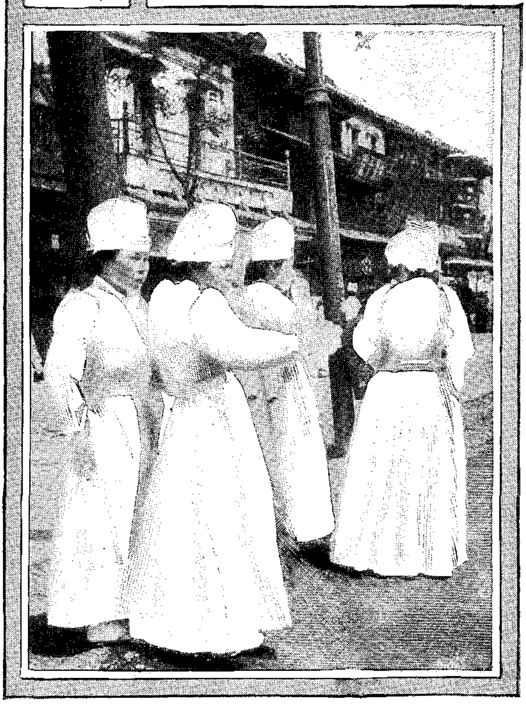
RED CROSS MEN AT SHINEGAWA

cowardice, or even weakness, when his officers send him, or lead him, to "the place of death." It is said by writers on war and military tactics that a fifty per cent. loss will discourage most troops, and that a loss of seventy-five per cent. will put a stop to almost any attack. The history of the Chino-Japanese war, and of the recent campaigns in the valley of the Yalu and on the Liaotung peninsula, seems to show that the percentage of loss that will stop a Japanese assault is precisely one hundred.

The expenditures of the Japanese Red Cross for relief work in the period covered by the war with China were 386,971.40 yen, or about $193,500. Nearly all of this money came from the Society's contributing members, although it had some slight assistance from allied organizations in Europe and southern Asia. Relief work was never checked or hampered by lack of means, and at the close of the war the Society had on hand an unexpended balance of 150,000 yen, outside of invested principal.

The field work of the Japanese organization came under the direct observation of American and European observers for the first time in the march of the allied forces to Pekin, after the Boxer uprising in northern China in the summer of 1900; and it was the unanimous opinion of the most competent judges that, in point of management and efficiency, the Red Cross of Japan was fully equal to that of any country in Europe, and so far superior to that of the United States that comparison was hardly possible. In the course of the Boxer campaign, the Japanese Society sent into the field a trained force of 491 surgeons, nurses, and attendants, and gave relief to 11,348 sick and wounded soldiers at Taku, Tientsin, Tungchow, Shan-



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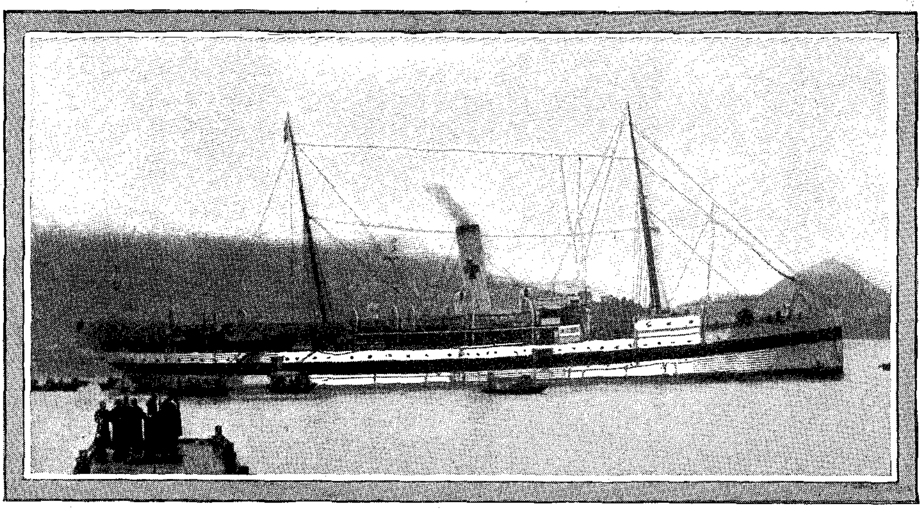
JAPANESE RED CROSS NURSES

haikwan, and the military hospital at Hiroshima.

Such, in brief, is the history of the Japanese Red Cross up to the beginning of the war with Russia; and it is only necessary, in conclusion, to give some account of its present organization, management, and resources, and to point out some of the differences between its methods of work and those that have been tried by the Red Cross Association in the United States.

The most remarkable feature, perhaps, of the Japanese Society is its extraordinary numerical strength. On the first of January of the present year it had no less than 894,760 regular members, each of whom was pledged to contribute not less than three yen ($1.50) annually for a period of ten years. If we estimate the present population of Japan at 47,000,000, and the number of its families at 6,714,000, it will be seen that the Red Cross Society has one member to every fifty-two inhabitants, or a member to every seven and a half families, and that it is in receipt of an annual income of $1,342,000. If the Red Cross of the United States were as strong as this, in proportion to the population of the country, it would have a membership of 1,538,000 and an annual income of $2,307,000. I do not happen to have the statistics of the American Red Cross at hand, but my recollection is that in the central organization there are less than 400 members, and that it has no regular income at all outside of the contributions made occasionally by the public for such specific purposes as the relief of Cuban reconcentrados or of sufferers from storms, tidal waves, and floods.

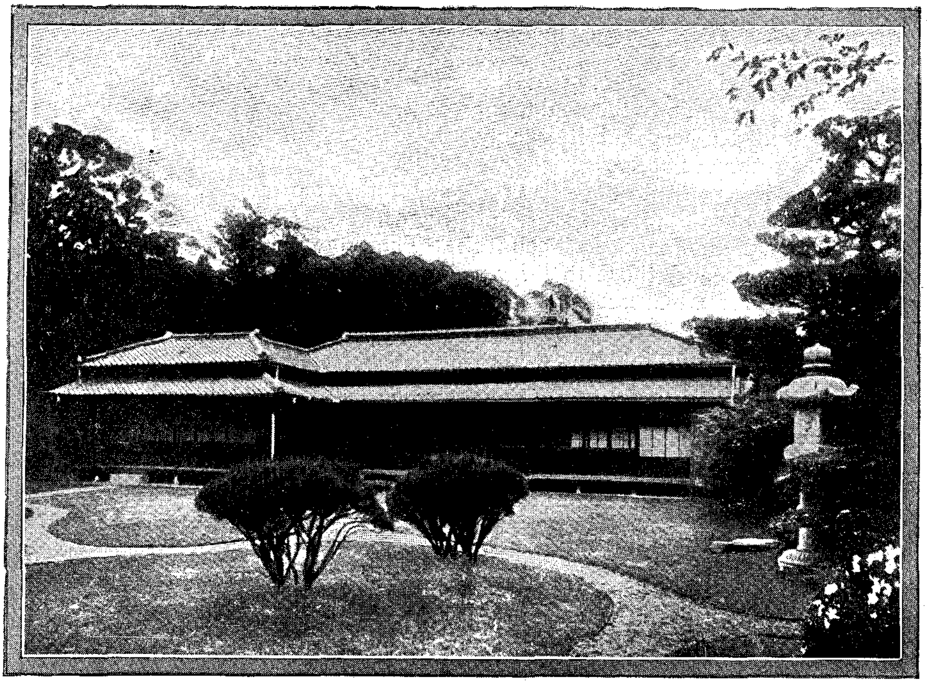
The comparison is rather a humiliating one to make, and it is particularly so to me, as an ex-officer of the American organization; but if we are ever to bring our Red Cross up to the level of other similar and allied societies, we must begin by making comparisons; and we might do much worse than study the methods and follow the example of Japan.



RED CROSS HOSPITAL SHIP HAKATA-MARU

In December, 1902, when the Japanese Society celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, more than one hundred thousand members from all parts of the Empire assembled in the city of Tokyo and took part in the proceedings. We should have some difficulty, I think, in getting together *one* thousand representatives of the Red Cross in the city of Washington, to say nothing of *one hundred* thousand.

On the 1st of January, 1904, the Japanese Red Cross had ready for immediate work 14 chief surgeons, 277 ordinary surgeons, 45 pharmacists, 1,920 trained nurses, 457 probationary nurses, and 763 stretcher-bearers and male attendants. In the shape of material



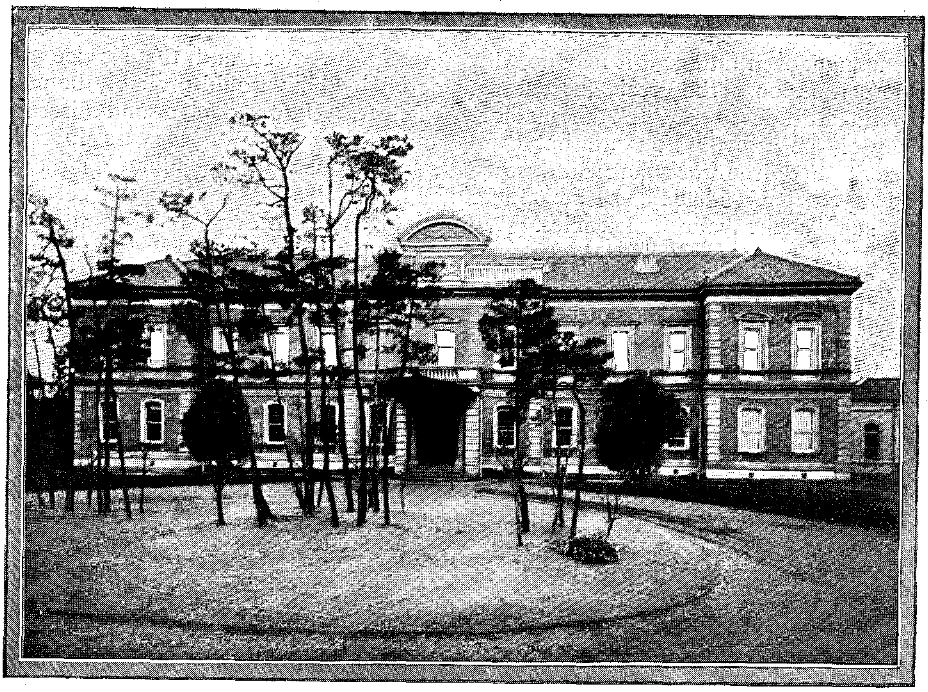
RED CROSS HOSPITAL, TOKYO

One of the detached wards

resources and relief stores, it had 4 hospital steamers, 398 cases of surgical instruments, 496 stretchers, 52,438 suits of clothing for sick or wounded patients, 27,199 suits of clothing for nurses, and a great quantity of bedding, cots, tents, medicines, and other supplies for field and hospital work. In short, it was prepared to take the field at once, in a war of the first class, with abundant resources, with a highly trained and competent force of surgeons and nurses, and with a most complete and up-to-date equipment.

The organization of the Japanese Red Cross conforms, of course, to the regulations of the Geneva Convention, and, in its general outlines, it does not differ essentially from that of similar bodies in Europe. It is governed by a "Standing Council" of thirty members, who are elected, for a term of three years, by a majority vote, at a general meeting of the Society.

The Standing Council elects a board of ten managers, and appoints three of these managers as President, First Vice-President, and Second Vice-President. The selection of these officers must be approved by the Emperor, and the Honorary President of the Society must be one of the imperial princes. The President, by and with the consent of the Standing Council, manages the affairs of the Society in general, presides at all meetings, appoints commissioners, and engages employees. The Society, as a whole, meets once a year, and the Standing Council once a month, or more frequently if convened by the President in extraordinary session. When war or other disastrous occurrence calls for the carrying out of relief measures, the President is authorized to transform the Standing Council into an Extraordinary Council, by adding to the former body such number of temporary Councilors as may be required, selecting them from among the members of the Society. He may also select temporary managers from among the Councilors. The accounts of the Society are kept by a Bureau of Accounts, and there are three supervisors, elected at a general meeting from among the members of the Society. An auxiliary branch must be established in each of the forty-three prefectures, or provinces, of the Empire, and regulations



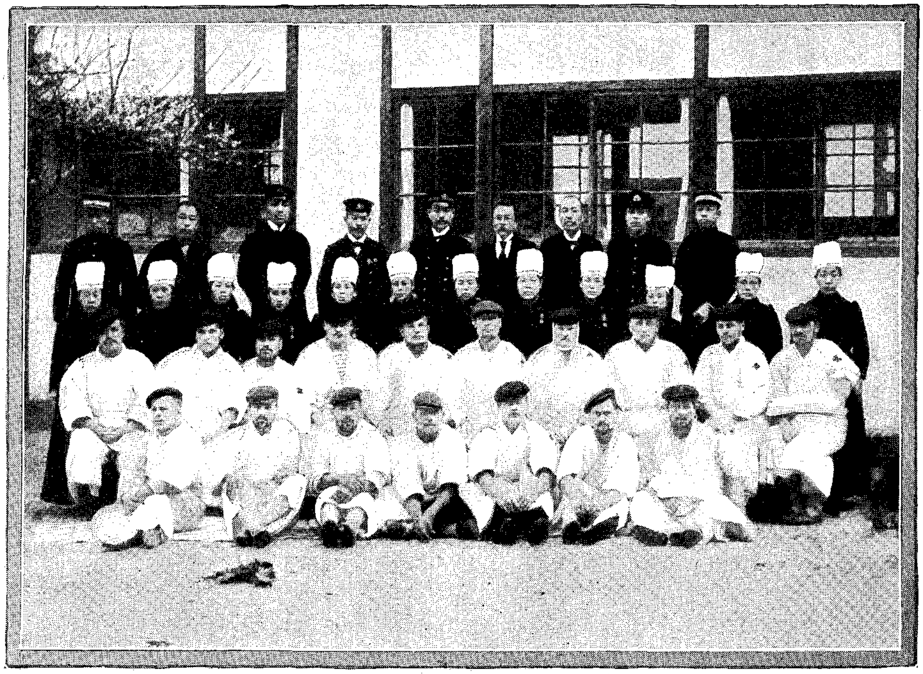
RED CROSS HOSPITAL, TOKYO

Principal building

for the government of these branches are made by the Standing Council.

The most noteworthy difference between the American Red Cross and the Red Cross of Japan is to be found in the relations that they sustain to their respective Governments, and particularly to the Departments of War and the Navy. The Red Cross in the United States has always been an independent organization, not connected in any direct way with the military establishment, nor subject, in time of war, to the direct control and supervision of the military authorities. In Japan, on the contrary, by virtue of the imperial ordinance of December 2, 1901, the Red Cross, in time of war, becomes virtually a part of the medical staff of the army and navy, and the members of its field force—surgeons, nurses, and attendants—are made subject not only to military direction, but to military discipline. The regulations of the Society specifically state that "the work of the relief corps shall be carried on in accordance with the regulations of the sanitary service of the army and navy in time of war, and under the direction and control of the military and naval authorities to whom they are respectively attached. Should the members of the relief staff run against discipline, disobey orders, or be found incompetent for their duties, they may be dealt with in accordance with the army or the navy regulations. The President shall prepare every year, not later than the 30th of September, two reports on the preparations made for relief in time of war, one for the army and the other for the navy, for one year, commencing with the 1st of April of the following year, and submit the same to the Ministers of the respective departments."

There can be little doubt, it seems to me, that in making the Red Cross an auxiliary part of the regular medical and sanitary service of the army and navy, and in subjecting its field workers to military control and discipline, Japan has acted wisely and prudently. The independent organization of the Red Cross in the United States and the semi-independent operations of its field force in time of war have always given rise to a certain amount of friction, jealousy, and ill feeling. When our Red Cross goes to the front at the beginning of a campaign, even although it may go with the permission of the President, it seems by its attitude to say to the medical staff of the army, "You are not competent to do the work that will devolve upon you, and we have come down here to supplement your deficiencies. We shall not be bound, however, by your methods, nor submit to your dictation. We have certain ideas of our own with regard to relief work, and we purpose to carry them out in our own way regardless of your organization." The mere presence on the battlefield of an independent body of surgeons and nurses is in itself a sort of reflection upon the competency of the army's medical department, and it is resented, more or less actively, by the regular officers of the medical staff. That this was the case in the Cuban campaign I know from my own experience and from statements that were made to me by officials in the War Department and by the commanding general in the field. If the relief corps of the Red Cross acted in co-operation with the military authorities and under the latter's direction, their mutual relations would be greatly improved and the service rendered by both would probably be more efficient. Unity of plan and direction are as necessary to success in relief work as they are in military strategy, and the experience of Japan certainly shows that the people of a country will support just as generously and enthusiastically a Red Cross that is under the direction of the military authorities as a Red Cross that tries to take, in the field, an attitude of quasi-independence.

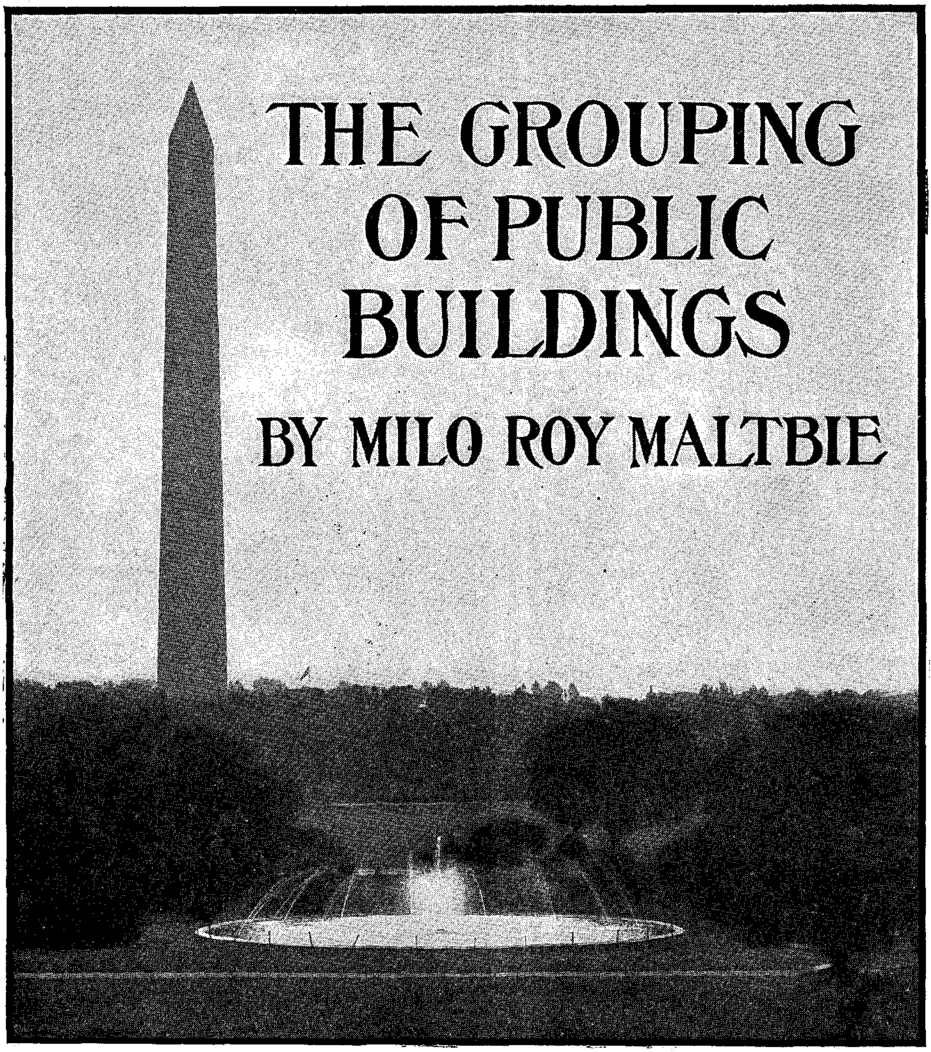


RUSSIAN PRISONERS AT RED CROSS HOSPITAL IN MATOUYAMA, JAPAN

The Japanese have a proverb which says, "There is nothing so terrible as the yellow cap" (the cap of the Japanese infantry) "and nothing so worthy of veneration as the green cap" (the cap of the medical and surgical staff). Since the beginning of hostilities off Port Arthur, in February last, the people of Japan have rushed to the support of both "caps" with an enthusiasm and a self-sacrificing devotion that have not often been paralleled in the history of war. The Japanese are a comparatively poor people, while we are rich. Can we not do as much for the encouragement of our "caps" as they have done for theirs?

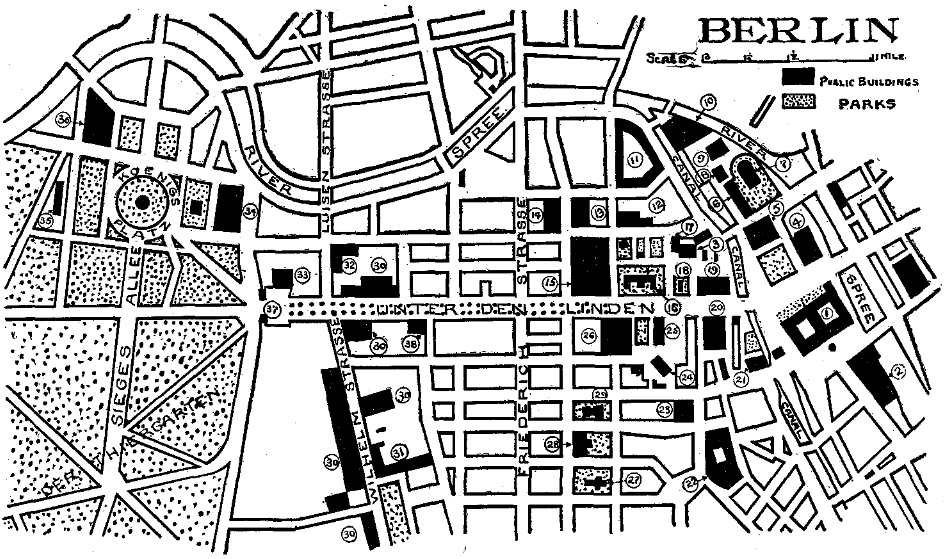
THE GROUPING OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS

BY MILO ROY MALTBIE



THE interest in civic art is spreading at such a rapid rate that the movement promises to assume a National character. Possibly it has already reached that point, for official commissions have been appointed in many cities, private organizations have sprung up from Maine to California, and everywhere citizens and city officials are demanding practical suggestions and information concerning successful experiments in other cities.

Among the matters of fundamental importance is the location and grouping of public buildings. It is not even subordinate to the artistic character of the building itself, for the proverb of the lighted candle and the bushel has no more pertinent application than to a beautiful building in a mean, cramped, out-of-the-way location. Many a fine structure, with an impressive façade and inspiring sculpture, is buried among commonplace buildings which elbow it vulgarly, destroy its beauty, and practically nullify any ennobling influence it might exert. Too frequently the street upon which it fronts is so narrow that an adequate view is utterly impossible, and the tall sky-scrapers shut out the light. Indeed, if public buildings are



MAP OF BERLIN

Showing Civic Centers with public buildings and parks

to be given such locations, the less spent for architectural embellishment, for sculptural decoration, or other artistic treatment, the better.

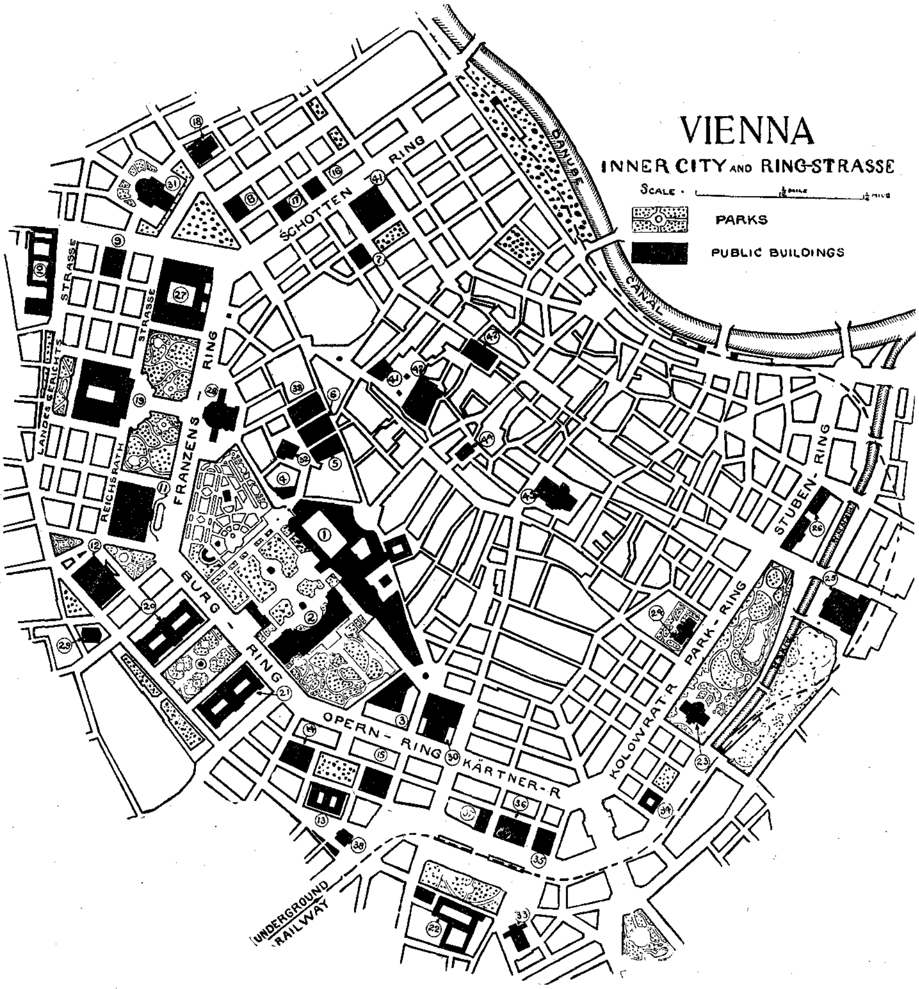
In selecting locations for public buildings many factors must be considered. Topography is an important element; no monumental structure should be located in a depression, for example. The laws of proportion must be obeyed; the building should neither be hemmed in too closely nor dwarfed by adjacent open spaces of enormous area; it should have a setting to which its size, beauty, and dignity entitle it. Convenience and utility are fundamental prerequisites; transit facilities often determine the availability of proposed sites. The uses for which the buildings are intended make certain suggestions impracticable. A public market would not with propriety be located in close proximity to a court-house, nor a fire station by the side of a public school. The architecture should be in harmony with the surroundings. Possible future changes in the development of the city should be foreseen and prepared for as far as possible. Indeed, one may almost say that the factors are innumerable, and that no design can even be begun until the location has been selected and all other conditions determined upon.

The principle which I wish to emphasize here, however, is that any scheme which does not provide for the grouping of the principal public buildings into a civic center is woefully imperfect. The framers of such a defective scheme have utterly failed to comprehend their opportunities and to produce the highest type of public art. This principle goes much further than any enumerated above, for, assuming that each public structure were located with the highest skill as far as that one structure is concerned, there would still be lacking that grandeur, that multiplied efficacy, that ennobling inspiration which comes from the union into one harmonious whole of numerous beautiful and effective units.

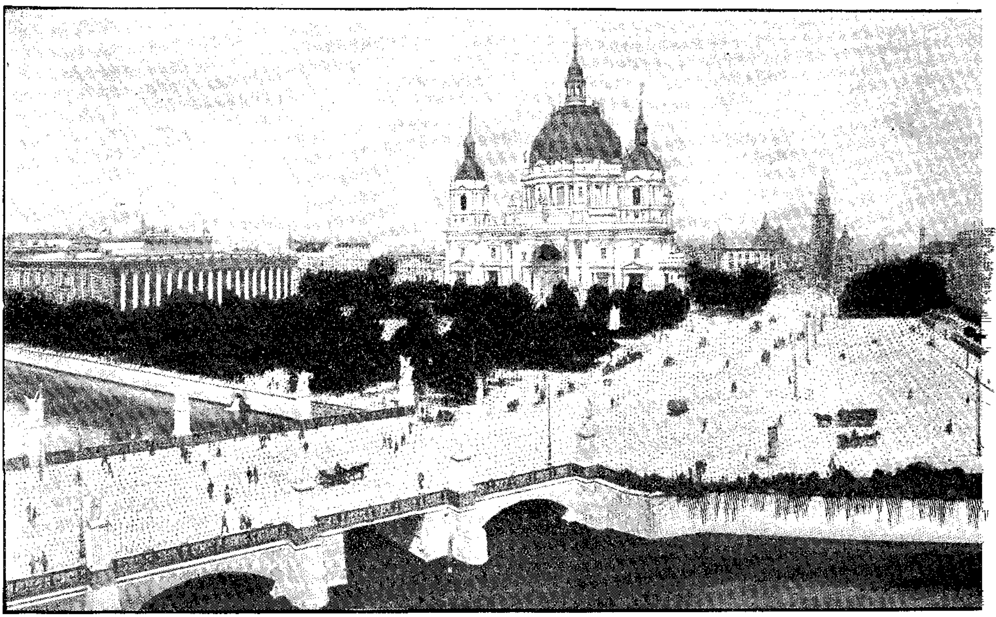
The advantages of proper grouping—"civic centers," as they have been called by the Hon. John De Witt Warner—are many. In the first place, the artistic effect is very greatly increased, just as the blossoming rose is incomparably more beautiful than the disconnected petals, no matter how perfect each petal may be. In the natural flower each part, and in the civic center each structure, not only contributes its own beauty but increases the beauty of every other part because of the relation it bears to the whole. Park effects—trees, flowers, shrubs, green grass—constitute the frame of the picture and give a proper setting to the buildings. Open spaces afford views from the proper distance. When to these are added statuary, fountains, and monuments, all harmoniously combined, the group becomes marvelously beautiful and superbly attractive.

Further, even such modicum of art as exists where buildings and parks are indifferently scattered is less appreciated, and by a smaller number, than when they are molded into civic centers. In the former case, not only is the number small of those who can enjoy the beauties of a building, but the crowds that fill the settees, in the smaller parks particularly, must view the mediocre and often very objectionable buildings that surround the parks. How much greater the pleasure and how much larger the number benefited where the public buildings are in the parks or border them! The use of the parks is not interfered with, and the citizen enjoys the beauty of an artistic façade or well-proportioned structure as well as the refreshing effect of the grass, shrubs, and flowers.

There are utilitarian advantages to civic centers also. When one has public business to transact, it is often necessary to visit various departments of government. If buildings are grouped, this may be done easily and quickly. It often happens also that the citizen may not know at what office to apply for the information desired. If all departments occupy contiguous quarters, he is quickly


VIENNA
INNER CITY AND RING-STRASSE
SCALE
PARKS
PUBLIC BUILDINGS
DANUBE
CANAL
SCHOTTEN
RING
LANDESGERICHTS
STRASSE
REICHSRATH
STRASSE
FRANZENS
RING
BURG
RING
OPERN-RING
KÄRTNER-R
KOLOWRAT-R
PARK-RING
STUBEN-RING
UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

MAP OF VIENNA
Showing Ring-Strasse and arrangement of public buildings and parks

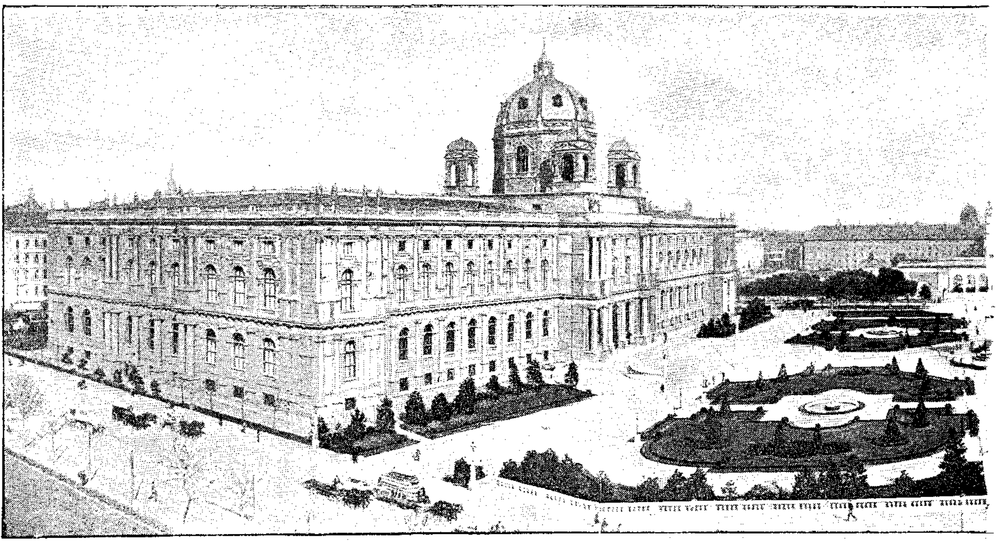


Old Museum Palace Bridge Cathedral

A BERLIN

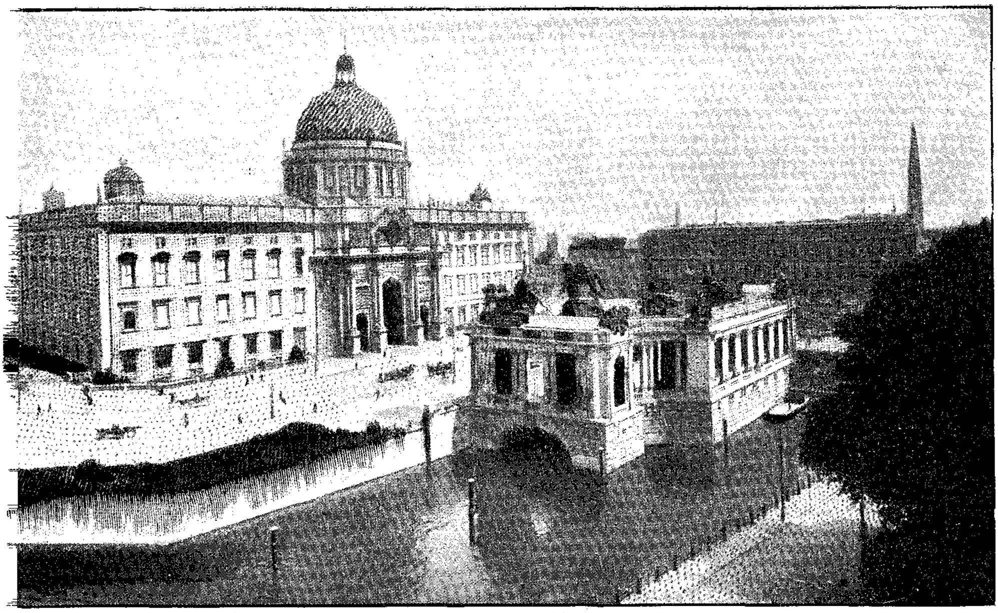
referred to the proper place. The local offices of the various departments also would be found more readily if each locality had its civic center.

In the fourth place, the creation of civic centers arouses civic pride and patriotism. They give the city character, dignity, and expression. Here is something which the masses can appreciate and enjoy, something which expresses power, greatness, and ideality, and to which they can point with pride. It is not too much to say that one important reason why politics is so perverted is that the city appears to the great masses of the people only through the policemen—as a restrictive power, and not as a constructive and vitalizing force. Being so distant and apparently so unrelated to their interests, they



Imperial Art Museum Imperial

A VIEW OF THE

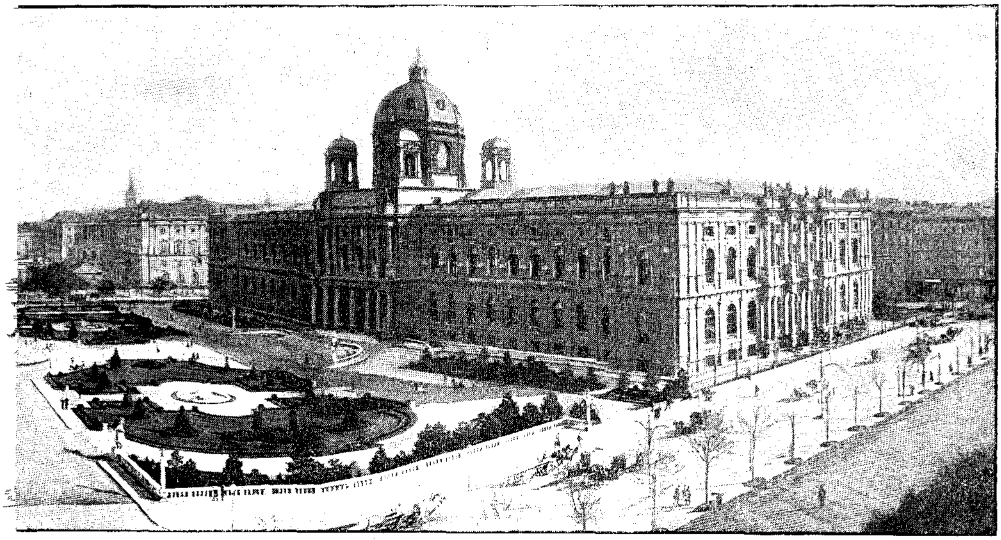


Royal Palace William I. Monument

CIVIC CENTER

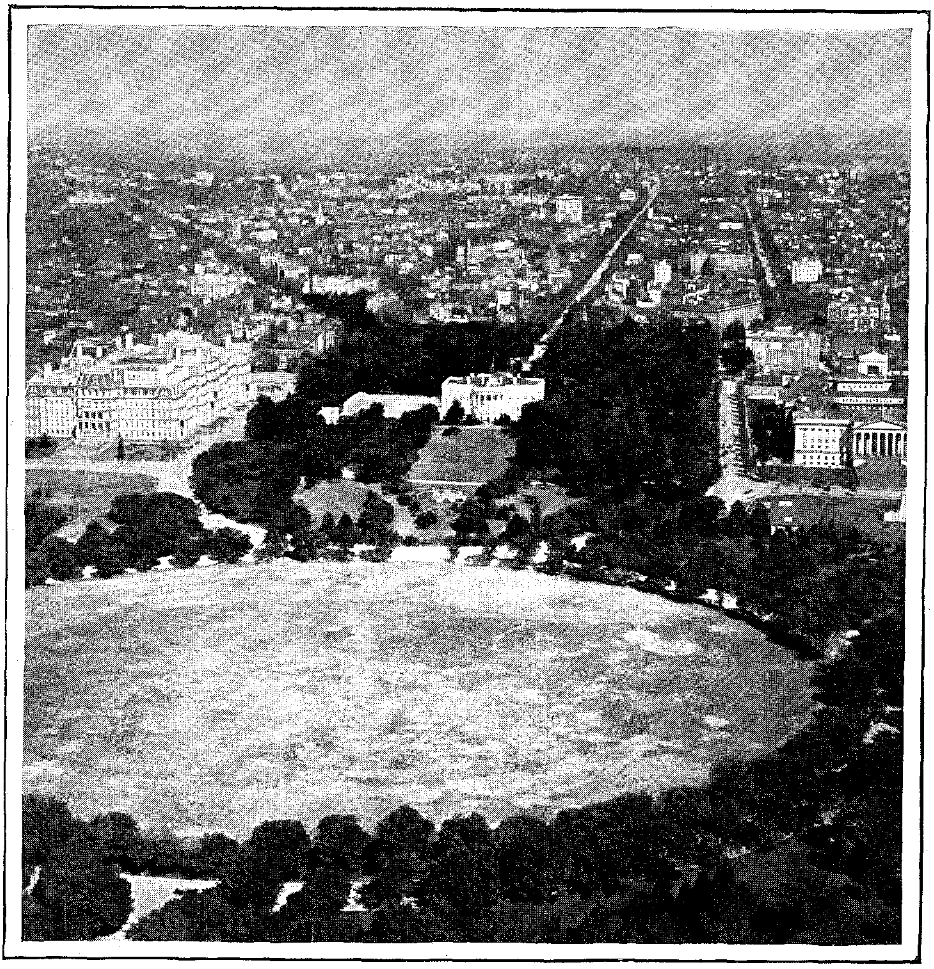
oppose any seeming attempt to increase the police power, and indifferently bestow their suffrages upon the politician who sends them turkeys upon Thanksgiving Day, who pays their rent when hard pressed, and attends the funeral when the baby dies. Yet these very masses are most easily influenced by visible improvements of a constructive character, and their patriotism is quickly and often permanently aroused by civic progress.

The truth of these statements will, I am sure, be vouched for by those who work in the populous centers of our cities. Even the establishment of a small park or playground has had a wonderful effect. How much greater would be the uplifting influence if the public and semi-public buildings—the court-houses,



Stables Natural History Museum

BURG-RING, VIENNA



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VIEW FROM THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

Showing the arrangement of the White House, Army and Navy Building, and Treasury Building

schools, libraries, baths, offices of the administrative departments, fire stations, settlements, theaters, etc.—were grouped in and about these parks, and the city government thus brought close to the citizen and expressed concretely! Would he not be interested in its operations and be led to see that he is a part of the city and that its welfare depends upon his actions?

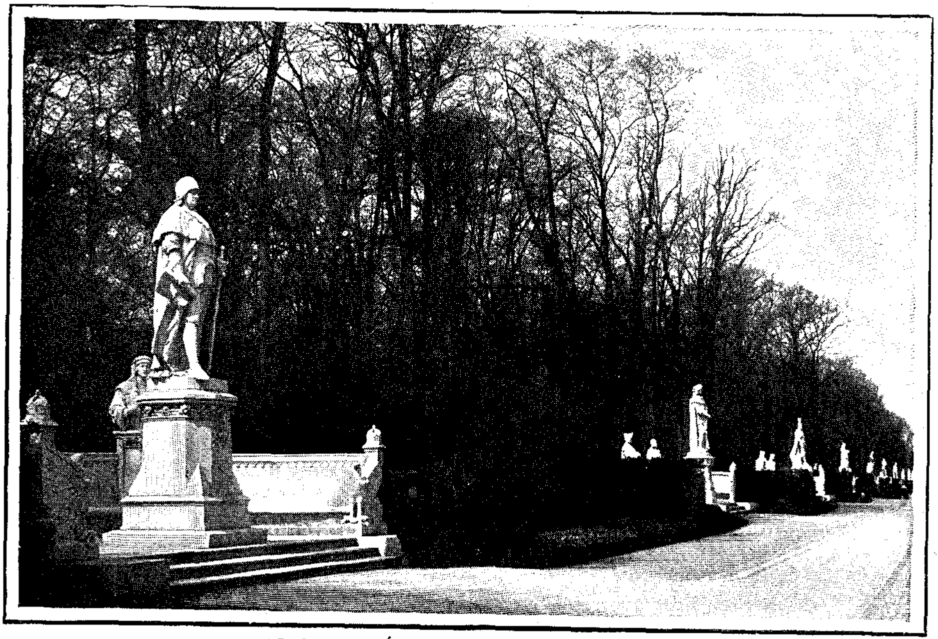
The cost of carrying out such a programme is slight, especially when compared with its benefits. Every city and every locality must have public buildings. It must have parks; and in every progressive city it is considered imperative that buildings and parks should be beautified by sculpture, painting, and landscape gardening. Assuming that expenditures for such purposes are necessary, what additional expense would be incurred by a proper grouping and harmonious unifying of the various elements? The fundamental prerequisite is not money, but an appreciation of these facts, the foresight to plan broadly and in advance of present needs, and the condemnation of a larger area than is momentarily needed when park areas are acquired.

For example: When land was condemned for Seward Park, in the lower East Side of New York, it was acquired at a much lower rate than must now be paid for land in that immediate neighborhood. The creation of the park has made the locality much more desirable. Recently, the city desired to acquire land in that part of the city for schools, a Carnegie library, and free public baths. Sites bordering on the park were admitted to be the most desirable, but the cost was considered prohibitive, and other locations, widely scattered, were selected in the narrow side streets. Now, it is axiomatic that if a considerable portion of land besides the present Seward Park had been condemned when the park lands were taken, it could have been purchased cheaply. If not immediately needed, it could have been rented to the tenants then occupying it. As occasion required, the old buildings could have been replaced by the schools, baths, library, etc., which have gone elsewhere. The city would be thus both richer and vastly more attractive.

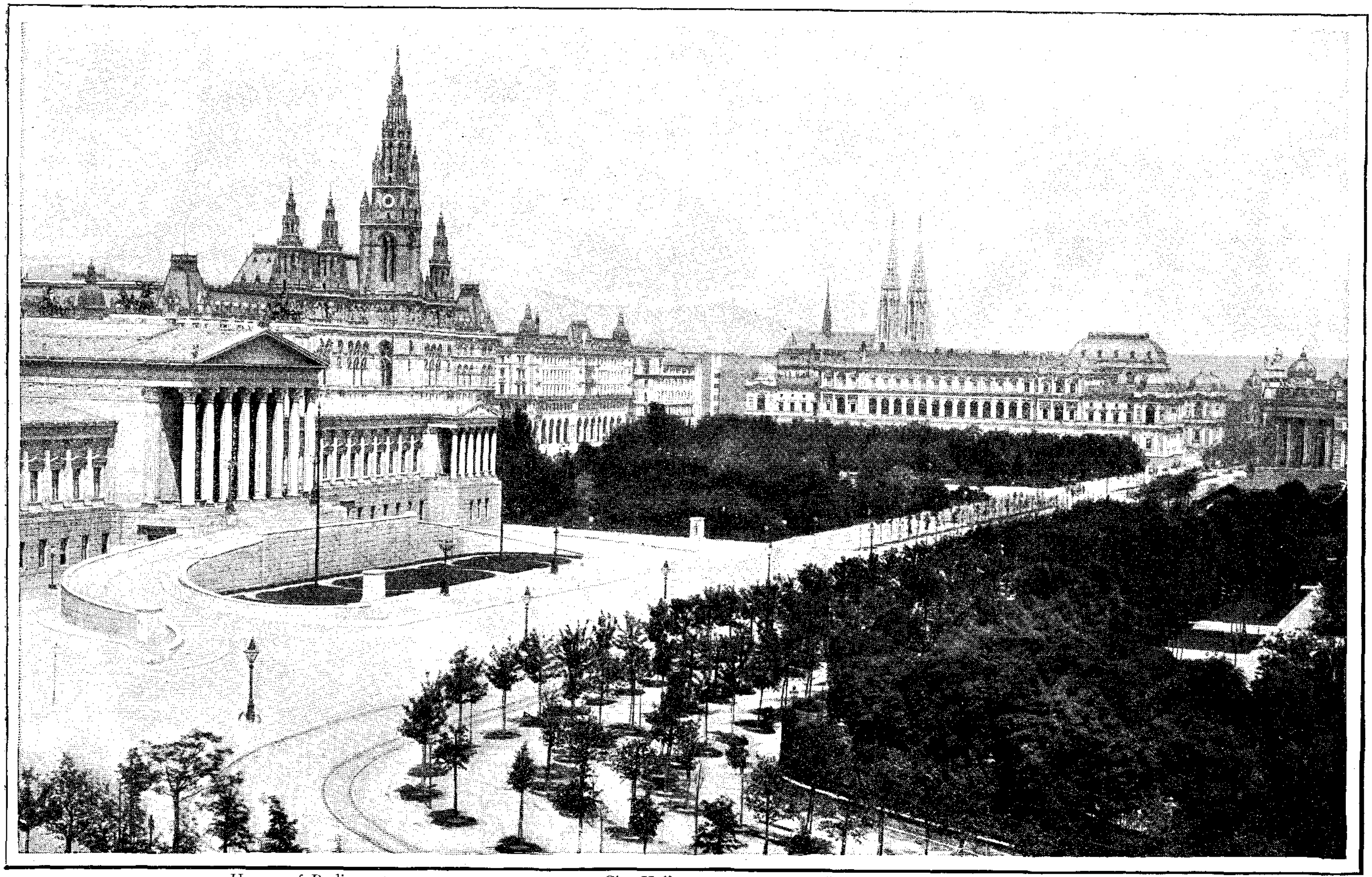
Unfortunately, American cities have been slow to realize the force of these facts. Their streets have been planned largely by chance, or, worse, by persons who considered the T-square the only necessary instrument. Washington, the earliest and most important exception, was wisely plotted by L'Enfant, who provided for the group idea in his scheme. The McMillan Commission, appointed by the United States Senate in 1902, has followed in his footsteps, filling in details, until the final result is the most comprehensive plan of grouping that has been worked out for an American city. The Secretary of Agriculture recently proposed to narrow the Mall contemplated in the report by locating the new Agricultural Building nearer the axis, but so much opposition has been aroused that the Senate has opposed this alteration of the plan.

A similar commission has reported a scheme for Cleveland. It provides for a spacious Mall with trees, statuary, and fountains, extending from a monumental railroad station and park on the lake front to the library and post-office at the south, which adjoin small parks. Bordering the Court of Honor are to be the City Hall and Court-House, each terminating a vista when viewed from Bond or Ontario Street. On either side of the Mall are to be placed other public and semi-public buildings, as the needs of the city make them necessary.

Comprehensive schemes have been proposed in other cities, as San Francisco, Chicago, Detroit, Boston, and Hartford, and in many cities there are nuclei which might be extended, as new buildings are erected, into very creditable centers. But the finest examples of



SIEGES-ALLÉE, THIERGARTEN, BERLIN


Houses of Parliament
City Hall
Votive Church
University
Royal Theater

A VIEW ON THE RING-STRASSE, VIENNA

effective grouping are to be found in Europe. Viewed historically, this was the most natural course and well-nigh universal. The Forum and the Acropolis, the civic centers of Rome and Athens, will continue to herald for all time the greatness of a life and civilization which long ago ceased to exist. Indeed, there was hardly a city in the ancient world, and even down to very modern times, that did not have a civic center to which, on all important occasions, the populace flocked. Generally it was the market-place, about which were grouped the castle, the church, the court, and other public or semi-public buildings as they appeared.

In many European cities portions still remain and have been incorporated in the civic centers of modern times. The Grand Place in Brussels, surrounded by the Hôtel de Ville, the Maison du Roi, and the ancient Guild Halls recently restored, is still the center of the civic life of that city, just as it has been for centuries. About the old market-place of Bremen cluster the City Hall, a Gothic building dating from the beginning of the fifteenth century, the Cathedral begun in the eleventh century, and the Exchange, the modern contribution of commerce to civic art. Other well-known instances are the Piazza of St. Mark in Venice, the Dam in Amsterdam, the Grosse Ring in Prague, the Place de la Republique in Lille, Der Ring in Breslau, the Kremlin in Moscow, the Plaza de Armas in Madrid, and the Praça do Commercio in Lisbon.

Berlin deserves special notice. About Unter den Linden, especially at the eastern extremity, have been grouped the finest buildings of the city, State, and Empire. Upon the site of the ancient castle, cathedral, and market-place of Kölln, bounded by the Spree, there now stands that inspiring group of museums, monuments, parks, cathedral, and Royal palace that enthuse every German. Spanning the Spree is the modest Schloss-Brücke with its famous statuary commemorating mythological events. As one proceeds along Unter den Linden he passes the Arsenal, Opera-House, Royal Library, Royal Academy, University buildings, several palaces, and a number of other important structures in the immediate neighborhood. At the western end of Unter den Linden a new group is now forming, consisting of the new Hall of the Imperial Diet, the new Opera-House, the Brandenburg Gate, the Monument of Victory, the Bismarck Memorial, the Sieges-Allée, several embassies, and offices of various ministries. In other parts of the city there are smaller civic centers. A view of one is shown in the accompanying photograph.

St. Petersburg, thanks to the foresight of Peter the Great and Elizabeth, boasts of an impressive center upon the south bank of the Neva, from which radiate the principal streets and boulevards. The central building, although not the most attractive, is the Admiralty, surrounded by Alexander Park and the garden of the Winter Palace, which stands on the east. Other structurse bordering the Place Dvortsovy are the Ermitage, with its magnificent collections of art works, the Imperial Archives, Ministries of Foreign Affairs and Finance, and the Administration Building. To the south and west of the Admiralty are the residence of the Governor of the city, the Ministry of War, the Cathedral of Saint Isaac, the Synode, and the Senat.

In Paris the Louvre is a civic center in itself, for it is nearly half a mile in length and a quarter in breadth. This vast structure contains some ten museums and Ministries of Finance and Colonial Affairs. Immediately to the west, along the banks of the Seine, lie the Tuileries Gardens and the Place de la Concorde and Avenue des Champs-Élysées, containing the monument to Gambetta, the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel, the Obélisque de Luxor, the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile, and numerous statues, fountains, floral displays, and other decorative features. North of the Place de la Concorde are the Ministry of the Navy and the Rue Royale leading to the Madeleine. Across the Seine is the Chamber of Deputies, bordering upon the Esplanade des Invalides, which leads one to the Hôtel des Invalides upon the south; and the Alexander III. Bridge, the Petit Palais, and the Grand Palais upon the north. These three structures of marvelous beauty and symmetry are the permanent contributions of the Exposition of 1900 to the artistic development of the city. Returning to the Louvre, one sees upon the north the French Theater and the Palais Royal. Upon the east stand the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and the Mairie of the First Arrondissement. Across the river, to the south, are the Mint, the Palace of the French Institute, and the École des Beaux-Arts.

Another center is focused upon the Ile de la Cité—the site of the earliest settlement in the Gallic town of Cæsar's day. The Cathedral of Notre Dame and the Sainte-Chapelle are the two finest sacred edifices in Paris. The Palace of Justice occupies the site of the Royal Palace of monarchical days. In close proximity are the Tribune of Commerce, the offices of the Prefect of Police, and the Hôtel Dieu, the oldest and one of the largest hospitals in Paris. Across the Seine is the City Hall. Smaller groups of buildings in other parts of Paris might also be described, but the evidence already adduced is sufficient to prove the existence of the civic center idea.

The grandest and most comprehensive scheme is in Vienna. Like other cities, it had, in 1857, very elaborate fortifications, beyond which the city was rapidly extending, rendering them of less and less value as a protection against invasion. Soon after the accession of Francis Joseph, he ordered their removal, and out of the three-cornered fight over the disposal of the land, between the city of Vienna, the kingdom of Austria, and the Crown family itself, a very fortunate compromise was arranged. A portion of the immense area formerly given over to the walls, moats, glacis, and drill-ground was to be laid out in broad, tree-lined boulevards girdling the inner city, a portion to be made into parks, a portion used as sites for public buildings, and

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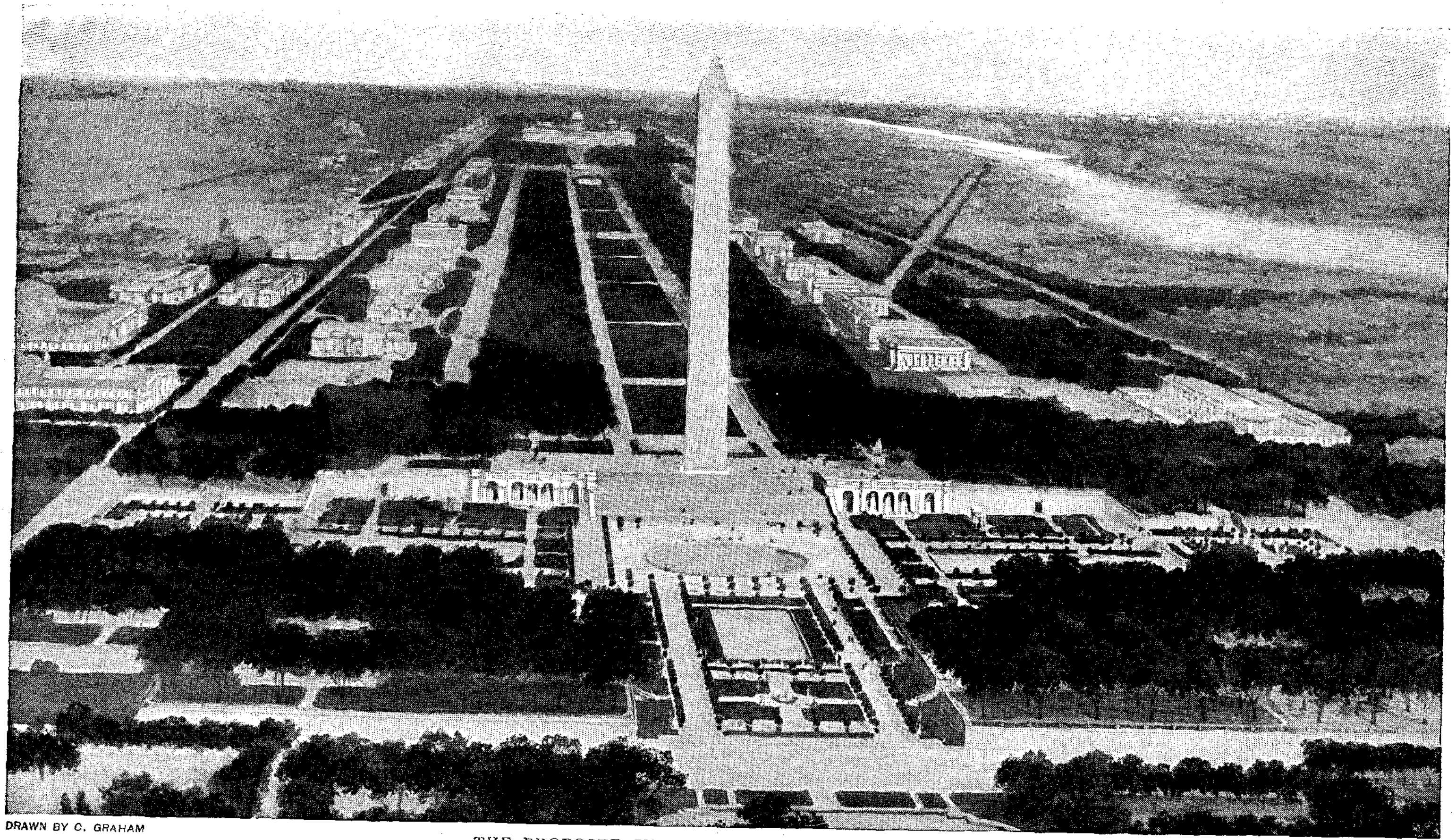
BRANDENBURG GATE, BERLIN

Entrance to the famous Unter den Linden



DRAWN BY C. GRAHAM

THE PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS IN WASHINGTON

The plan includes a great parkway leading from the Capitol to the Washington Monument, with public buildings on either edge of this Mall, and a large sunken garden beyond the Monument still another portion (so vast was the area) sold to provide funds out of which to construct artistic public buildings, not all at once, but as governmental needs made necessary additional accommodations.

The whole scheme was so intelligently planned and has been so wisely executed, including the treatment of the park areas, the location of the public buildings with adjoining open spaces and parks, the erection of appropriate sculpture and monuments at vantage points, and the branching of other boulevards at proper places, that there is nothing of the kind in all Europe that is more imposing, more harmoniously effective, or more artistic. Improvements and extensions are being made from year to year.

One naturally asks, when charmed by the beauty of these centers, in what does their attractiveness consist? Are the buildings exceedingly fine architecturally? Is the sculpture superior? Have the landscape architects been unusually successful? No doubt the buildings, the sculpture, and the parks are well planned and well executed, but other cities may boast of even finer buildings, statuary, and parks. The excellence is due rather to the fact that by bringing all into their proper relation, by giving them dignity, repose, and the proper perspective by the use of well-designed park layouts, each item in the scheme, no matter how unimportant it may seem, is made to contribute its share, and every building adds to the beauty and attractiveness of all others.

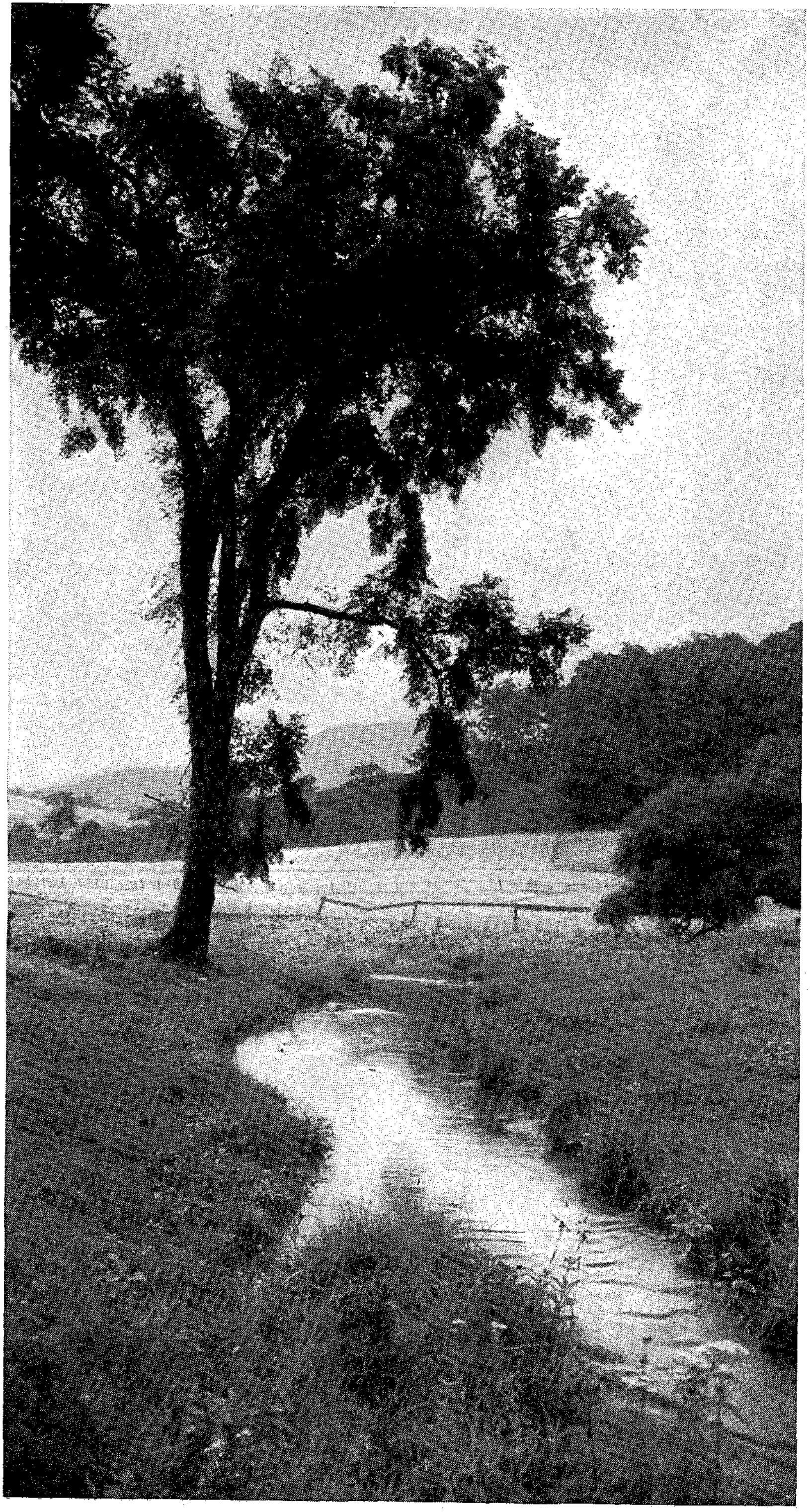
In one respect foreign cities have been at a disadvantage. Their street plans were inherited from a time when city building was not considered worthy of attention. To correct the street plan, to provide parks and boulevards, to construct civic centers, has, therefore, been an expensive process. Our American cities, upon the other hand, with their future yet unmortgaged, have a free field in large measure. By working out a scheme large enough for future needs, capable of extension with their growth, and by following it out consistently regardless of the herrings dragged across the trail, they may achieve wonderful results at slight expense. But a well-devised plan for symmetrical grouping is absolutely necessary. No matter how small the city, it must have a few public buildings, and their proper arrangement is as necessary to its highest development as in a metropolitan center. Indeed, it is even more important, for a metropolis has other charms by which to retain its prestige, but the small city has few to fall back upon, and these must certainly not be neglected if it is to keep its place and not decline. The most attractive city invariably will and does draw the best class of citizens.

September

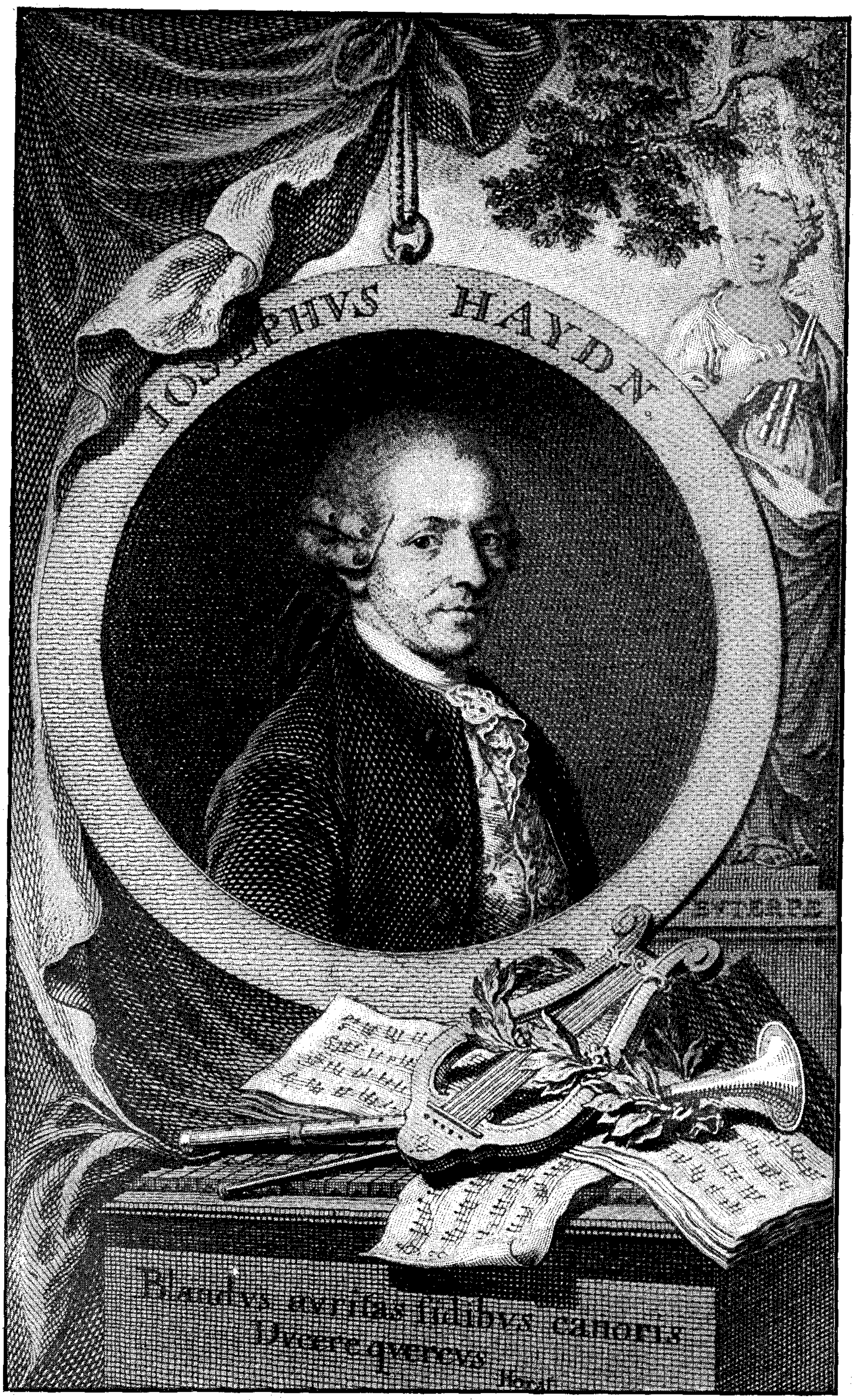
By Sara Andrew Shafer

With a Photograph by Wallace Nutting

In fallow fields the goldenrod
And purple asters beck and nod.
The milkweed launches fairy boats;
In tangled silver the cobweb floats.
Pervasive odors of ripening vine
Fill the air like a luscious wine.
The gentian blooms on the browning waste;
With coral chains is the alder laced.
    The blackbirds gather, and wheel, and fly;
    The swallows twitter a low "Good-by!"



SEPTEMBER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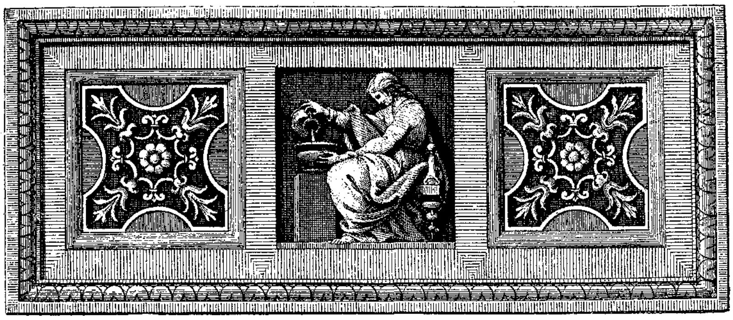
JOSEPH HAYDN

From an engraving by T. E. Mansfeld, loaned by Mr. Constantine Weikert, of Englewood, N. J.



JOSEPH HAYDN

BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

IN the early eighteenth century there lived, in a small village called Rohrau, situated near the Leitha River, which forms the boundary between Lower Austria and Hungary, a certain wheelwright and parish sexton, named Matthias Haydn, and his wife. They were simple, peasant people, a little more educated than was usual with their class. Matthias Haydn, besides a smattering of general information, had a talent for harp-playing, though he could not read music. Frau Haydn's accomplishments ran in the direction of domestic management and religion; and as she eventually found herself the mother of twelve thriving small Haydns, she may be supposed to have stood in need of both. Of these numerous small Haydns, Franz Joseph, born either on March 31 or on April 1, 1732, was the second. He was destined to create an epoch in the art of music.

How, in spite of his rather commonplace parentage and his heavy burden of poverty, he managed to develop so remarkable an artistic genius, has been a problem most puzzling to students; but much light has been thrown upon the whole matter by the recent investigations of a Croatian scholar, Dr. František S. Kuhač, made accessible to readers of English by Mr. W. H. Hadow's "A Croatian Composer." These researches have shown that the whole region about Rohrau was inhabited by a largely Croatian or South Slavonic population; that Haydn himself was probably of Croatian heredity; and that at the very least his youth was spent among one of the most naturally musical of all races. "One in every three of the Croats," says Dr. Kuhač, "either sings, plays, or composes." "The men sing at their plows," says Mr. Hadow, "the girls sing as they fill their water-pots at the fountain; by every village inn you may hear the jingle of the tambura, and watch the dancers footing it on the green." Here, then, was an environment precisely suited to develop the qualities we shall observe in the mature Haydn; and it helps to an understanding of almost every phase of his genius if we constantly remember that as a boy he was surrounded, not by stolid German peasants, amiable but inexpressive, nor by a cultivated but unspontaneous aristocracy, but by a race of natural musicians, in whom dance and song were native and necessary modes of expression.

Haydn's life divides itself into three well-marked portions: his first thirty-four years (1732–1766) were spent in a fierce hand-to-hand struggle with the world, a grim battle to wrest from it the mere means of livelihood, and perpetuate himself as an eating and drinking animal; the next twenty-four years, spent as director of music in the princely house of the Esterhazys, in studious retirement, was his period of quiet but fruitful labor, in which he produced a long series of masterpieces, laying the foundation not only of his own fame, but of modern instrumental music. This lasted from 1766 to 1790. In the last eighteen years of his life (1791–1809) he reaped his harvest of power, influence, and universal respect; he traveled to London, where great fame did not interfere with his simple-hearted wonder at the strange, noisy, bustling place, or with his naïve enjoyment of applause and his equally naïve yearning for a bowl of German soup.

The persistent good cheer, modesty, and piety of Haydn's character, which fortune was as powerless to corrupt as misfortune was to embitter, is the most constantly charming and finally impressive fact of his life. When he was penniless and friendless, at seventeen, on the streets of Vienna, he spent no time in repining, but set about playing in street bands, giving lessons for a pittance, and arranging the music of complacent, condescending amateurs. He later wrote of this period: "I was forced for eight whole years to gain a scanty livelihood by giving lessons; many a genius is ruined by this miserable mode of earning daily bread, as it leaves no time for study. I could never have accomplished even what I did if, in my zeal for composition, I had not pursued my studies through the night. . . . I offer up to Almighty God all eulogiums, for to Him alone do I owe them. My sole wish is neither to offend against my neighbor nor my gracious Prince, but above all our merciful God." When, years later, he found himself provided with a fixed post under Prince Esterhazy, he accepted the indignities of what was in those days almost a menial position with the same pious endurance, the same tonic and better than pious practicality; he kept himself so busy writing masterpieces that he had no time for complaint. The same qualities appear in his treatment of his shrewish and wholly uncongenial wife, from whom he was separated for many years, but of whom he but twice allowed an ill word to escape his lips. His enjoyment of prosperity is even more delightful to contemplate than his endurance of hardship. He was fairly vibrant with appreciation of all the marvels he witnessed in London: his London note-book is filled with statistics of the size and cost of things, noted down by him with a curious mixture of *naïveté* and shrewdness. "Beginning of May, 1792, Lord Barrymore gave a ball that cost 5,000 guineas. He paid 1,000 guineas for 1,000 peaches; 2,000 baskets of gooseberries cost 5 shillings apiece." . . . "Race-horses are very dear. The Prince of Wales, a few years ago, paid eight thousand pounds for one, and sold it again for six thousand pounds. But at the first race he won with it 50,000 pounds." Here one reads the canny Haydn, with true practical sense appreciative of a well-turned transaction. "Mr. Shaw [at whose house Haydn was fêted] wanted me to give him a souvenir, and I gave him a tobacco-box which I had just bought for a guinea. He gave me his in exchange." A sentimental experience there was in England, too; a half-friendly, half-romantic episode with one Mistress Shroeter, whom Haydn described as "the English widow in London who loved me." Her letters, all carefully copied out by him in the note-book, old-fashioned, formal, full of underscoring of unimportant words and of that quaint admixture of grandiloquence with impulsive feeling which marks the eighteenth-century letter, are touching in their revelation of the woman hidden in the quaint, bird-like old lady, and in their suggestion of the man's need for sympathy. The friendship ended abruptly with Haydn's departure for home, never to be resumed. In May, 1809, Haydn began to fail rapidly in health; on the twenty-sixth, gathering his household, and having himself carried to the piano, he played over three times his "Emperor's Hymn," with great emotion; and five days later he died. In his will a characteristic item was this: "To Fräulein Bucholz, 100 florins, inasmuch as in my youth her grandfather lent me 150 florins when I greatly needed them; which, however, I repaid fifty years ago."

The precise importance of Haydn in musical history may perhaps be best defined by saying that he was the first great master of secular music. In order to make clear the full implication of such a statement a moment's digression will be needed.

It has often been observed by historians and critics of art that in their earlier stages all the arts have been the handmaids of religion, born in the cloister and nursed therein through the period of infancy. Thus architecture, for example, which in our day and country embodies itself chiefly in great civic and mercantile buildings, began with the temples of the pagan Greeks and the cathedrals of the mediæval Christians. Sculpture for the most part delineated, in antiquity, Egyptian and Greek gods and goddesses; it was not until it had been practiced for centuries that it was enlisted in the service of general portraiture and of secular expression. Even painting, which at the Renaissance became for all time a secular art, inspired by its own ideals and controlled only by intrinsic conditions, commenced by picturing on mediæval altarpieces and frescoes the heroes of sacred story, with their upturned eyes and their clasped hands, and by symbolizing the dogmas or illustrating the narratives of its taskmaster, religion. Poetry, dance, and music even more unmistakably originated in connection with religious rites. Of this general fact of the religious origin of art Mr. J. A. Symonds offers a plausible explanation: "Art aims," he says,[1] "at expressing an ideal; and this ideal is the transfiguration of human elements into something nobler, felt and apprehended by the imagination. Such an ideal, such an all-embracing glorification of humanity, exists for simple and unsophisticated societies only in the forms of religion."

As art develops, however, it inevitably comes sooner or later to a point where it diverges from religion, to follow its own independent path. This is because the mystical element so essential to religion is antipathetic to the nature of art, and becomes, as art matures, an intolerable restriction upon its free and full development. In briefest terms, mysticism is that interpretation of life which makes a sharp distinction between the actual and the divine, the temporal and the eternal, wholly contemning the former as mere dross and illusion. The mystic's intuition of what is beyond the veil of mortality, absolute, permanent, serves only to emphasize more poignantly his sense of his own frailty, partiality, and transience. To him, God is perfect, but remote; man is near—and base. But such a view of life as this, satisfying as it may be to the saint in his ecstasy of pious meditation, yearning with his whole heart for absorption in the divine, is to the artistic or idealistic type of mind barren, inelastic, and unlovely. The idealist cannot find it in his heart to spurn the actual, the immediate, which, with all its limitation, all its pathetic fragmentariness and evanescence, he finds full of meaning and delight. He believes in experience as much as the crassest realist. He finds in it the point of departure of all desirable truths, the scaffolding for all mansions of the spirit. While he differs from the realist in believing that a winnowing or selective manipulation of crude experience is needed to make it reveal its true significance, he differs even more from the mystic, because he makes the very materials of his Celestial City out of those earthly, momentary, and finite events and feelings that the saint rejects as dross. Mysticism develops by a constant carving away or sloughing off of all the lineaments of actuality, till nothing but a disembodied consciousness remains; idealism grows by a constant widening of interest, an ever-broadening grasp of the whole of life, with all its triviality and tragedy, but also with all its trenchant reality and its sudden, unexpected beauty and spiritual solace. And since art is by nature the expression of man's fullest life, physical, emotional, and spiritual, it is bound, when it reaches the period of adolescence, to part company with the mystic, and throw in its lot with the idealist.

It is a concrete example of the working of these rather abstract principles that we see when we study the history of music from Palestrina to Beethoven. In the sixteenth century the only recognized music was the choral church music

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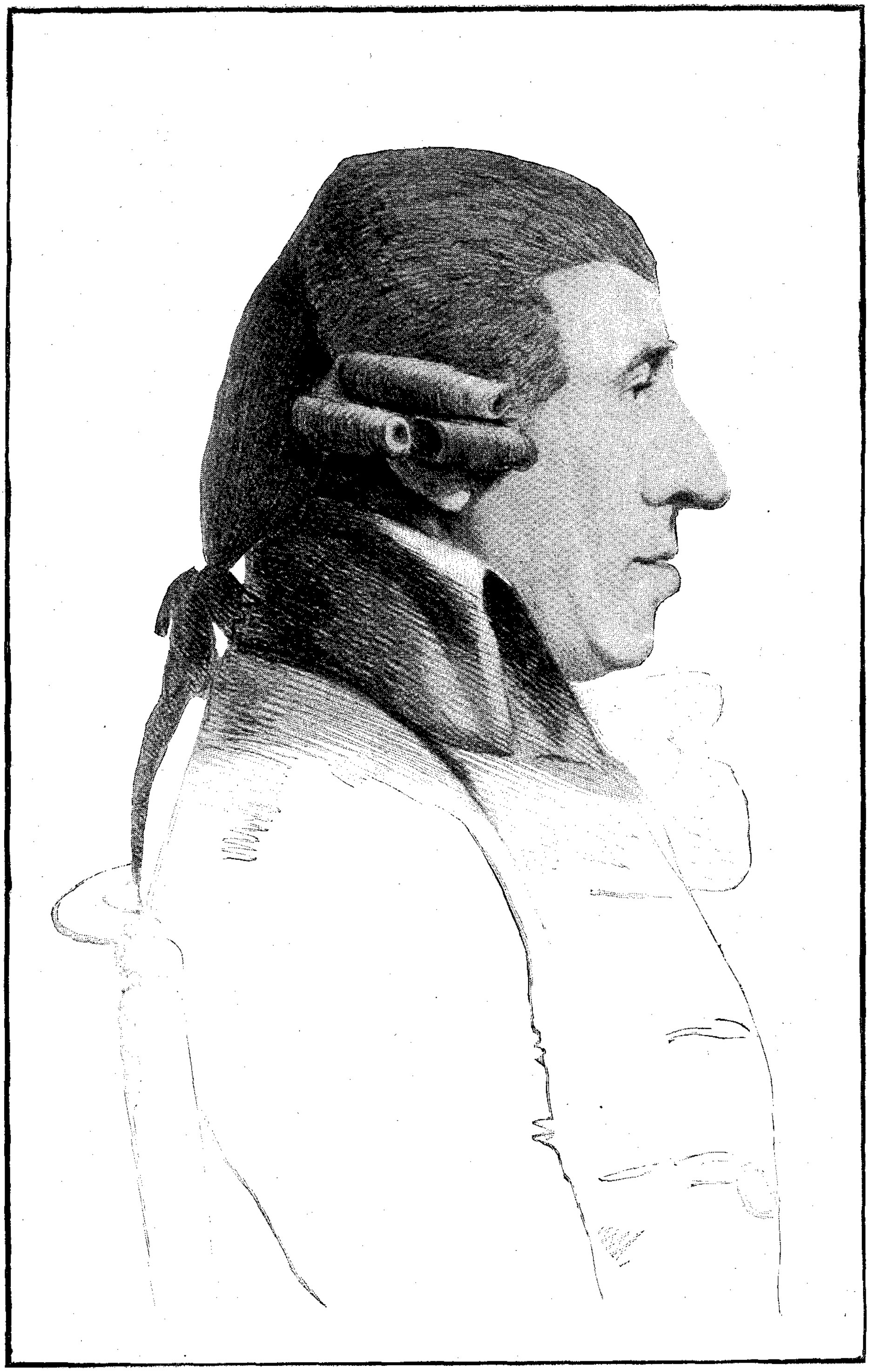
[1] "Renaissance in Italy," Part III., page 6.



JOSEPH HAYDN

From a drawing by George Dance, loaned by Mr. Constantine Weikert, of Englewood, N. J.

of Palestrina and his fellows, of which the inspiration was religious mysticism. In this music, the purest harmony, the most ethereal quality of tone, and the utmost melodic vagueness conspired to express the impersonal, highly rarefied mood of the worshiper of a remote and abstract God. All dissonance, which by its harshness would have broken in on the serenity of the worshipers with a reminder of their human passions, was avoided. The melodic movement was staid, calm, deliberate; there was no trenchancy of accent, no sudden impulse, no suggestion of the cries of mortal pain and doubt. Meter and rhythm, so expressive of muscular activity and the self-consciousness it arouses, were wholly absent. "No other form of chorus music has existed," says Mr. Edward Dickinson, "so objective and impersonal, so free from the stress and stir of passion, so plainly reflecting an exalted, spiritualized state of feeling. In its ineffable calmness, and an indescribable tone of chastened exultation, pure from every trace of struggle, with which it vibrates, it is the most adequate emblem of that eternal repose toward which the believer yearns."[1]

In the seventeenth century a change began to make itself felt. Palestrina had exhausted the possibilities, it seemed, of the pure choral style, and a set of daring innovators at Florence began to experiment with what they named the "New Music." They essayed small operas, or dramas with musical setting, consisting largely of a crude recitative in which single singers uttered the loves and hates, the joys and griefs, of mythical or historical characters. The "Eurydice" of Jacopo Peri, produced in 1600, is perhaps the earliest surviving example. Here the direct utterance of human feeling is obviously aimed at. Dissonance, too, with its potent suggestion of divided, tortured, and impassioned states of emotion, was gradually admitted and developed. Monteverde, the greatest of the innovators in this respect, is said to have moved his hearers to tears. At the same time musicians turned with enthusiasm to the study of the folk-music which had long been sounding about them unheard, imitated its methods, and caught something of its primitive eloquence. Meter and rhythm began to infuse a new vitality into the expression of music, as well as to provide it with an invaluable element of design, without which it could never have thrown off its dependence on words. Suites of dance tunes became the most favored musical form. All these tendencies, inchoate as they remained for a long time, heralded the dawn of a new species of music, based upon that direct and full expression of native feeling which we have seen to be prompted by idealism. Music was moving away from the tranquillity, the noble but somewhat rigid and constricted formulas of mysticism, toward a more tumultuous, ardent, full-throated utterance of all the joys, griefs, and aspirations of common humanity.

It was Haydn's great achievement, coming upon the scene at this critical moment, to give point and body to the new type of expression, to crystallize its forms, and to establish once for all the style that music was to retain for many generations. Doubtless other men bore their part in this work; doubtless Haydn was but one of many able workers; but, by virtue of his personal and national characteristics and of his peculiar education and opportunity, it was his privilege to stamp himself saliently upon his time, and to perpetuate his name into all the future as the first great master of secular music.

His personal qualities, in the first place, admirably fitted him for such a task. Haydn was an odd mixture of the ordinary and the distinguished—an average, typical emotional nature made peculiarly telling and efficient by intellectual power far beyond the average. His physical appearance is an index of this curious mingling of qualities. His complexion, marked with smallpox, was so dark that he was often called "The Moor;" his nose was strong but heavy; the lower lip thick and projecting, the jowl square and massive. Yet his dark gray eyes beamed with animation and benevolence, and Lavater, the great physiognomist, found in his eyes and nose "something out of the common," while dismissing the mouth and chin as Philistine. Emotionally he was typical rather than personal, centered in the common interests and instincts rather than eccentric to them, conservative and conventional rather than radical and individual. This is doubtless the meaning of that somewhat stolid jaw, that firm but rather insensitive mouth, that sane but unimaginative configuration of the whole lower face. At the same time, there can be no doubt that those penetrating gray eyes saw much that was hidden from men far more happily born, far more delicately nurtured.

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[1] It is interesting to note that there did exist, at the very time when this music was at its acme, a type of art quite opposed to it, in the popular songs and dances of the people. This popular minstrelsy was crudely but genuinely expressive of the great primal emotions of ordinary human life; but it was cultivated only by the illiterate classes, and held in disdain by the authorized practitioners of art.

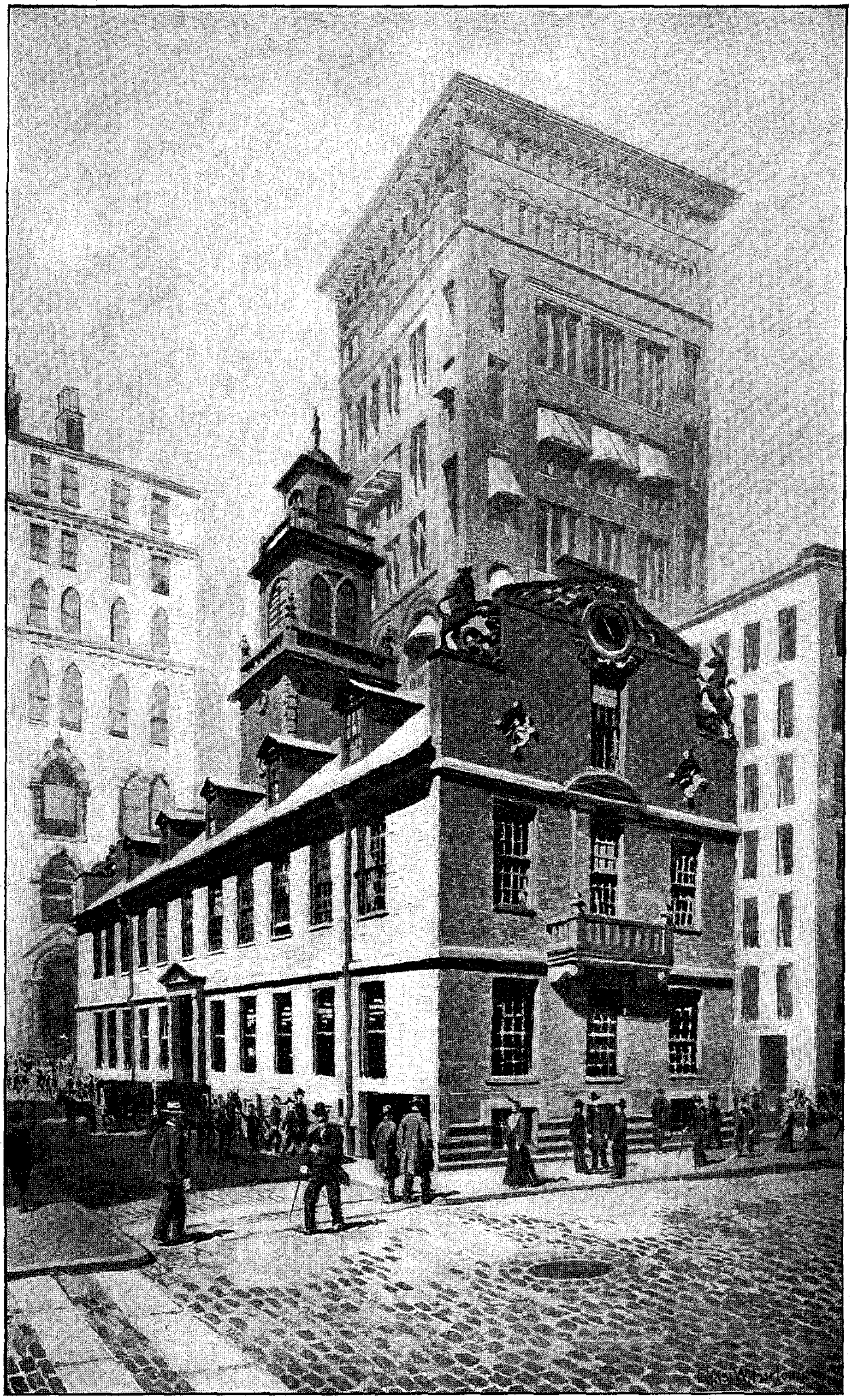
Now, it was this normality and average quality of his emotional nature that enabled Haydn to voice in music the great general, secular feelings of humanity, "in widest commonalty spread." His wide sympathy with ordinary men, his practical sense and shrewdness, his brisk good cheer, his childlike and wholly unmetaphysical piety—all these traits made his music, in its expressive aspect, far more catholic and universal than the austere and ethereal music of mysticism. While his lack of high poetry and imagination kept him from expressing any of the rarer, more individual, and more unusual intuitions that we find so consummately expressed in Beethoven, his active and busy interest, his spontaneous appreciation of the commonest and simplest of human experiences, and his natural sympathy with folk-feeling and folk-idioms, enabled him to lay a broad foundation for secular expression in music, on which later writers erected their more delicate and special effects.

It was an inevitable result of this typical quality of Haydn's genius that his music was in essence, from the point of view of expression, an expansion, development, or idealization of the characteristic utterance of his nation. For one who was so much more the spokesman than the prophet, who was inspired by general rather than idiosyncratic emotion, it was the natural course to avail himself of the rich mines of musical ore he found ready to his hand, and with his talent to stamp it into coin of the realm. "Haydn's genius," writes Mr. Hadow, "trained by years of assiduous labor, gave him a complete mastery over the inherited resources of his art, his imagination extended them with fresh discoveries and inventions. But throughout the whole his favorite themes are pastoral, songs of the shepherd and the harvester, songs of country courtship, songs of the vintage feast and the jovial holiday." Of the folk-melodies on which Haydn's music was thus founded, the same writer gives the following description: "The Croatian melodies are bright, sensitive, piquant, but they seldom rise to any high level of dignity or earnestness. They belong to a temper which is marked rather by feeling and imagination than by any sustained breadth of thought, and hence, while they enrich their own field of art with great beauty, there are certain frontiers which they rarely cross, and from which, if crossed, they soon return." Could any better short description be devised of Haydn's own music—"bright, sensitive, piquant, but seldom rising to any high level of dignity or earnestness?"

We saw a moment back, however, that Haydn's rather undistinguished emotional nature was combined with a practicality and trenchancy of intellect that made his work peculiarly pointed and telling; and it was this intellectual power, quite as much as his emotional qualities, that secured him his peculiar place in the history of music. The historic moment at which he came was one when just such intellectual acumen was particularly opportune. The already perfected style of pure choral music had become a dead letter; many tentative efforts toward a new method of musical structure, based on an organized contrast of themes and keys, had been made; and all that was needed to weld them into a style as firm and clear as it was novel and interesting was systematization by an orderly, responsible, and efficient mind. Haydn had such a mind; and he established sonata-form on a permanent basis. His themes are salient and easily memorable; his transitions and modulations are methodical, obvious, unequivocal; both in the minute texture and in the broader adjustment of general structure, his compositions are fairly crystalline in their clearness. Here again, of course, he has the defects of his merits; and to the ears and minds of a later generation the element of unity in his work seems disproportioned to that of variety, and an interesting complexity sacrificed to an almost childish simplicity. His initial themes seem often bald; there is lack of differentiation between the several themes of a single movement; the saliency of the key-structure touches upon obviousness; and much of the detail, such as the transition-passages, the cadences, and even the development, seems perfunctory and stereotyped. But we must remember that Haydn was writing for people to whom the whole scheme of thematic form was unfamiliar. His ingenuity was taxed to be as simple as possible, rather than to introduce attractive irregularities. He was, in fact, laying down the first principles of a novel type of art; and it is the supreme virtue of first principles to be simple, fundamental, unmistakable.

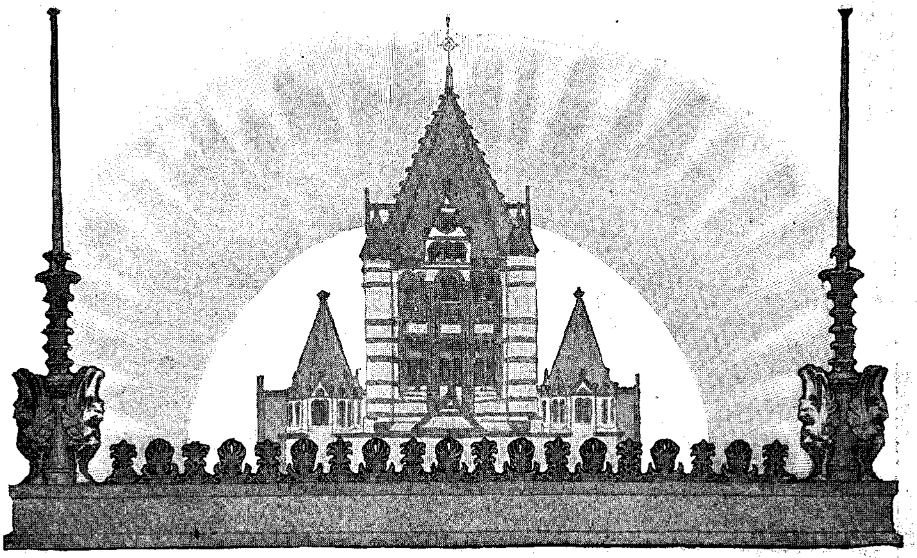
The emphasis in any definition of Haydn's qualities, whether of expression or of form, depends on the point of view from which it is made, on whether he is considered as a follower of Palestrina or as a forerunner of Beethoven. In comparison with Palestrina he is a modern. In common with his immediate predecessors, but more fully and definitely than any of them, he turns away from the ecclesiastical inspiration and the contrapuntal forms of the sixteenth century, to establish himself solidly on the untrammeled expression of universal human feeling, through forms based on harmonic and rhythmic principles. He sacrifices the dignity, the peace, the detachment of Palestrina, in order to voice the self-consciousness, the mobile vitality, the turbulence and struggle and ebullient life of the modern man. For this reason, as well as because of the forms he uses, he is "the first of secular composers," "the father of instrumental music." Yet he is not free as Beethoven is free, nor is his individualism the fierce nonconformity of the great anarch of outworn conventions and restricting formulæ. His methods, compared with Beethoven's, are rigid, narrow, inelastic; the music they shaped had something of the angular outline of all childlike art. Had it not been for their regularity, however, Beethoven's felicitous daring would have miscarried; without their order as a point of departure, his "splendid experiments" would have led, not to freedom, but to chaos. Mozart's playful nickname of "Papa Haydn" is much more than a term of endearment; it is a condensed philosophy.

Haydn was indeed the father of instrumental composers, in this sense: that he laid the foundation for all their performance, and that they made the advances, in the light of which he appears old-fashioned, only by a wise use of resources inherited from him.



THE OLD STATE HOUSE

Built in 1713. The rampant lion and unicorn of England still adorn the gable overhead.



BOSTON VISTAS

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE

AUTHOR OF "MY OWN STORY," "NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD," ETC.

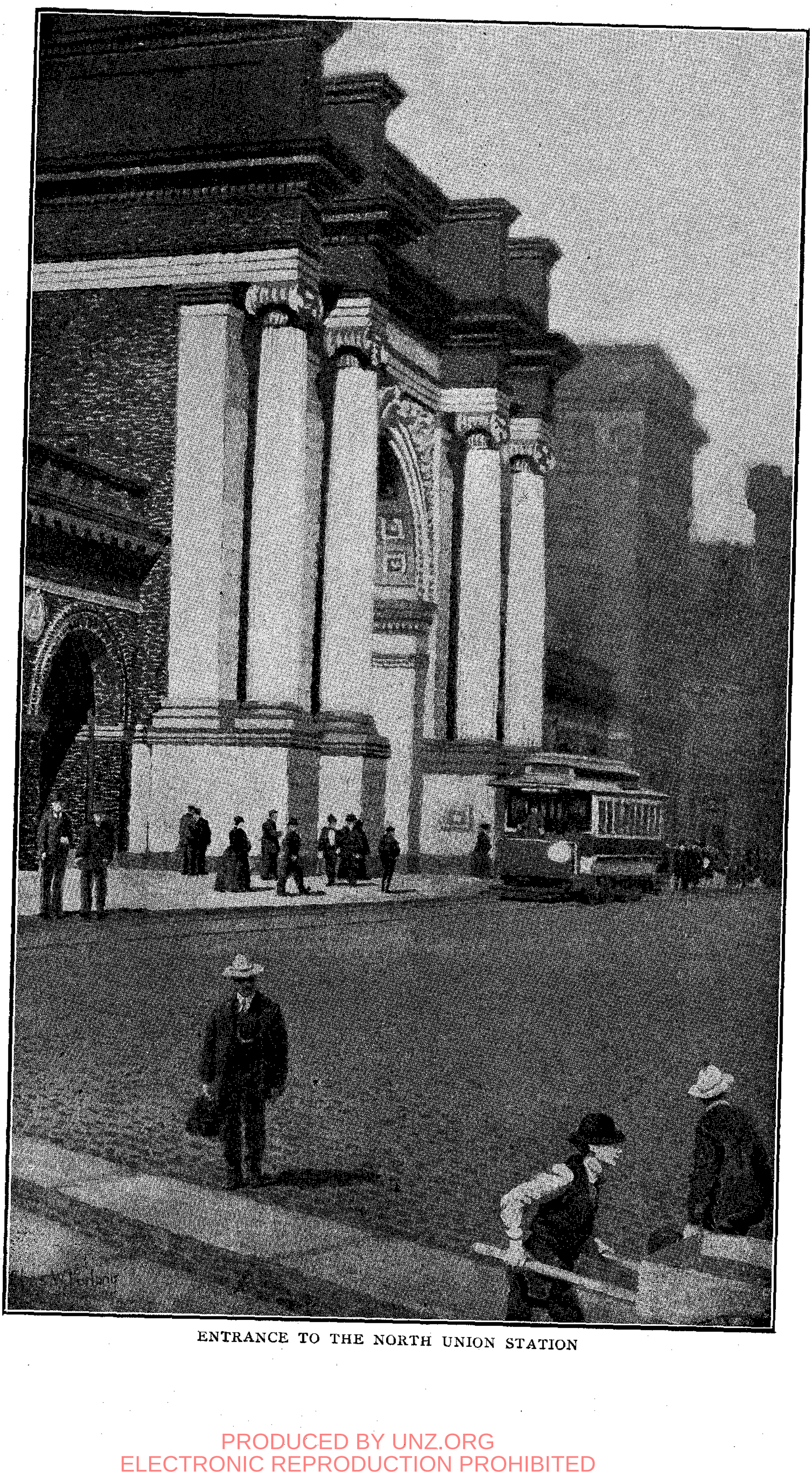
ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

I.

IT was meet that the first white inhabitant of the locality we know as Boston should have been a lover of books; and such was William Blackstone, a studious recluse, who, wandering into the wilderness from the settlements farther south, came out upon a narrow isthmus between two bays, the waves of which almost washed over it at high tides. The water on the east formed a fine natural harbor, solitary, sailless, flashing in the sun, which shone on shores and islands near and far; that on the left was a broad estuary with marshy borders and wildly wooded banks that opened somewhere to a river winding down thither to meet the sea.

William Blackstone passed on, wonderingly, between those almost meeting waters, traversing the slender strip of land like an insect—as we fancy, looking back upon him through the long vista of two and three-quarter centuries—a human insect on the stem of an enormous swelling bud. The bud was in reality a hilly and bushy peninsula of six or seven hundred acres, so uniquely situated and offering such attractions for the hermit life he loved that he took possession of it, and built for himself a hut near a spring, on a pleasant western slope of the highest hill overlooking the river we know as the Charles.

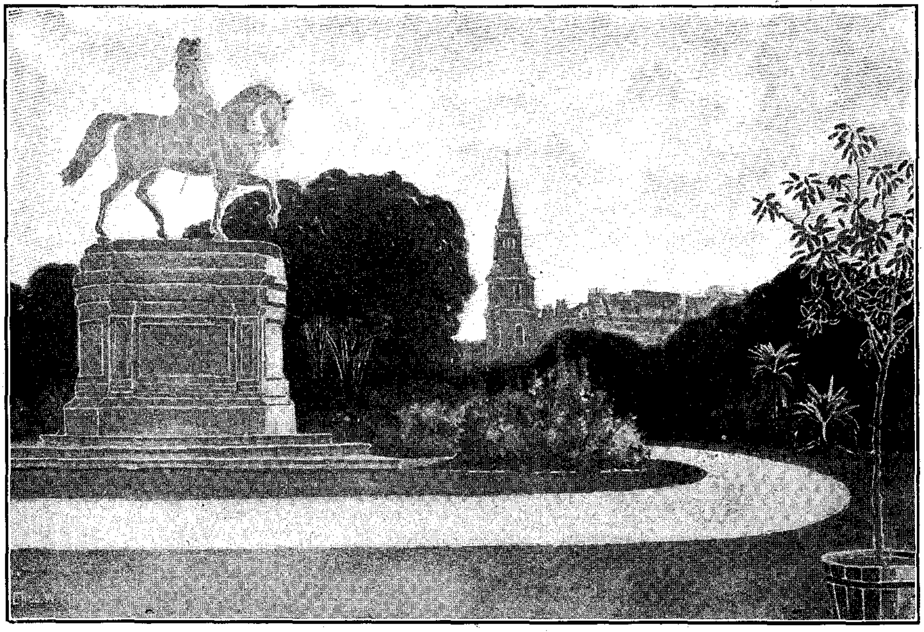
There he planted an orchard and had his garden and did some trading with friendly Indians—perhaps riding about the peninsula on his bull, as he is pictured doing in Motley's forgotten romance of "Merry Mount"—living for four or five years his secluded life, until, in the spring of 1630, Governor John Winthrop with his Puritan colony, seeking along the coast a good place for "sitting down," chose another peninsula on the farther side of the river, where there was already an incipient settlement. It proved anything but a good place, chiefly on account of the badness and scarcity of the spring water; and Blackstone, learning of great suffering and frequent deaths among the newcomers, must have overcome his aversion to society and have felt his heart relent even towards Puritanism and its ways (he was by calling an Episcopal minister), for he rowed



ENTRANCE TO THE NORTH UNION STATION

across the stream to tell Winthrop of the copious springs on his own side, and to invite him and his people to those more salubrious shores. Thither many of them gladly removed late in the summer of that memorable year 1630; Winthrop sending over the frame of a house he was building, which thus became the first substantial dwelling on Trimountaine, as the peninsula was called, until it was soon after rechristened Boston.

Of Blackstone himself nothing further need be said, indeed not much more is known, than that he did not like his Puritan neighbors better on a near acquaintance; that he sold to them the larger part of the peninsula, including the Common, for thirty pounds sterling; and that in 1634, wearying of the "Lord's brethren," as he scornfully called them, he plunged again into the wilderness and became the first white inhabitant of Rhode Island, preceding Roger Williams by about two years.



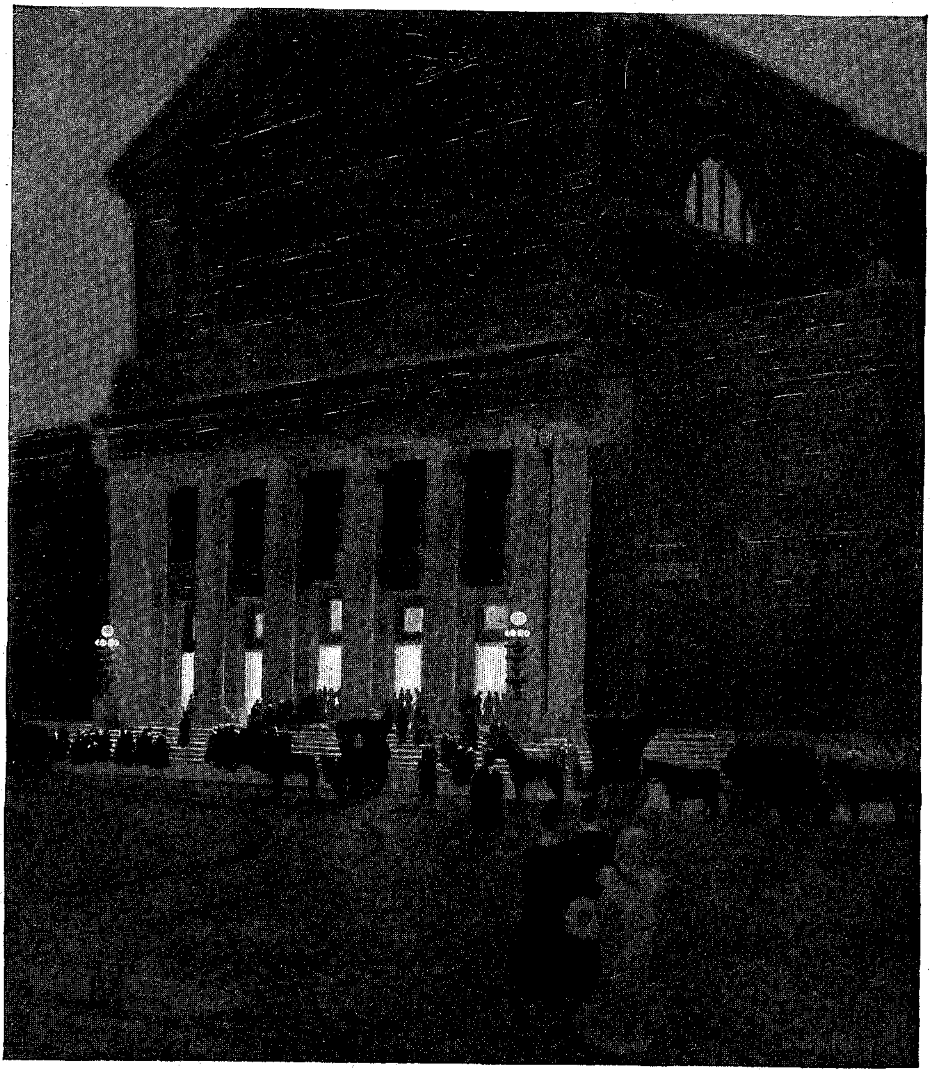
A CORNER OF THE PUBLIC GARDEN

II.

We have no further concern with him here; but his story interests us as the small beginnings of great issues always interest; and it is worth while to glance back at that slender-stemmed bud of a peninsula in considering the vast and myriad-petaled miracle of civilization into which it has flowered. Looking now from the State House dome, or from a downtown sky-scraper's quadrangular height—looking off over the thinly draping smokes of irregular, interminable roofs, you will be at a loss to imagine where any one of the original boundaries, especially where the stem of the bud, could ever have been. In place of the narrow isthmus and the two bays it divided, you behold one continuous city, widest across what was once the "neck," and widening still into farther indistinguishable streets and suburbs veiled in mist.

Yet Blackstone's path is approximately traceable through all that metropolitan maze. First an Indian trail or bear-track, it became later one of those historic cow-paths that laid out the oldest streets of the town. It meandered from the main land along the Neck and over the peninsula, branching into other cow-paths, but forming one principal thoroughfare, variously designated in different parts, until the august first President made his triumphal progress through it in 1789, when it was renamed in its entirety, and for all time, Washington

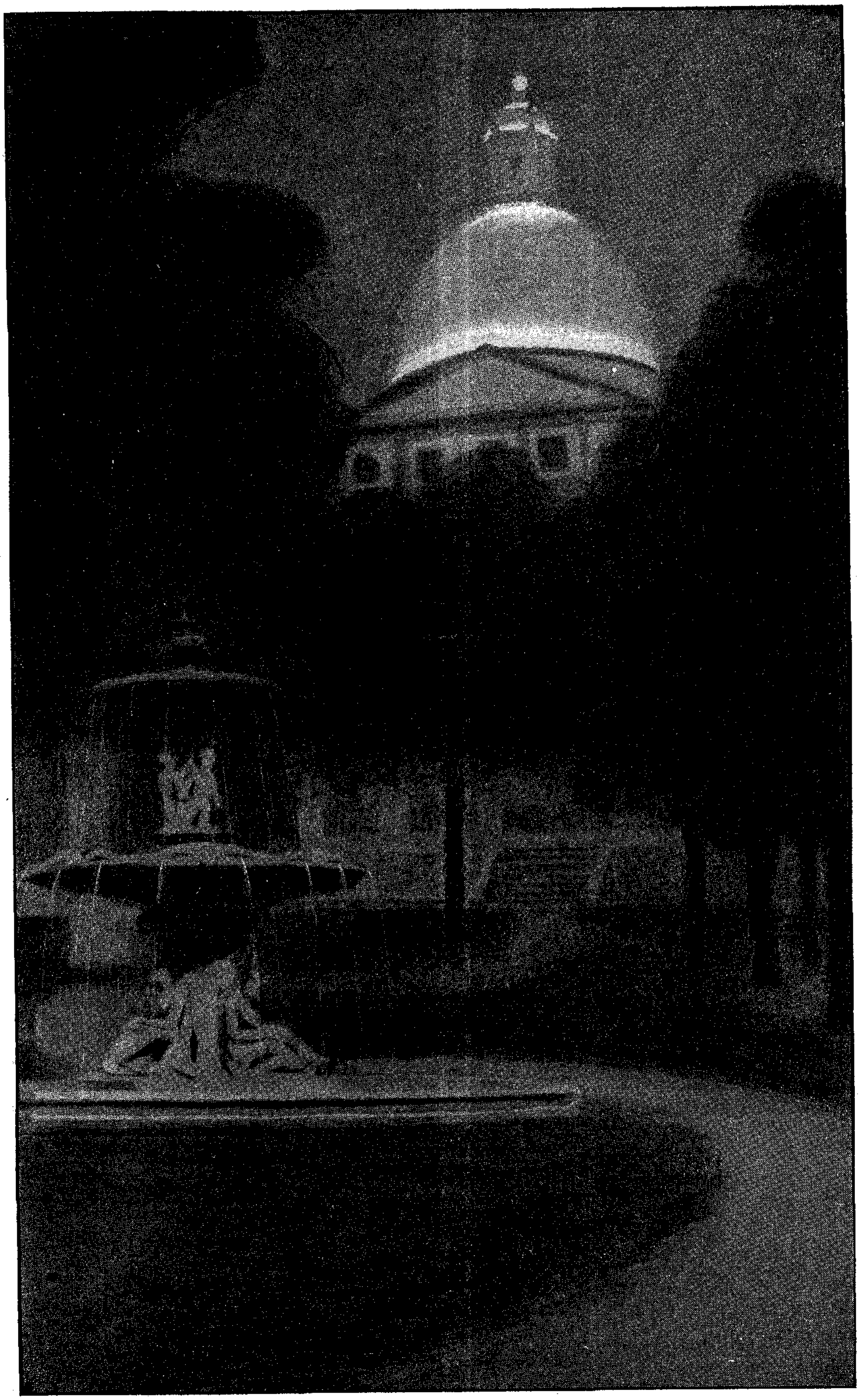
Street. Trail and bear-track, horse-path and cattle-path, wagon-road fronted by quaint colonial dwellings, few and scattered, a little back from its grassy borders—and now this roaring avenue of human life and traffic—what historic incidents, what civic growth and change, its windows and doors have witnessed! Many a stern-visaged dissenter or humble-seeming Quaker, driven forth by Puritanic persecution, traveled in sorrow or wrath that road, fortunate if not whipped at the cart's tail out of town; and it was the highway of Percy's redcoats on the morning of the day of Lexington, when they marched out of Boston derisively playing "Yankee Doodle," to come back at night "dancing" it.



SYMPHONY HALL

III.

Made land began early to encroach upon coves and marshes, the three hills first bowing their heads to the leveling process; then mud-scows and gravel-trains carried on the work until the artificially formed area is now double that of the primitive peninsula. The finest part of modern Boston is the Back Bay district, named for the broad expanse of the Charles which Blackstone



THE STATE HOUSE
On the crest of Beacon Hill.

saw rippling almost to his feet when he crossed the isthmus. The shoals and flats and marshy borders of the great estuary have disappeared, replaced by the stony magnificence of long and level and wide streets, noble edifices, palatial fronts. Stately churches, among them Trinity, with its massy central tower, and the near-by New Old South, with its ivy-embroidered façade and lofty symmetric spire; the classic Public Library, with its nine hundred thousand volumes; the ornate Museum of Fine Arts, the buildings of the Natural History Museum and the Institute of Technology; sumptuous hotels, exhibition halls—notably the new Symphony Hall with its immense auditorium—all these stand solidly where once the marsh grass grew, and the sea ebbed and flowed over beds of seemingly bottomless ooze.

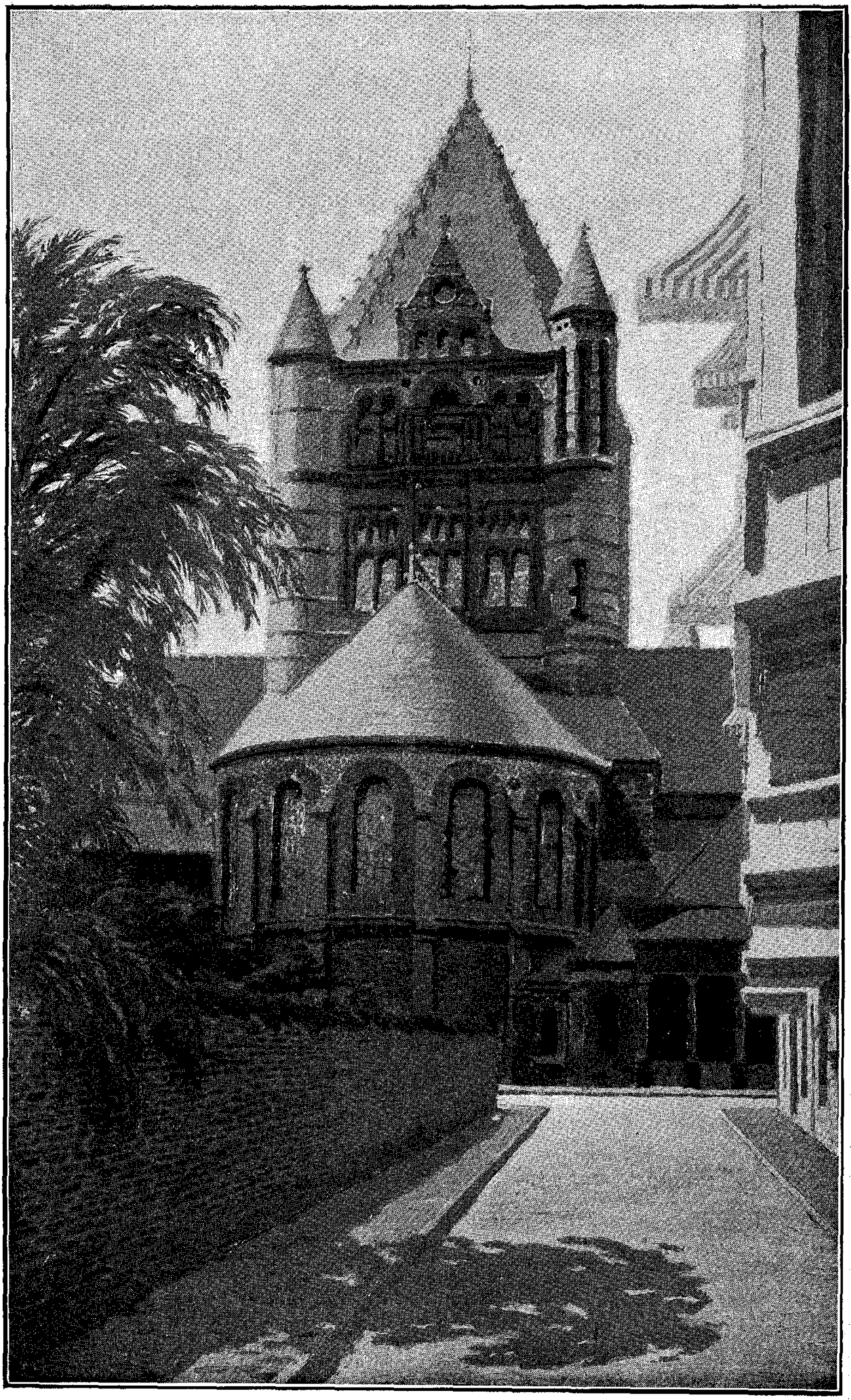
Beyond the Back Bay district lie the Fens—a recent addition to Boston's magnificent park system—likewise won from the tidal flats of the Charles. Cambridge meanwhile has pushed out bold and attractive riparian improvements along the opposite shore. But the river here still keeps an ample breadth, affording superb views of Boston, especially from Harvard bridge and the fine new tree planted esplanade on the Cambridge side. One gets a very pretty suggestion of Venice in this approach to the city, but is made to feel, as he draws near and observes the ignoble kitchen sheds and yards of the new Beacon Street homes, and the narrow back way on the water-wall, that the builders of those fine rows missed a marvelous opportunity in neglecting to give them picturesque river-fronting façades on a broad riverside drive. This neglect will seem all the more regrettable when the great dam, ere long to be constructed, converts the fluctuating tide levels into a brimming fresh-water lake, with a lock on the harbor side.

IV.

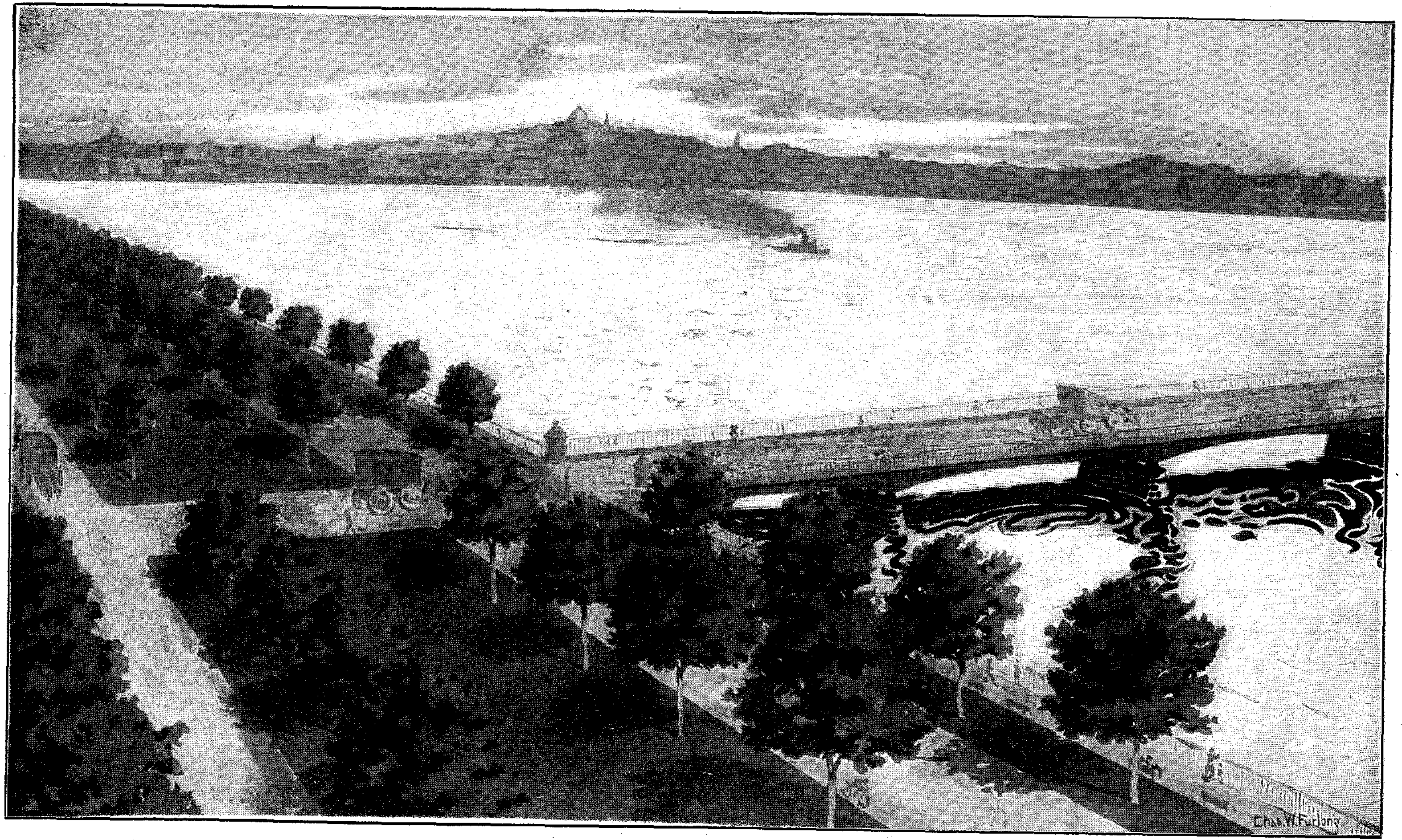
Other area extensions are of an earlier date and of a more plebeian or commercial character. Dock Square, once at the head of Town Dock, is near the business heart of the city. Town Dock and Town Cove, which formed a great gap in the east side of the peninsula, are now a checker-work of busy streets, warehouses, granite blocks, markets—notably Quincy and Faneuil Hall Markets—even the historic Cradle of Liberty standing where the shore-lapping waves once washed. That many-porticoed Doric pile of gloomy stone, the Custom-House, is well within the ancient Cove limits. Inclosing all, like the string of a bow, is Atlantic Avenue, with its multifarious life and movement, elevated trains and surface cars, express wagons, trucks and drays, and its fronting stores of wholesale and retail traffic, largely maritime.

This is the utmost rim of the water-front, all reclaimed from the sea. But still outside of it, reaching forth great arms of welcome to the world's commerce, are the wharves, with their cool and spacious docks, huge storage-sheds tumbling out or taking in cargoes, and ocean craft of all kinds coming and going or lying alongside. The good Bostonian likes to loiter on summer days and watch these scenes, with the sniff of the salt air and odors of the docks in his nostrils; the endless array of taper masts and stumpy funnels; gangs of stevedores hurrying with their clattering hand-trucks; the crew of a fishing-schooner casting out their catch of cod and haddock with pitchforks; a preposterous, puffing little tug moving off with some unwieldly hulk, like an ant with a grasshopper; here a throng of passengers landing from a newly arrived Nahant or Nantasket excursion boat, crowding into the surface cars or climbing the stairs to the elevated; and there a departing ocean steamer with gayly peopled decks, engine-bells signaling, cast-off cables plashing, and screws thrashing the brine, as it swings off slowly and majestically, heading seaward, for Provincetown or Plymouth, Halifax or Bangor.

North Station, with its wide wings and acres of terminal tracks, stands at the mouth of Mill Cove, which once opened its leviathan jaws in the head of the peninsula. The other of the two great stations, South Station, is in South Cove, whose waves once washed the eastern edge of the isthmus. But the



THE TOWER OF TRINITY CHURCH


Chas. W. Furlong

HARVARD BRIDGE AND THE CHARLES RIVER

growth of the city has not been confined to the peninsula and its extensions. It early overlapped adjacent islands and a shoulder of the mainland—East Boston and South Boston—and in more recent years it has annexed Roxbury, Charlestown, and other suburban districts, until the municipal limits now comprise forty times Blackstone's six or seven hundred acres, or more than forty square miles.

V.

To this Greater Boston really belong, by proximity and affinity, Chelsea beyond the Mystic, Cambridge across the Charles, and many closely clustered outlying towns, united with it by social and business interests if not by corporate ties, by ferries and roads and bridges, the nerves of electric communication, and trolley lines running everywhere like veins, of which a vast population is the circulating life. To the outward eye it is a wondrous picture, which the stranger beholds with half-incredulous surprise when it is first revealed to him from any one of many commanding points of view. Even the average good Bostonian is, I fear, seldom aware of the world of beauty that lies within a circuit of six or eight miles, or ten at the most, from the State House dome. For my part, I hardly know where else on this continent I should go for so varied and altogether fair a co-ordination of aspects, urban, suburban, rural, marine, as that confine enrings. What fan-shaped cities opening from the harbor's hand and arm!—on one side channels and islands with gleaming edges of the bay over which the glory of the day rises—on the other, placid breasts of rivers that mirror its setting; parks and playgrounds, shores and beaches, factories, institutions, towers, and spires; labyrinthine streets and serried roofs shading off into pleasant villages, farm-gardens, embowered homes; lakes and groves in the undulating landscape, villa-crowned slopes—perhaps a far-away railroad train flying fairy-like over its misty levels—and blue billows of wooded hills bounding all.

The view by night, if less varied, is yet more magical. Above the obscurely outlined towns the sky is filled with a faint luminosity reflected from innumerable near and distant lights that blaze like constellations in an inverted heaven. They twinklingly oversprinkle all the darkened sphere, rendering remote landmarks dimly discernible; lusters of largest magnitude burn like beacons on lonely hilltops; meteoric automobiles and nebulous trolley-cars gleam here and there; while the long, glittering rows on bridges and water-fronts are dreamily duplicated in the tide.

Center and cynosure of all, high above the trees of the Common and the city's loftiest roofs, is the gilded State House dome, far seen by sea and land, by night or day—by day refulgent in the sun, by night wearing its starry necklace and resplendent crown.

VI.

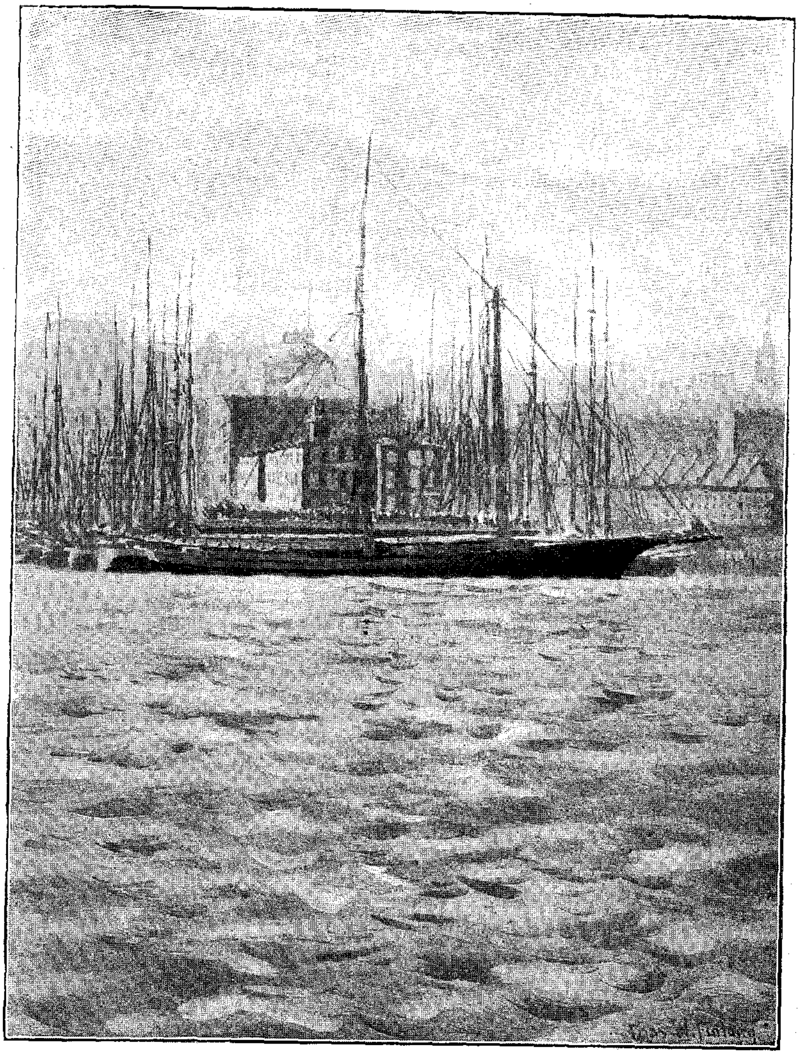
Strangers are often less impressed by the spacious regularity of any part of modern Boston than by the irregularity and narrowness of the streets in the older, "downtown" district. To this district, within a comparatively small compass, the great department stores and fashion shops are chiefly confined. The fair visitor from Washington or New York sometimes walks through this precinct with amused disrespect; but for one familiar with its ways, it has, besides the advantage of short distances, a certain home-atmosphere and coziness not found in the great shopping districts of other cities, with their broader thoroughfares and gaudier displays.

Narrowness of streets does not comport well with loftiness of frontage; and, primarily for this reason, Boston is not a city of sky-scrapers. A more immediate and cogent reason is a timely law restricting the height of new buildings to one hundred and twenty-five feet in the central business district, and to considerably less than that in other districts. So-called sky-scrapers there are, although hardly any that would properly merit the appellation if placed in comparison with the heaven-scaling Babels of New York and Chicago. Pre-eminent among them is the Ames building, which carried up its twelve or thirteen stories to a height of one hundred and eighty-six feet, to the wonder of the citizens, before there was any law to hinder.

The Ames is a shapely and imposing pile, which presents a particularly striking contrast between ancient and modern Boston when approached from State Street and seen towering beyond and high above the historic old State House, one of the town's notable structures in colonial days; a contrast curiously heightened to the fancy if you pause before the lower, antique front, and conjure up the forms of things once seen there—the pillory and the whipping-post, and that timber-jawed, grinning engine of punishment, the stocks, which even a decent sort of citizen sometimes sat in for a trivial offense, as worthy Captain Kimball once did, for publicly kissing his wife on Sunday, on returning to her after a long voyage.

VII.

Since Mrs. Kimball's too impulsive spouse had that trying experience, the social and spiritual changes the town has witnessed have been more amazing than its outward modernization. This last it is easy to imagine, but hardly possible to conceive the contrast between the present era of freedom and the time when a respectable inhabitant could not, on the Lord's Day, without fear of punishment, absent himself from meeting,



ALONG THE WHARVES

or talk with a neighbor on the street, or indulge in any sort of amusement, travel, or recreation, if only a stroll to the water-side or the Common, for a view of the fair world and a breath of the sweet air which are also the Lord's—a time that doesn't seem so very far past if we reflect that Governor John Hancock, years after he had affixed his famous signature to the Declaration of Independence, and Independence had been won, was fined for driving out irreligiously on Sunday, in his own State capital.

To appreciate the larger individual liberty and the more enlightened toleration enjoyed to-day, one may well glance backward at that gloomier past; but to insist too much upon its darker shades is to be ourselves guilty of narrowness of judgment. The very earnestness of belief that made the Puritan a persecutor has rendered his descendant a liberal reformer. The zeal that would have exterminated heresy and witchcraft was the fuliginous flame of the same fire of conscience that was afterwards set to consume superstition itself and slavery of all forms. The Boston of the Mathers and a despotic clergy is also the Boston of Channing, Parker, Emerson, and Phillips Brooks.

No pietistic gloom overshadows the day of rest as it is now observed. Restriction of its orderly enjoyment is as obsolete as the old-time closing of the town gates on the Neck at sunset on Saturday, to shut off all secular communication with the world during the four-and-twenty hours that were to be kept holy. Fifty churches and places of worship invite but do not compel attendance. Business takes a rest, as is fitting; the hurrying week-day crowds have disappeared, but in their place leisurely throngs converge to broad steps of open porches, enter cool interiors vibrant with the organ's thunderous surge and dimly glorious with colored glass, and sit in reposeful pews, under pulpits that no longer fulminate the terrors of God's wrath and endless woe. Other throngs seek recreation in parks and pleasure-grounds, on beaches and harbor islands. All day the crowded excursion steamers are coming and going. Yachts, pleasure-boats, canoes, enliven lake and stream. The popular out-of-town drives are thronged with carriages, bicycles, automobiles; and open electrics in endless succession are packed to their utmost capacity with countless thousands of the working people, patient, expectant, who on this one day in seven find rest for their bodies and refreshment for their souls in rural scenes and country air.

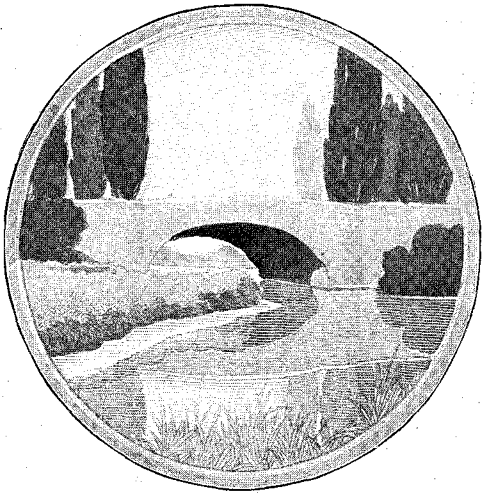
VIII.

Boston has as many and as diverse clubs and societies as most cities can boast. It has an Authors' Club of more than one hundred members, ranging in respect to age from the young writer who has put forth a first modest volume to those distinguished octogenarians, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, its presiding officers, who are still among the most constant attendants at its monthly gatherings. If the world has not yet heard of all these authors and their works, it is no great wonder, since no one of them, probably, if unexpectedly called upon, could name for you even the titles of more than a few of the hundreds of volumes his or her fellow-members have written. They come together, read papers, discuss topics, and enjoy an unconstrained and highly agreeable personal intercourse, but they do not read each other's books. If numerous and variedly brilliant gifts could make up for the vanishing of its few great lights of fame, Boston might still be called a "literary center," as it pre-eminently was a generation or more ago. Times have changed since the Saturday Club was in its glory, and Longfellow, Holmes, or Lowell might have been seen almost any afternoon passing in or out at the doors of the famous Old Corner Bookstore. That glory is of the Saturdays gone by. The Old Corner is to-day a candy-shop.

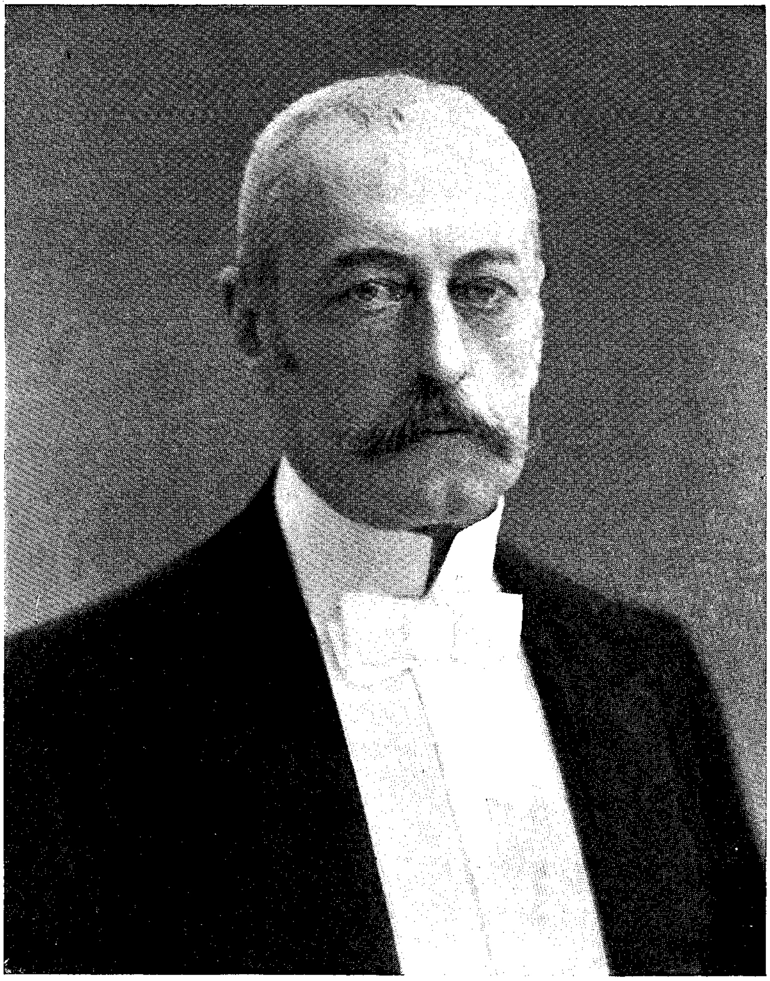
The dominant tone of Boston culture is musical rather than literary, due no doubt in large measure to the great Symphony Orchestra, which good Bostonians devoutly believe to be the most perfect organization of the kind on this continent—not excepting two formidable competitors—and the peer of any in the world. Boston is still a center of reforms, among the earnest advocates of which there is a peculiarly zealous group who do excellent service in holding the wheels of progress in its too steep downward course, but sometimes forget to take their hands from the coach when it is laboring up hill.

The locality has a notoriously variable climate, and a much-maligned east wind, which is indeed at times a trying visitant, especially when spring "comes slowly up this way," but which is welcomed as the blessing it oftener is when on summer days the stifled streets are refreshed by the delicious coolness of ocean breezes blowing steadily in. Then drooping spirits revive, lagging feet take a more elastic step, and the weary shop-girl, longing for an hour by the sea, has for her customers a cheerier face, since the savor of the sea has come to her.

Other things Boston has that I had set down for something more than the merest mention for which space remains. It has its distinguishing ivy, properly the Japanese, which has been popularly renamed "Boston ivy," since it has become a characteristic decoration of so many old Beacon Street and more modern fronts; its fire department, noteworthy if only for the fact that each member is a trained surgeon in the treatment of all ordinary wounds and burns; its vast foreign population, exceeding in numbers the native-born, controlling its politics, and yet leaving it an example of reasonably pure municipal government which sundry other cities might do well to emulate. It has its labor unions, which have done great good by their self-protecting regulations, and quite as much harm through interference with the rights of the independent workingman, of the employer, and of the public; but which have yet not gone so far as to picket houses of mourning and mob funerals. Last, yet brightest on the scroll, are Boston's great and noble charities and hospitalities, through which, under all its fleeting shows of wealth and fashion and frivolity, the heart of a generous humanity never ceases to beat.



IN THE FENS



PIERRE MARIE ERNEST WALDECK-ROUSSEAU

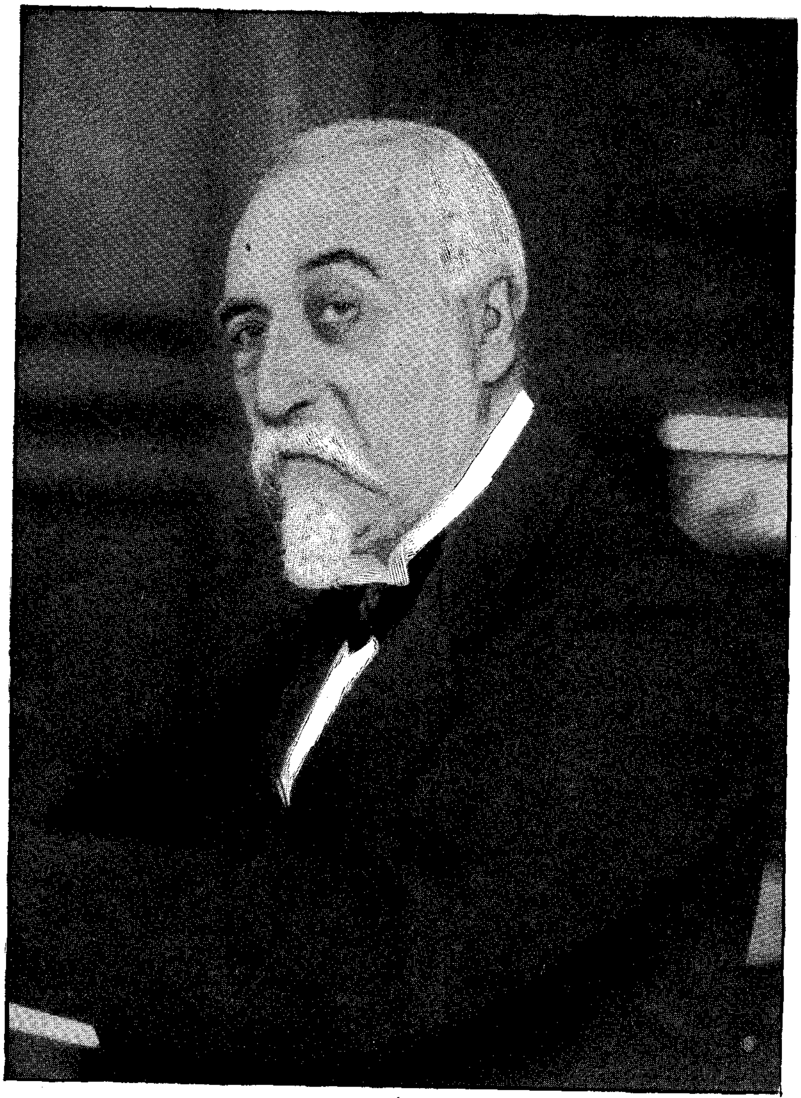
Three French Statesmen

THE late Pierre Marie Waldeck-Rousseau had the distinction of heading a French Ministry which had a longer duration than any other of those which have been in power since the establishing of the Republic. No political figure of our day in France inspired fuller confidence or was marked by a more judicial mind and a more determined resolution in carrying out plans once well formulated. M. Waldeck-Rousseau entered the Chamber of Deputies about twenty-five years ago; was at once recognized as an orator and legislative worker of the first order, and was made Minister of the Interior in Gambetta's Cabinet at an unusually early age for that honor. He served also in President Ferry's Cabinet, and later on was a candidate for the Presidency, and was defeated by Félix Faure. The Ministry over which he presided for three years came into office in 1899, and the most important events of that period were the passing of the law forbidding the religious associations to carry on educational work, and the Premier's intervention in the Dreyfus case, by which a compromise was reached when anything like justice seemed im-

THÉOPHILE DELCASSÉ

possible and a general amnesty declared for all concerned in the case. His personal appearance is thus described: "M. Waldeck-Rousseau was slender and tall, with a thin face, a long nose, a heavy gray military mustache, and white hair. Those who knew him well thought him the most fascinating man in Paris."

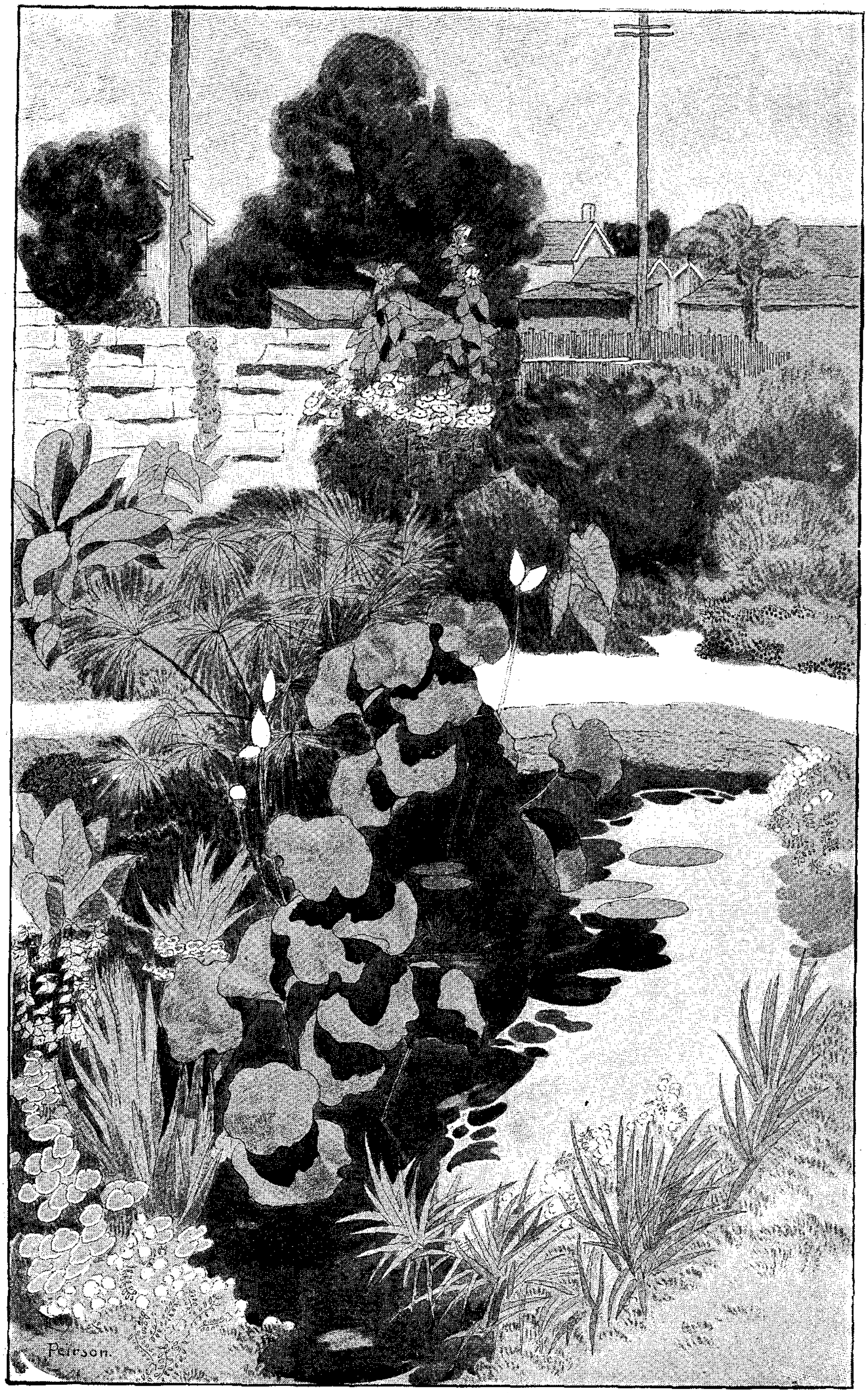
Public attention has been very specially directed of late to the personality of the French Premier, M. Combes, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Delcassé, because of the threats of a complete rupture between the Vatican and France, and the discussion as to the abrogation of the Concordat, under which, since the time of Napoleon, the relations of Church and State have been governed in France. The Pope summoned two French bishops to Rome to answer certain charges, and, on their refusal to meet this demand, suspended them from office. This the French Government claimed was entirely beyond the right of the Vatican, under the Concordat and the legislative decrees in France by which the Concordat is enforced. M. Combes has been in office since the retirement of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, and has often shown great executive ability, although



JUSTIN LOUIS ÉMILE COMBES

the Clerical party has denounced him for what they consider his over-strict enforcement of the Associations Law, by which the religious orders are forbidden to carry on the schools, and have termed him a turncoat because of the fact that he was educated in a Catholic seminary. He took degrees in literature and medicine, but soon entered political life, and was elected a Senator in 1893. He has been in turn Minister of Public Instruction and Minister of Fine Arts.

M. Delcassé has served in the important capacity of Foreign Minister in no less than four Cabinets; and has been instrumental in adjusting many diplomatic difficulties, prominent among which was the dispute with England with regard to Fashoda. It will be remembered, also, that he took a prominent part in the negotiations for peace between Spain and the United States in the recent war. In his early life M. Delcassé was for a time a journalist. In the present disagreement between France and the Vatican he takes a prominent part, as France has heretofore been represented by a special diplomatic representative at the Vatican, in addition to its Ambassador to the King of Italy.



AN AQUATIC GARDEN IN A BACK YARD

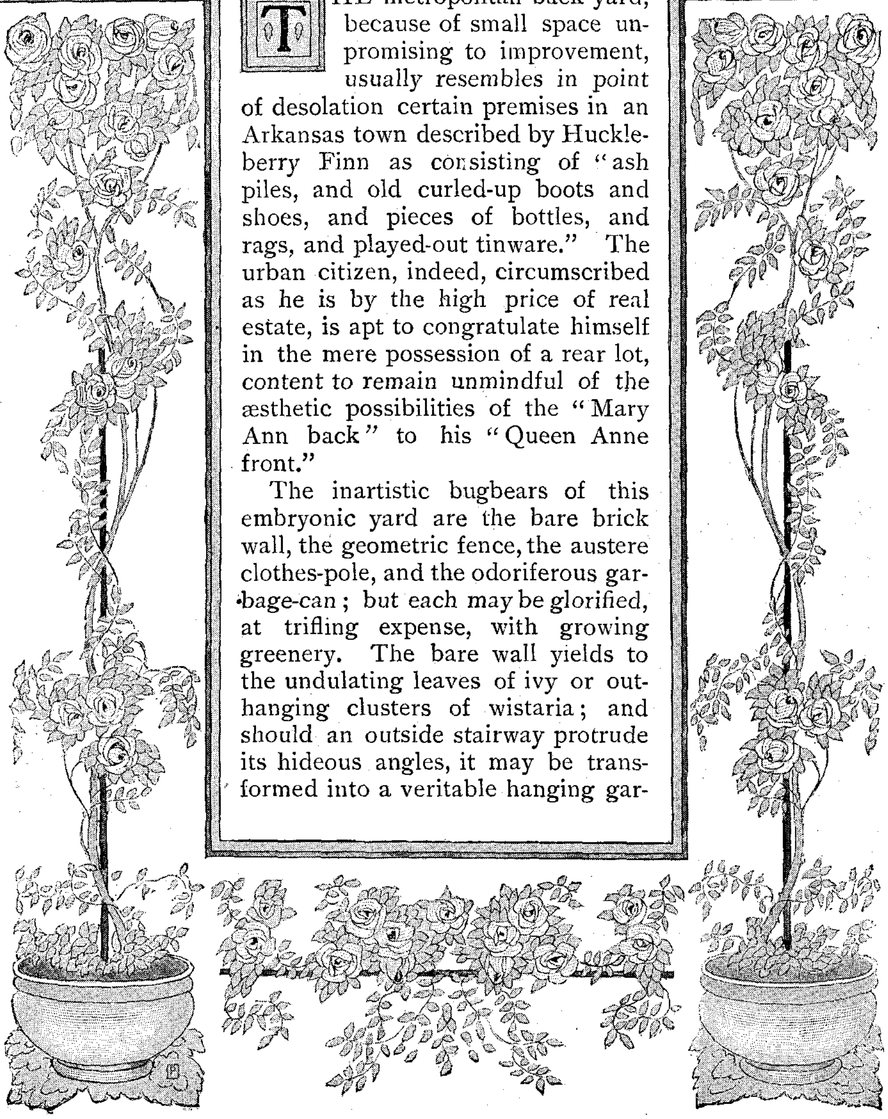
BEAUTIFYING THE URBAN BACK YARD

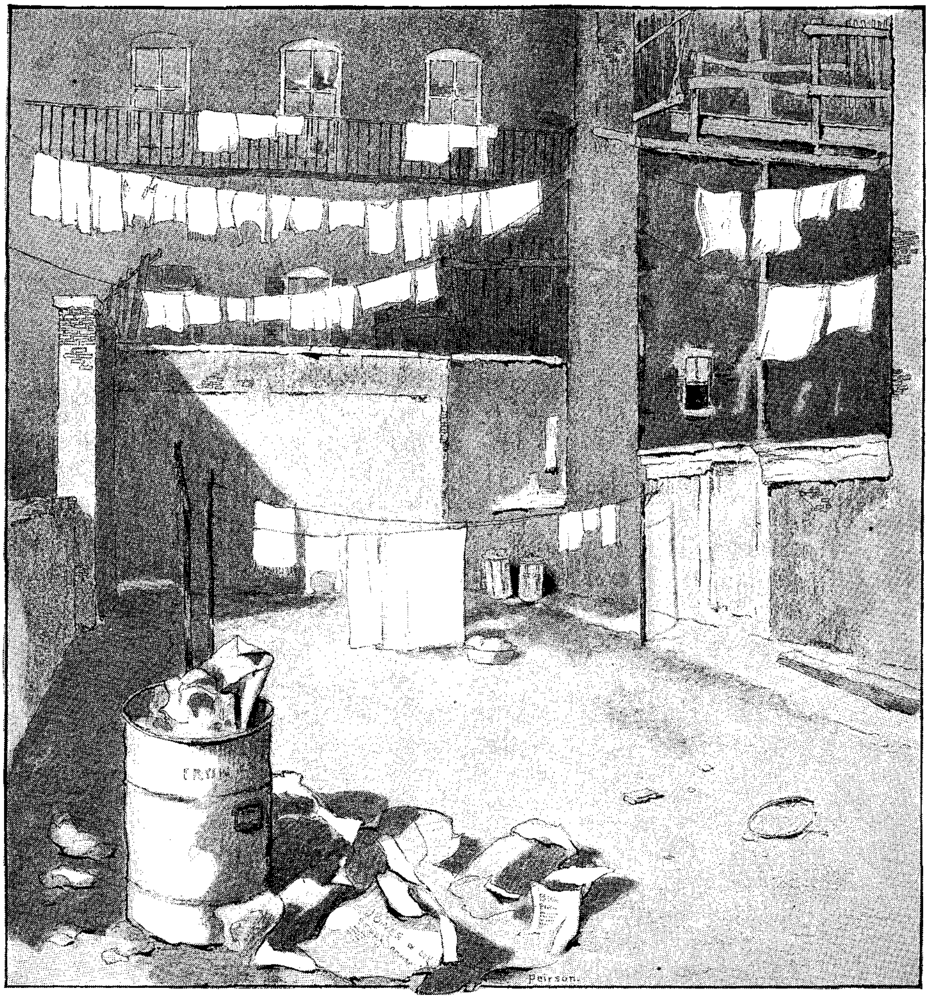
By BERTHA DAMARIS KNOBE

DRAWINGS BY
ALDEN PEIRSON

THE metropolitan back yard, because of small space unpromising to improvement, usually resembles in point of desolation certain premises in an Arkansas town described by Huckleberry Finn as consisting of "ash piles, and old curled-up boots and shoes, and pieces of bottles, and rags, and played-out tinware." The urban citizen, indeed, circumscribed as he is by the high price of real estate, is apt to congratulate himself in the mere possession of a rear lot, content to remain unmindful of the æsthetic possibilities of the "Mary Ann back" to his "Queen Anne front."

The inartistic bugbears of this embryonic yard are the bare brick wall, the geometric fence, the austere clothes-pole, and the odoriferous garbage-can; but each may be glorified, at trifling expense, with growing greenery. The bare wall yields to the undulating leaves of ivy or outhanging clusters of wistaria; and should an outside stairway protrude its hideous angles, it may be transformed into a veritable hanging gar-

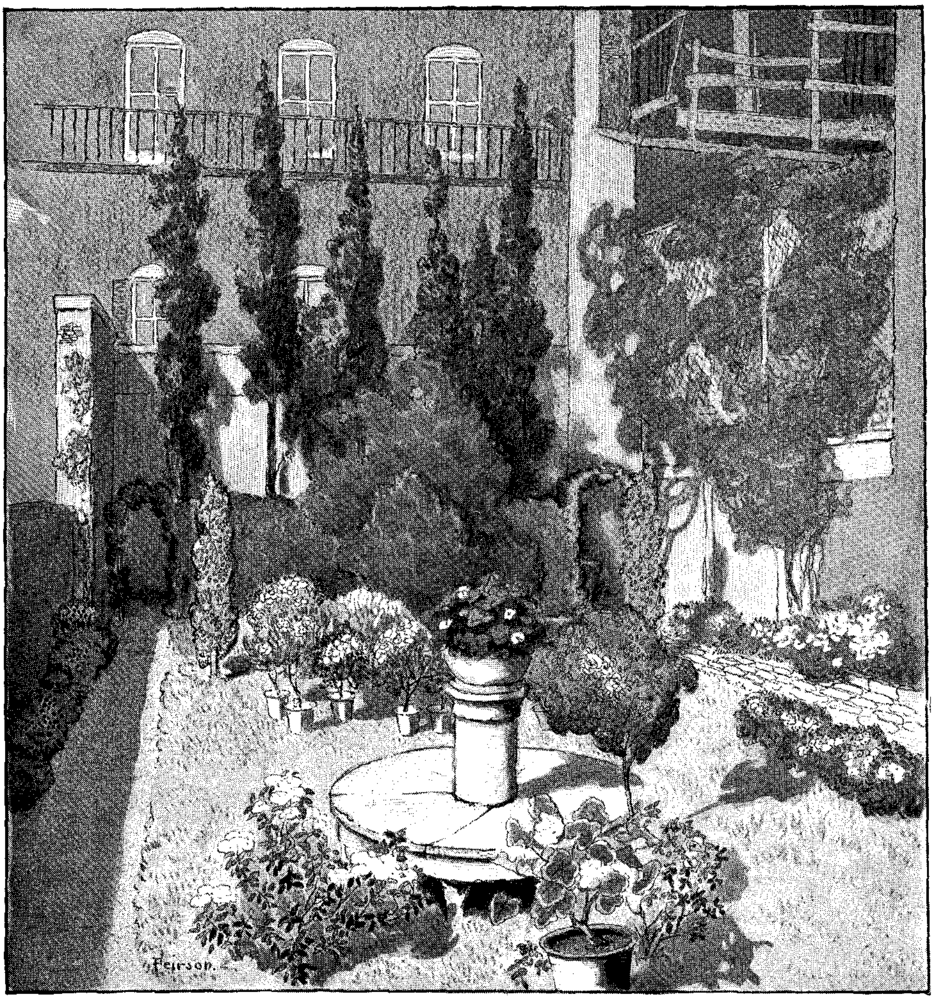




A CITY BACK YARD

den of flowering vines, as clematis or moonflower, by the stretching of wire netting for support. The stairway likewise lends its outer railing to long, narrow boxes filled, perhaps, with trailing nasturtium, and the interstices of the outer framework may be utilized for potted plants. Even the unpainted fence succumbs to the allurement of the creeper; the necessary clothes-pole concealed with a wealth of morning-glory vines loses its unsightly aspect; while the omnipresent garbage-can, with unpleasant reminder of departed dinners, gains seclusion behind a clump of hardy bushes.

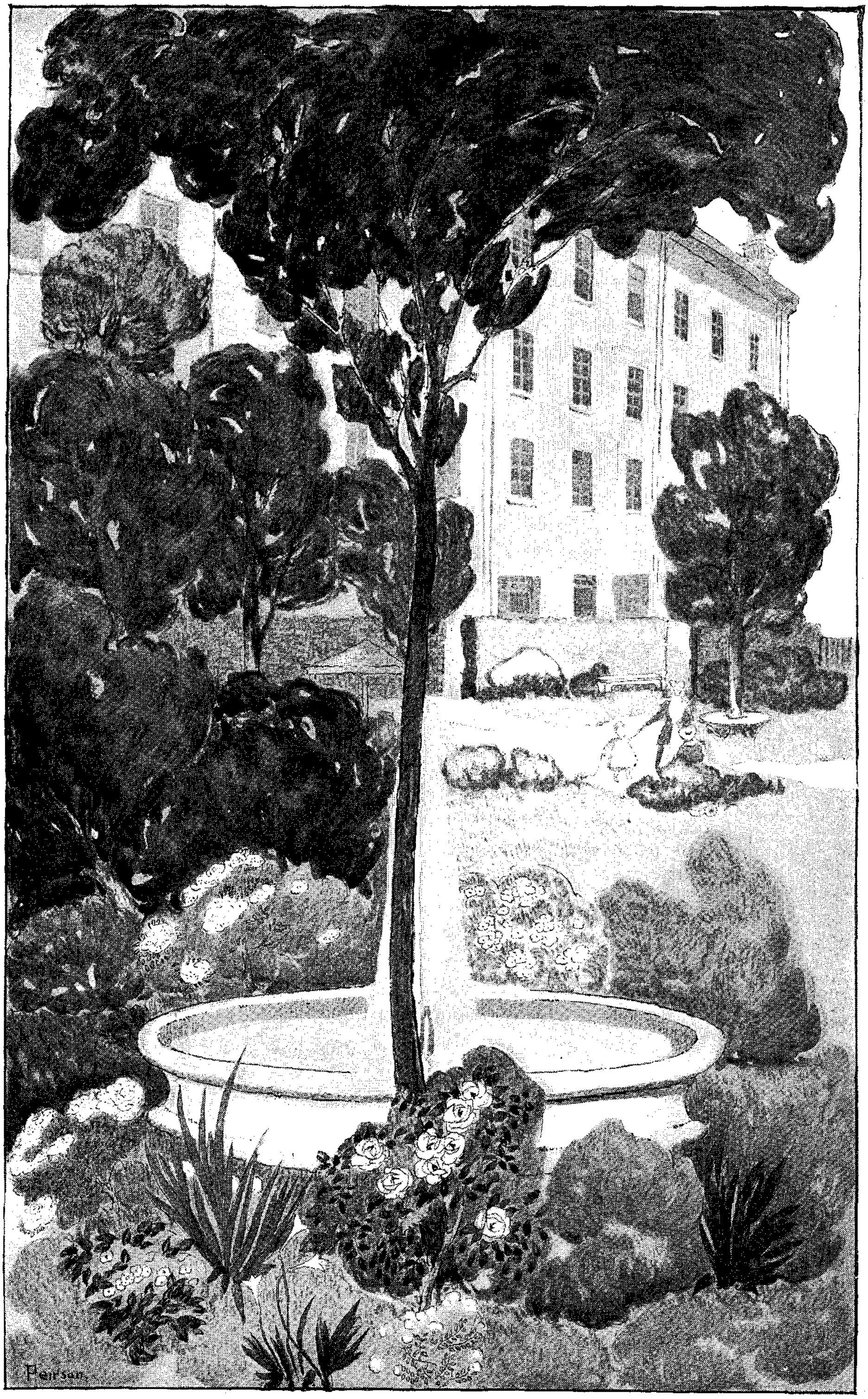
Inconsequential as is the cost of such beautifying, the trouble evidently lies at the door—the back door—of the metropolite discouraged over horticultural possibilities in small space. Because the average reformer contents himself with a sickly array of sweet-peas along the fence or a pie-shaped flower bed set uncompromisingly in the center of the yard, with, maybe, a polka-dot arrangement of scraggy bushes at rectangular intervals, while the weekly washing perennially overshadows the landscape, the one artistically inclined forgets that ingenuity may compensate for limited space. Nothing could be more refreshing in a summer Sahara of a back yard, for instance, than an aquatic garden abloom with water-lilies, and this is precisely what a city man enjoys in an abbreviated lot 50x75 feet. Construct-



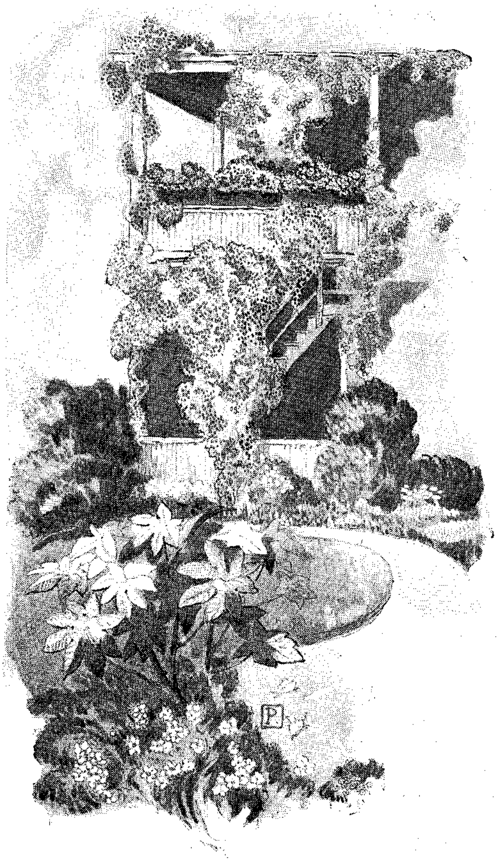
THE SAME BACK YARD BEAUTIFIED

ing an irregularly outlined pond of cement, with drainage-pipes and fresh-water supply, he placed therein beautiful water plants, the wild grasses fringing the outer edges adding a rustic touch. In a similarly sized space, to further exploit types of metropolitan rear gardens, another man manages, with one hundred and fifty varieties of roses ingeniously grouped, to have a floral procession the entire season. A day-laborer from Spain, desiring a Spanish garden, made in miniature such an attractive spot back of his modest cottage. Aspirants for seclusion have every opportunity in the arbor, one woman producing an enchanting summer-house with the prolific assistance of the Japanese hop, and another, by building against the back fence a rustic room, over which vines run riot, made a shady corner for an hour over a book or a bit of sewing. The common grapevine must not be overlooked in this category, for, as time-honored protection over the passageway, it offers æsthetic returns for small pains.

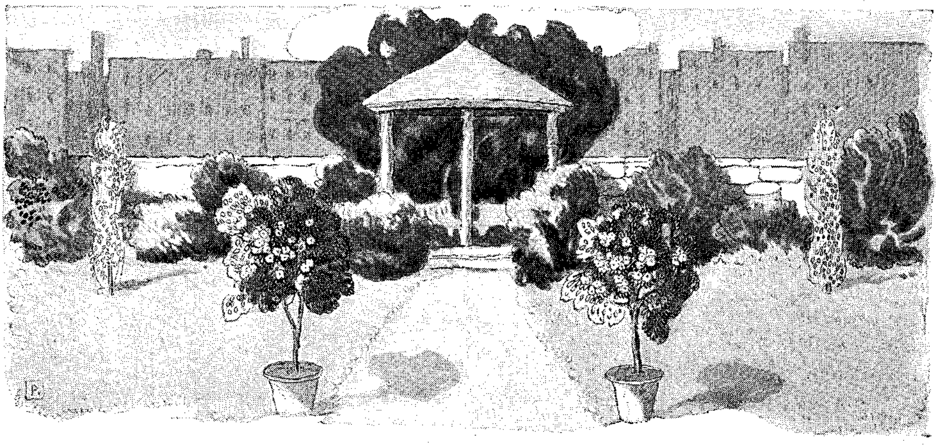
A practical phase of this "pocket edition" garden, as the urban back yard may be called, is the plan of the thrifty woman who, like Madame Magloire in "Les Misérables," believes it "would be better to grow salads." This New York housewife devotes one square yard of her vegetable garden to the cook, planting horseradish, mint, tarragon, and such herbs likely to advance the culinary



"A CENTRAL PLEASURE GROUND FOR EVERY ONE IN THE BLOCK" accomplishments of Bridget. Along the fence grow cucumbers and tomatoes, this section being bordered with lettuce, radishes, and parsley; while an oblong bed in the center of the yard contains cabbage, and cabbage with a college education — cauliflower —beets and carrots. The charm of the rare garden would immensely increase, moreover, if owners of these little rectangular back yards co-operated in making a central pleasure-ground for every one in the block. The average block of homes in New York surrounds a quadrangle of twenty-five or thirty embryonic lots, for the most part indifferently cared for even as to grass. From my window twenty-eight back yards to as many houses make up such a quadrangle, and, though two buildings are refreshed with vines clambering to the roof, four great trees spread their branches and several clumps of bushes carelessly distribute themselves, as nature intended, not one yard has the slightest claim to the adornment of verdure. Think of the transformation of this spot, with its see-saw of unsightly fences removed, and in charge of a competent gardener, to whom each tenant contributes a small weekly sum, who would carpet the bare ground with green grass, set out clusters of bushes and bright flowers, with here and there a rustic arbor or nook, thus making it inviting to children and their elders during the day, and possibly, in the evening, to servants and their company, separated by a rustic fence from the central pleasure-ground.



BACK STAIRS COVERED WITH VINES



A SIMPLE SUMMER-HOUSE

THE MOUNTAINS

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF

THE FOREST

THE BLAZED TRAIL

THE SILENT PLACES Etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FERNAND LUNGREN

XVIII.—The Giant Forest

EVERY one is familiar, at least by reputation and photograph, with the Big Trees of California. All have seen pictures of stage-coaches driving in passageways cut through the bodies of the trunks; of troops of cavalry ridden on the prostrate trees. No one but has heard of the dancing-floor or the dinner-table cut from a single cross-section; and probably few but have seen some of the fibrous bark of unbelievable thickness. The Mariposa, Calaveras, and Santa Cruz groves have become household names.

The public at large, I imagine—meaning by that you and me and our neighbors—harbor an idea that the Big Tree occurs only as a remnant, in scattered little groves carefully fenced and piously visited by the tourist. What would we have said to the information that in the very heart of the Sierras there grows a thriving forest of these great trees; that it takes over a day to ride throughout that forest; and that it comprises probably over five thousand specimens?

Yet such is the case. On the ridges and high plateaus north of the Kaweah River is the forest I describe; and of that forest the trees grow from fifteen to twenty-six feet in diameter. Do you know what that means? Get up from your chair and pace off the room you are in. If it is a very big room, its longest dimension would just about contain one of the bigger trunks. Try to imagine a tree like that.

It must be a columnar tree, straight and true as the supports of a Greek façade. The least deviation from the perpendicular of such a mass would cause it to fall. The limbs are sturdy like the arms of Hercules, and grow out from the main trunk direct instead of dividing and leading that main trunk to themselves, as is the case with other trees. The column rises with a true taper to its full height; then is finished with the conical effect of the top of a monument. Strangely enough, the frond is exceedingly fine, and the cones small.

When first you catch sight of a Sequoia, it does not impress you particularly, except as a very fine tree. Its proportions are so perfect that its effect is rather to belittle its neighbors than to show in its true magnitude. Then, grad-

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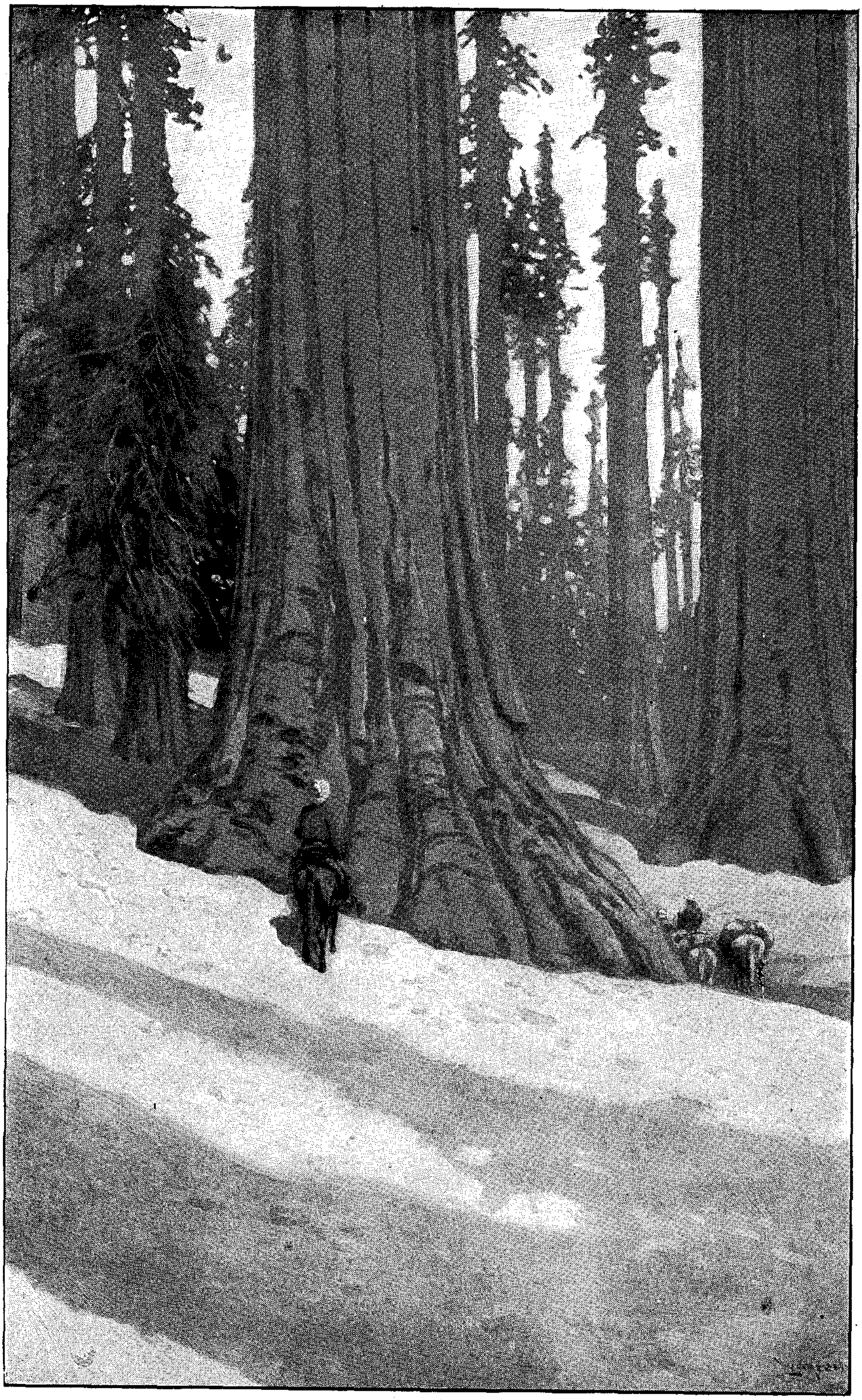

IN THE GIANT FOREST

ually, as your experience takes cognizance of surroundings—the size of a sugar-pine, of a boulder, of a stream flowing near—the giant swells and swells before your very vision, until he seems at the last even greater than the mere statistics of his inches had led you to believe.

Perhaps the most insistent note, besides that of mere size and dignity, is of absolute stillness. These trees do not sway to the wind; their trunks are constructed to stand solid. Their branches do not bend and murmur, for they, too, are rigid in fiber. Their fine thread-like needles may catch the breeze's whisper, may draw together and apart for the exchange of confidences as do the leaves of other trees, but if so, you and I are too far below to distinguish it. All about the other forest growths may be rustling and bowing and singing with the voices of the air; the Sequoia stands in the hush of an absolute calm. It is as though he dreamed, too wrapt in still great thoughts of his youth, when the earth itself was young, to share the worldlier joys of his neighbor, to be aware of them, even himself to breathe deeply. You feel in the presence of these trees as you would feel in the presence of a kindly and benignant sage, too occupied with larger things to enter fully into your little affairs, but well disposed in the wisdom of clear spiritual insight.

This combination of dignity, immobility, and a certain serene detachment has on me very much the same effect as does a mountain against the sky. It is quite unlike the impression made by any other tree, however large, and is lovable.

We entered the Giant Forest by a trail that climbed. Always we entered desirable places by trails that climbed or dropped. Our access to paradise was never easy. About half-way up we met five pack-mules and two men coming down. For some reason, unknown, I suspect, even to the god of chance, our animals behaved themselves, and walked straight ahead in a beautiful dignity, while those weak-minded mules scattered and bucked and scraped under trees and dragged back on their halters when caught. The two men cast on us malevolent glances as often as they were able, but spent most of their time swearing and running about. We helped them once or twice by heading off, but were too thankfully engaged in treading lightly over our own phenomenal peace to pay much attention. Long after we had gone on, we caught bursts of rumpus ascending from below. Shortly we came to a comparatively level country, and a little meadow, and a rough sign which read

"Feed 20c. a night."

Just beyond this extortion was the Giant Forest.

We entered it toward the close of the afternoon, and rode on after our wonted time looking for feed at less than twenty cents a night. The great trunks, fluted like marble columns, blackened against the western sky. As they grew huger, we seemed to shrink, until we moved fearful as prehistoric man must have moved among the forces over which he had no control. We discovered our feed in a narrow "stringer" a few miles on. That night we, pygmies, slept in the setting before which should have stridden the colossi of another age. Perhaps eventually, in spite of its magnificence and wonder, we were a little glad to leave the Giant Forest. It held us too rigidly to a spiritual standard of which our normal lives were incapable; it insisted on a loftiness of soul, a dignity, an aloofness from the ordinary affairs of life, the ordinary occupations of thought, hardly compatible with the powers of any creature less noble, less aged, less wise in the passing of centuries, than itself.

XIX.—On Cowboys

Your cowboy is a species variously subdivided. If you happen to be traveled as to the wild countries, you will be able to recognize whence your chance acquaintance hails by the kind of saddle he rides, and the rigging of it; by the kind of rope he throws, and the method of the throwing; by the shape of hat he wears; by his twist of speech; even by the very manner of his riding. Your California "vaquero" from the Coast Ranges is as unlike as possible to your Texas cowman, and both differ from the Wyoming or South Dakota article. I should be puzzled to define exactly the habitat of the "typical" cowboy. No matter where you go, you will find your individual acquaintance varying from the type in respect to some of the minor details.

Certain characteristics run through the whole tribe, however. Of these some are so well known or have been so adequately done elsewhere that it hardly seems wise to elaborate on them here. Let us assume that you and I know what sort of human beings cowboys are—with all their taciturnity, their surface gravity, their keen sense of humor, their courage, their kindness, their freedom, their lawlessness, their foulness of mouth, and their supreme skill in the handling of horses and cattle. I shall try to tell you nothing of all that.

If one thinks down doggedly to the last analysis, he will find that the basic reason for the differences between a cowboy and other men rests finally on an individual liberty, a freedom from restraint either of society or convention, a lawlessness, an accepting of his own standard alone. He is absolutely self-poised and sufficient; and that self-poise and that sufficiency he takes pains to assure first of all. After their assurance he is willing to enter into human relations. His attitude toward everything in life is, not suspicious, but watchful. He is "gathered together," his elbows at his side.

This evidences itself most strikingly in his terseness of speech. A man dependent on himself naturally does not give himself away to the first comer. He is more interested in finding out what the other fellow is than in exploiting his own importance. A man who does much promiscuous talking he is likely to despise, arguing that man incautious, hence weak.

Yet when he does talk, he talks to the point and with a vivid and direct picturesqueness of phrase which is as refreshing as it is unexpected. The delightful remodeling of the English language in Mr. Alfred Lewis's "Wolfville" is exaggerated only in quantity, not in quality. No cowboy talks habitually in quite as original a manner as Mr. Lewis's Old Cattleman; but I have no doubt that in time he would be heard to say all the good things in that volume. I myself have note-books full of just such gorgeous language, some of the best of which I have used elsewhere, and so will not repeat here.[1]

This vividness manifests itself quite as often in the selection of the apt word as in the construction of elaborate phrases with a half-humorous intention. A cowboy once told me of the arrival of a tramp by saying, "He *sifted* into camp." Could any verb be more expressive? Does not it convey exactly the lazy, careless, out-at-heels shuffling gait of the hobo? Another in the course of description told of a saloon scene, "They all *bellied up to* the bar." Again, a range cook, objecting to purposeless idling about his fire, shouted: "If you fellows come *moping* around here any more, *I'll sure make you hard to catch!* "Fish in that pond, son? Why, there's some fish in there big enough to rope," another advised me. "I quit shoveling," one explained the story of his life, "because I couldn't see nothing ahead of shoveling but dirt." The same man described plowing as "looking at a mule's tail all day." And one of the most succinct epitomes of the motifs of fiction was offered by an old fellow who looked over my shoulder as I was reading a novel. "Well, son," said he, "what they doing now, *kissing or killing?*"

Nor are the complete phrases behind in aptness. I have space for only a few examples, but they will illustrate what I mean. Speaking of a companion who was "putting on too much dog," I was informed, "He walks like a man with a new suit of *wooden underwear!*" Or, again, in answer to my inquiry as to a mutual acquaintance, "Jim? Oh, poor old Jim! For the last week or so he's been nothing but an insignificant atom of humanity hitched to a boil."

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[1] See especially Jackson Himes in "The Blazed Trail;" and "The Rawhide."

But to observe the riot of imagination turned loose with the bridle off, you must assist at a burst of anger on the part of one of these men. It is mostly unprintable, but you will get an entirely new idea of what profanity means. Also you will come to the conclusion that you, with your trifling *damns*, and the like, have been a very good boy indeed. The remotest, most obscure and unheard-of conceptions are dragged forth from earth, heaven, and hell, and linked together in a sequence so original, so gaudy, and so utterly blasphemous that you gasp and are stricken with the most devoted admiration. It is genius.

Of course I can give you no idea here of what these truly magnificent oaths are like. It is a pity, for it would liberalize your education. Occasionally, like a trickle of clear water into an alkali torrent, a straight English sentence will drop into the flood. It is refreshing by contrast, but weak.

"If your brains were all made of dynamite, you couldn't blow the top of your head off."

"I wouldn't speak to him if I met him in hell carrying a lump of ice in his hand."

"That little horse 'll throw you so high the blackbirds will build nests in your hair before you come down."

These are ingenious and amusing, but need the blazing settings from which I have ravished them to give them their due force.

In Arizona a number of us were sitting around the feeble camp-fire the desert scarcity of fuel permits, smoking our pipes. We were all contemplative and comfortably silent, with the exception of one very youthful person who had a lot to say. It was mainly about himself. After he had bragged awhile without molestation, one of the older cow-punchers grew very tired of it. He removed his pipe deliberately, and spat in the fire.

"Say, son," he drawled, "if you want to say something big, why don't you say 'elephant'?"

The young fellow subsided. We went on smoking our pipes.

Down near the Chiracahua Range in southeastern Arizona there is a butte, and half-way up that butte is a cave, and in front of that cave is a ramshackle porch-roof or shed. This latter makes the cave into a dwelling-house. It is inhabited by an old "alkali" and half a dozen bear-dogs. I sat with the old fellow one day for nearly an hour. It was a sociable visit, but economical of the English language. He made one remark, outside our initial greeting. It was enough, for in terseness, accuracy, and compression I have never heard a better or more comprehensive description of the arid countries.

"Son," said he, "in this country thar is more cows and less butter, more rivers and less water, and you kin see farther and see less than in any other country in the world."

Now this peculiar directness of phrase means but one thing—freedom from the influence of convention. The cowboy respects neither the dictionary nor usage. He employs his words in the manner that best suits him, and arranges them in the sequence that best expresses his idea, untrammeled by tradition. It is a phase of the same lawlessness, the same reliance on self, that makes for his taciturnity and watchfulness.

In essence, his dress is an adaptation to the necessities of his calling; as a matter of fact, it is an elaboration on that. The broad, heavy felt hat he has found by experience to be more effective in turning heat than a lighter straw; he further runs to variety in the shape of the crown and in the nature of the band. He wears a silk handkerchief about his neck to turn the sun and keep out the dust, but indulges in astonishing gaudiness of color. His gauntlets save his hands from the rope; he adds a fringe and a silver star. The heavy wide "chaps" of leather about his legs are necessary to him when he is riding fast through brush; he indulges in such frivolities as stamped leather, angora hair, and the like. High heels to his boots prevent his foot from slipping through his wide stirrup, and are useful to dig into the ground when he is roping in the corral. Even his six-shooter is more a tool of his trade than a weapon of defense. With it he frightens cattle from the heavy brush; he slaughters old or diseased steers; he "turns the herd" in a stampede or when rounding it in; and especially is it handy and loose to his hip in case his horse should fall and commence to drag him.

So the details of his appearance spring from the practical; but in the wearing of them and the using of them he shows again that fine disregard for the way other people do it or think it.

Now in civilization you and I entertain a double respect for firearms and the law. Firearms are dangerous, and it is against the law to use them promiscuously. If we shoot them off in unexpected places, we first of all alarm unduly our families and neighbors, and in due course attract the notice of the police. By the time we are grown up we look on shooting a revolver as something to be accomplished after an especial trip for the purpose.

But to the cowboy shooting a gun is merely what lighting a match would be to us. We take reasonable care not to scratch that match on the wall, nor to throw it where it will do harm. Likewise the cowboy takes reasonable care that his bullets do not land in some one's anatomy, nor in too expensive bric-à-brac. Otherwise, any time or place will do.

The picture comes to me of a bunk-house on an Arizona range. The time was evening. A half-dozen cowboys were sprawled out on the beds smoking, and three more were playing poker with the Chinese cook. A misguided rat darted out from under one of the beds and made for the empty fireplace. He finished his journey in smoke. Then the four who had shot slipped their guns back into their holsters and resumed their cigarettes and drawling, low-toned conversation.

On another occasion I stopped for noon at the Circle I ranch. While waiting for dinner I lay on my back in the bunk-room and counted three hundred and sixty-two bullet-holes in the ceiling. They came to be there because the festive cowboys used to while away the time while lying as I was lying, waiting for supper, in shooting the flies that crawled about the plaster.

This beautiful familiarity with the pistol as a parlor toy accounts in great part for a cowboy's propensity to "shoot up the town," and his indignation when arrested therefor.

The average cowboy is only a fair target-shot with the revolver. But he is chain-lightning at getting his gun off in a hurry. There are exceptions to this, however, especially among the older men. Some can handle the Colt's 45 and its heavy recoil with almost uncanny accuracy. I have seen individuals who could from their saddles nip lizards darting across the road; and one who was able to perforate twice before it hit the ground a tomato-can tossed into the air. The cowboy is prejudiced against the double-action gun, for some reason or other. He manipulates his single-action weapon fast enough, however.

His sense of humor takes the same unexpected slants, not because his mental processes differ from those of other men, but because he is unshackled by the subtle and unnoticed nothingnesses of precedent which deflect our action toward the common uniformity of our neighbors. It must be confessed that his sense of humor possesses also a certain robustness.

The J. H. outfit had been engaged for ten days in busting broncos. This the Chinese cook, Sang, a newcomer in the Territory, found vastly amusing. He liked to throw the ropes off the prostrate broncos, when all was ready; to slap them on the flanks; to yell shrill Chinese yells; and to dance in Celestial delight when the terrified animal arose and scattered out of there. But one day the range men drove up a little bunch of full-grown cattle that had been bought from a smaller owner. It was necessary to change the brands. Therefore a little fire was built, the stamp-brand put in to heat, and two of the men on horseback caught a cow by the horns and one hind leg, and promptly upset her. The old brand was obliterated, the new one burnt in. This irritated the cow. Promptly the branding-men, who were, of course, afoot, climbed to the top of the corral to be out of the way. At this moment, before the horsemen could flip loose their ropes, Sang appeared.

"Hol' on!" he babbled. "I take him off;" and he scrambled over the fence and approached the cow.

Now, cattle of any sort rush at the first object they see after getting to their feet. But whereas a steer makes a blind run and so can be avoided, a cow keeps her eyes open. Sang approached that wild-eyed cow, a bland smile on his countenance.

A dead silence fell. Looking about at my companions' faces, I could not discern even in the depths of their eyes a single faint flicker of human interest.

Sang loosened the rope from the hind leg, he threw it from the horns, he slapped the cow with his hat, and uttered the shrill Chinese yell. So far all was according to programme.

The cow staggered to her feet, her eyes blazing fire. She took one good look, and then started for Sang.

What followed occurred with all the briskness of a tune from a circus band. Sang darted for the corral fence. Now, three sides of the corral were railed, and so climbable, but the fourth was a solid adobe wall. Of course Sang went for the wall. There, finding his nails would not stick, he fled down the length of it, his queue streaming, his eyes popping, his talons curved toward an ideal of safety, gibbering strange monkey talk, pursued a scant arm's length behind by that infuriated cow. Did any one help him? Not any. Every man of that crew was hanging weak from laughter to the horn of his saddle or the top of the fence. The preternatural solemnity had broken to little bits. Men came running from the bunk-house, only to go into spasms outside, to roll over and over on the ground, clutching handfuls of herbage in the agony of their delight.

At the end of the corral was a narrow chute. Into this Sang escaped as into a burrow. The cow came too. Sang, in desperation, seized a pole, but the cow dashed such a feeble weapon aside. Sang caught sight of a little opening, too small for cows, back into the main corral. He squeezed through. The cow crashed through after him, smashing the boards. At the crucial moment Sang tripped and fell on his face. The cow missed him by so close a margin that for a moment we thought she had hit. But she had not, and before she could turn Sang had topped the fence and was half-way to the kitchen. Tom Waters always maintained that he spread his Chinese sleeves and flew. Shortly after a tremendous smoke arose from the kitchen chimney. Sang had gone back to cooking.

Now that Mongolian was really in great danger, but no one of the outfit thought for a moment of any but the humorous aspect of the affair. Analogously, in a certain small cow town I happened to be transient when the postmaster shot a Mexican. Nothing was done about it. The man went right on being postmaster, but he had to set up the drinks because he had hit the Mexican in the stomach. That was considered a poor place to hit a man.

The entire town of Willcox knocked off work for nearly a day to while away the tedium of an enforced wait there on my part. They wanted me to go fishing. One man offered a team, the other a saddle-horse. All expended much eloquence in directing me, accurately, so that I should be sure to find exactly the spot where I could hang my feet over a bank beneath which there were "a plumb plenty of fish." Somehow or other they raked out miscellaneous tackle. But they were a little too eager. I excused myself and hunted up a map. Sure enough the lake was there, but it had been dry since a previous geological period. The fish were undoubtedly there too, but they were fossil fish. I borrowed a pickax and shovel and announced myself as ready to start.

Outside the principal saloon in one town hung a gong. When a stranger was observed to enter the saloon, that gong was sounded. Then it behooved him to treat those who came in answer to the summons.

But when it comes to a case of real hospitality or helpfulness, your cowboy is there every time. You are welcome to food and shelter without price, whether he is at home or not. Only it is etiquette to leave your name and thanks pinned somewhere about the place. Otherwise your intrusion may be considered in the light of a theft, and you may be pursued accordingly.

Contrary to general opinion, the cowboy is not a dangerous man to those not looking for trouble. There are occasional exceptions, of course, but they belong to the universal genus of bully, and can be found among any class. Attend to your own business, be cool and good-natured, and your skin is safe. Then when it is really "up to you," be a man; you will never lack for friends.

The Sierras, especially towards the south where the meadows are wide and numerous, are full of cattle in small bands. They come up from the desert about the first of June, and are driven back again to the arid countries as soon as the autumn storms begin. In the very high land they are few, and to be left to their own devices; but now we entered a new sort of country.

Below Farewell Gap and the volcanic regions one's surroundings change entirely. The meadows become high, flat valleys, often miles in extent; the mountains—while registering big on the aneroid—are so little elevated above the plateaus that a few thousand feet is all of their apparent height; the passes are low, the slopes easy, the trails good, the rock outcrops few, the hills grown with forests to their very tops. Altogether it is a country easy to ride through, rich in grazing, cool and green, with its eight thousand feet of elevation. Consequently during the hot months thousands of desert cattle are pastured here; and with them come many of the desert men.

Our first intimation of these things was in the volcanic region where swim the golden trout. From the advantage of a hill we looked far down to a hair-grass meadow through which twisted tortuously a brook, and by the side of the brook, belittled by distance, was a miniature man. We could see distinctly his every movement, as he approached cautiously the stream's edge, dropped his short line at the end of a stick over the bank, and then yanked bodily the fish from beneath. Behind him stood his pony. We could make out in the clear air the coil of his rawhide "rope," the glitter of his silver bit, the metal points on his saddle skirts, the polish of his six-shooter, the gleam of his fish, all the details of his costume. Yet he was fully a mile distant. After a time he picked up his string of fish, mounted, and jogged loosely away at the cow-pony's little Spanish trot toward the south. Over a week later, having caught golden trout and climbed Mount Whitney, we followed him, and so came to the great central camp at Monache Meadows.

Imagine an island-dotted lake of grass four or five miles long by two or three wide, to which slope regular shores of stony soil planted with trees. Imagine on the very edge of that lake an especially fine grove, perhaps a quarter of a mile in length, beneath whose trees a dozen different outfits of cowboys are camped for the summer. You must place a herd of ponies in the foreground, a pine mountain at the back, an unbroken ridge across ahead, cattle dotted here and there, thousands of ravens wheeling and croaking and flapping everywhere, a marvelous clear sun and blue sky. The camps were mostly open, though a few possessed tents. They differed from the ordinary in that they had racks for saddles and equipments. Especially well laid out were the cooking arrangements. A dozen accommodating springs supplied fresh water with the conveniently regular spacing of faucets.

Towards evening the men jingled in. This summer camp was almost in the nature of a vacation to them after the hard work of the desert. All they had to do was to ride about the pleasant hills examining that the cattle did not stray nor get into trouble. It was fun for them, and they were in high spirits.

Our immediate neighbors were an old man of seventy-two and his grandson of twenty-five. At least the old man said he was seventy-two. I should have guessed fifty. He was as straight as an arrow, wiry, lean, clear-eyed, and had, without food, ridden twelve hours after some strayed cattle. On arriving he threw off his saddle, turned his horse loose, and set about the construction of supper. This consisted of boiled meat, strong tea, and an incredible number of flapjacks built of water, baking-powder, salt, and flour, warmed through—not cooked—in a frying-pan. He deluged these with molasses and devoured three platefuls. It would have killed an ostrich, but apparently did this decrepit veteran of seventy-two much good.

After supper he talked to us most interestingly in the dry cowboy manner, looking at us keenly from under the floppy brim of his hat. He confided to us that he had had to quit smoking, and it ground him—he'd smoked since he was five years old.

"Tobacco doesn't agree with you any more?" I hazarded.

"Oh, 'tain't that," he replied; "only I'd ruther chew."

The dark fell, and all the little campfires under the trees twinkled bravely forth. Some of the men sang. One had an accordion. Figures, indistinct and formless, wandered here and there in the shadows, suddenly emerging from mystery into the clarity of firelight, there to disclose themselves as visitors. Out on the plain the cattle lowed, the horses nickered. The red firelight flashed from the metal of suspended equipment, crimsoned the bronze of men's faces, touched with pink the high lights on their gracefully recumbent forms. After a while we rolled up in our blankets and went to sleep, while a band of coyotes wailed like lost spirits from a spot where a steer had died.

A Legatee of Lovelessness

By Owen Kildare[1]

Author of "My Mamie Rose," etc.

AMONG the many unheard-of things in the slums is the science of genealogy. Owing to the absence of the genealogical fad, the origin and ancestry of the Kid were shrouded in densest obscurity. Had it not been for the racial mosaic in his features, the accident of his birth would have passed entirely without comment. But the composite effect of the formation, angle, and coloring of his face was such that no one could see it without feeling a desire to "know all about it."

Questions like "Of what nationality are you?" "Where were you born?" "Who was your father?" became so frequent and monotonous that the Kid fled at the approach of persons unknown to him.

They of the neighborhood—Chinatown and its immediate vicinity—were divided into two factions concerning the Kid's classification. One half thought it evident that the Kid was negro and white, while the other half was just as certain that he was Chinese and white. The factions never got into heated controversies about this difference of opinion. They were content to "let it go at that," and never "lost any sleep over it."

The Kid's existence was so matter-of-fact that he was the last to be bothered by the shadow of the bar sinister. His days were so taken up with the striving after the attainable that he had no time for unprofitable speculation. To balance his life well was his aim. The prevailing tone of the locality was not against work, but liked it best in small doses, while viciousness was preferred to out-and-out criminality. So, the Kid wanted to strike a fair medium between having to work and having to steal for a living.

To accomplish his purpose, the Kid had to overcome many obstacles. But the most severe handicap was that he had to fight and stay entirely alone. His racial legacy was answerable for this.

Children are gregarious. The Kid, too, before he understood, had tried to join the playing children on the smooth asphalt pavement in Mott Street. His début counted few minutes. The horde of boys and children immediately formed itself into a charging mob, and, crying "Chink! chink!" in vindictive derision, drove the Kid away. And they were not all white children. Many Chinese tots, in many-colored costumes, were on the side of caste-defense. Youthful discretion had drawn rigid lines. They of the rainbow-hued garments were pure "Chinese," while he of the mosaic features was mongrel, and therefore "Chink."

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[1] Many of our readers have learned through Mr. Kildare's book, "My Mamie Rose," the story of his life. Born among the worst conditions of life on the East Side of New York City, forced to fight for himself as a boy, he was at the age of thirty unable to read and write, the associate of Bowery thugs and toughs, "a lump of useless clay," as he himself expresses it. Through the influence of a true, fine woman, he gained education and a purpose in life, and has become a successful journalist and magazine writer. His stories of East Side life are truthful renderings of actual conditions, and have the power of realism and honest feeling.—THE EDITORS.

Not imbued with revolutionary tendencies, the Kid accepted conditions as they were and lived alone. A few of the women in Pell Street employed him for occasional errands, and the Kid, with a certain degree of safety, could figure on at least four nights a week in bed and a mildly fluctuating bill of fare.

His rapidly growing stoicism helped him to look at the situation without much dissatisfaction. He felt that, as far as eating and sleeping were concerned, "he had no kick coming." His pleasures were confined to watching the playing children in Mott Street from a very, very safe distance—and envying them.

One day he appeared followed by a dog. In the opinion of those who deigned to notice the pair they were well matched; the dog, too, showed the bar sinister. Knowing the peculiar spirit of the neighborhood, the Kid did not think it wise to mingle too freely among the people with his new find. The Power-house in Bayard Street, with deep doorways and corners affording some seclusion, was, therefore, chosen as future "hang-out."

To see a tandem of stray waif and stray dog is no unusual sight in that bailiwick. But that the Kid, apparently the most uncompanionable of boys, should have formed such a partnership invited attention.

I spoke to him about it.

"Where did you get the dog, Kid?"

"What dog?" A strainedly puzzled expression was forced to take the place of self-consciousness.

I pointed at the mongrel, sunning itself at the curb.

"Him? He don't belong to me. He's only laying there. He's only a mut."

Passing the Power-house that night, I noticed the Kid and the dog huddling together in a sheltering corner. A few mumbled words made me halt, and, leaning against the railing, I could observe without being observed. Fragmentary phrases came to me in the staccato speech of street-Arabia.

"You're me dog, ain't you?" "They ain't going to swipe you, because you ain't much, but you're all right at that, and, anyway, I couldn't have nothing better nohow." "You and me is friends, ain't we?" All this was accompanied by boyish hugs and canine kisses.

My interest did not abate, and a few days later I again asked the Kid how he and the dog "were making out."

"Ain't I told you he ain't me dog?" he answered, angrily. "He's only a mut."

"But you are always together."

"Well, what can I do if he keeps folloring me 'round? Gee, I wouldn't have a pup like that."

It cannot be surmised if the Kid would have permanently denied his ownership of the dog. At every inquiry about "his" dog the Kid would claim that the mongrel was not "his'n," and it needed a catastrophe to settle the relationship.

It had been a stifling hot day in June. Even the "old clo'es" market at the end of Bayard Street had closed its haggling strife earlier than usual. The street—saving an occasional policeman leaving or entering the station-house across the way—was deserted. The heat under foot and over head—the Kid's extremities were unprotected at both ends—had exhausted the boy, and, followed by the dog, he sought the shadows of the Power-house.

It was too hot to talk or do anything, and, ere long, the Kid had drowsed into slumber. The dog would have followed the master's example, but the flies were peskily annoying, and, worse, a tantalizing smell came from the tinker-shop next door. It was a smell of frying and cooking, and went right to the very insides of his dogship.

To resist such allurement was beyond the power of doggish endeavor. Besides, as master and dog had often visited the kitchens of friendly shopkeepers, the duty of investigation was obligatory. The dog rose, stared at the boy with mute invitation, and slunk to the tinker-shop.

His partner had scarcely disappeared through the door of the shop when the Kid awoke with a yawn. The absence of the dog was noticed immediately.

"I bet some o' them fresh Dago kids from the next block got away with him. Maybe I won't soak some o' them if they got the pup," murmured the Kid, and started in pursuit.

He had just reached the tinker-shop when something, in sweeping curve, came from the doorway and landed in the street with grunting thud.

Without wasting word or look, the Kid swerved from the sidewalk and lifted the doomed mongrel to his arms from the pitiless street. Just a trifle paler, he restrained his fury until he stood before the sergeant's desk in the station-house. Then he literally howled for vengeance. The officers laughed, took the whimpering animal by force to put it out of misery, and told the boy to get himself another dog.

Seeing that no redress was obtainable, he asked them to mind his dog's body, and started on another errand. The crowd, which always, and seemingly from nowhere, gathers around the station-house stoop at the slightest provocation, jeered and sneered, but the Kid did not even see them.

Within an hour he returned with a "society's agent." The case proved too weak for prosecution, the agent assured himself that the dog had been humanely put to death, and, with a word of consolation to the Kid, departed.

The tinker could not forego the pleasure of enjoying his victory, and stepped to the door to gloat over the defeated champion of the mongrel cur.

"Say, Kid, so you was going to have me arrested for finishing that kyoodle o' your'n?"

The Kid did not fly into a passion.

"You wait! You just wait! I'll get hunk on you before night," he growled and scowled.

The Kid hung about until the lamps in the tinker's store-windows were lighted. As soon as darkness had settled, he ran to the corner, where a new tenement-house was in course of construction, and helped himself liberally from a pile of bricks. In less than a minute its usual allowance of nightly excitement had been furnished to the street. The windows of the tin-shop were wrecked, the tinker was making his frantic complaint to the sergeant at the station-house, and the Kid, in the grasp of a policeman, and oblivious to the comments of the crowd, stood quietly awaiting his fate.

"What d'you do it for?" asked the sergeant, leaning over the desk.

"He killed me dog."

"That doesn't give you the right to smash his windows, does it?"

"I don't care. He killed me dog."

"Oh, you don't care? Well, then, you'll get locked up, and stay there till you grow up and know better than to break people's windows."

"I don't care. He killed me dog, and, if I got to go to jail, I'll kill him when I get out," said the Kid, without vehemence, and looking straight at the sergeant. "And if I don't get out, me friends 'll kill him," was added as an afterthought.

Poor Chink! The stress of the moment inspired him to claim for his own, what he had never had, friends.

"Oh, you're a killer, are you?" commented the sergeant. "Then I can see your finish. They'll take all that killing business out of you where you're going, Chink."

"They can't. I'm going to get hunk on him—or me friends," insisted the Kid as they led him away.

This unbending spirit of revenge seemed unnatural in a boy. Neither sorrow nor fury brought tears, the weapon and solace of children, to his eyes.

I went to the "prisoners' pen" in the court-house to see if the Kid was prepared to take his "medicine." His mood was unchanged, and my greeting was a sullen scowl.

"I suppose you are sorry for what you did last night?" I asked.

"I ain't sorry for nothing," he answered, with flashing eyes. "Me—me dog ain't alive no more this morning than he was last night, and—but you see if I don't get hunk on that guy. I'll do him the minute I get out."

"You must stop that sort of talk. Besides, you haven't been sent away yet."

The Kid looked at me with a mingling of contempt and worldly wisdom.

"Ah, what's the use o' talking like that? What chance do I stand?"

It was true. He was of no moment to the leader of the district, had no friends to intercede, and stood absolutely no chance. To incite false hopes in him would have been cruel, and the best I could do was to paint his lot in milder colors.

"It isn't half as bad at the Refuge as you boys think it is. Be a good boy, do your work well, and you'll forget all about this by the time you get out."

"Ah, why don't you chase yourself?" came with accentuated hardness. "What'll I be a good boy for? And I ain't going to forget, neither."

Before I could get the Kid to take a more hopeful view of the situation his name was called and he was taken to the court-room. I did not follow. His fate was ordained, and only the routine had to be observed. But the judge was known to be a man given to much fatherly lecturing, and I half expected to see the Kid return with a tear-stained face. They shortly brought him back—and his eyes were still dry and hard.

"Well, I got it all right," he said, perfectly unmoved. "Say, that guy up in court, that judge, he don't know nothing about law. I told him all about it, that all I done was to get hunk on the tinker, and then he starts in telling me that I was wicked and all that kind o' stuff. There ain't no justice when a tinker can go to work and kill me only—me dog. But I'll do him when I—"

"Look here, Kid," I interposed. "Be a man and stop your bragging talk. You got your 'bit,' and now make up your mind to do it, and to get out as soon as you can. And then, if you have behaved yourself and need a friend, you can come to me and—"

"Gee, I don't need no friends. I got lots o' them," lied the boy, deliberately. "Only I didn't want any o' them to know that I got pinched for anything like this, and that's the reason there ain't any o' them here. And you, I bet you'd forget all about me by the time I get out."

Before I could assure him of my lasting memory he was taken to the wire-screened wagon of the institution. The departure was delayed for a few moments, another boy just "getting settled," but my efforts had been so unproductive of cheering or impressing the boy that I did not force myself on him any longer, and remained in the doorway of the court building. His efforts to avoid my eyes were most conspicuous.

Then the other boy was escorted to the wagon, and I prepared to leave. I intended to say farewell to the Kid, but he anticipated me and called me to the wagon.

"Say, did you mean what you said inside?" he asked in a whisper.

Taking me unaware, I did not know instantly to what he referred.

"Oh, you know," continued the Kid, shamefacedly, "that about you being me friend, provided I—"

"Oh, that!" I cried. "Why, of course, Kid, I mean it."

"Well, you know, most o' me friends is liable to be away, or moved, or something, by the time I get out, and I thought maybe I—you—anyway, I guess I'll think it over."

The day was hot. The flies were out in full force and must have bothered the Kid, for just as the wagon turned the corner I saw his hand go to his face.

The Kid thought it over.

The Two Words

By Louise Morgan Sill

I have in my heart two words that are written in blood:
Patience. Endurance.
I see the ocean holding the thousand passions of the waves in leash;
I see their onslaught on the shore, their withdrawal back to the deeps,—
I see the calmness of the stars that stare unswerved
Into the farthest reaches of future realms
Filled too with stars that must shine and burn till they burn out their dross
And are but the spirits of stars that haunt the empyrean,
That are but as the memory of wonders that have played their part and passed away.
I see the patience of the seeds that lie waiting in the darkness of winter,
Knowing that if they will hold their peace and rest in the beauty of silence
They will some day come to their blossoming.
I see the endurance of the oak against the wind and the driven rain;
The calm of the mountains that await the will of the Creator,
The placidity of dawn, the sun that hastens not, yet arises in glory when his time is come,—
All this I see, and then I look into my own heart,
And therein the pitiful clamor, the petty unrest,
The question and doubt and onrush of a hundred fears,
And I cry out, O Patience, O Endurance,
Be not alone written on my heart,
But enter also into the chaos of my soul
And bring it peace.

Polly Ann's Memorial Party

By Winifred Arnold

MRS. Hepsey Bassett speaks:

Wal, wal, Lucindy, here ye be still a-layin' abed when other folks has to be up an' about! It's lucky you've got men folks that'll stan' it. 'Tain't every woman that has.

No, I can't take off my bunnet. 'Lisha said the horse had to hev a day o' rest to-day, so I got a ride down with Jake Simmonses' folks, an' 'course them sixteen or more young ones o' his'n will have to stay to Sunday-school till the last dog is hung. So I thought, thinksed I, I'll jest run over for a minute an' chirk up Lucindy Peters an' take her mind offen herself for a spell. So I'll jest set here by the winder an' watch for Jake.

Your rheumatiz is some wuss, is it? Land sakes! You'd orter 'a' felt the rheumatiz I had the winter Elder Mansion moved to Swansea; but I kep' right around an' done my work all the same. I ain't never one to give in unless I hev to.

Huh? Oh, you've got a cough too? Yes, yes, I hearn ye when I come in. Sounds to me like a sorter little nervous ticklin'. You can't tell me nothin' about coughs. I've hed a real genooine consumptive cough every winter since 'Lyphalet died. The doctor says if I'd 'a' been anybody else I'd 'a' give right up an' died of it long ago; but, land, I ain't one to let no little hackin' in my throat floor me—not much.

Be you still a-havin' that allopath doctor from up to Sonet? Wal, it does beat all, Lucindy, how you'll go on a-temptin' o' Providence like that. Allopath medicine is dretful weak'nin', every fool knows, specially to a pindlin' sorter body like you, an' that young Flynn hain't got no more sense 'n a last year's bird's nest, besides; none o' his folks never had on neither side. There was my cousin Mirandy Frazer had him last year for neurolgy, an' she was dead inside o' three months. An' there was Polly Ann Spooner—she that was a Perkins—she had him for two year, off an' on, wouldn't listen to nobody, an' she passed away in awful agony a year ago last Monday.

'Twas too bad you wa'n't well enough to go to the memorial party the Spooner girls give her on the anniversary! What, wa'n't you asked? Wal, if that ain't the beateree! I thought you an' the Spooner girls was thick as three in a bed. No, 'tain't no excuse you're bein' sick. Why, you an' Loviny used to go to school together forty year ago. I was in the class with the twins—Mary Marthy an' Mary Magdalene. Their ma had counted on boys, but she said she'd name 'em for the 'postles anyway, so there they was—wa'n't it odd?

I s'pose, feelin' so slighted, you don't care to hear nothin' about the party. Oh, ye don't mind, don't ye? Wal, it's a good thing not to be too sensitive, I s'pose. Take me now; I wouldn't want the subject mentioned, but seein' you're not so constitooted, I'll be tickled enough to tell ye all about it, for 'twas the most edifyin' an' improvin' occasion I've attended in many a long day. The Spooner girls certainly done it up hansum by Polly Ann. I'll say that for 'em. Except for not havin' no corpse, it was full as int'rustin' as any funeral I've been to in years. 'Twas sort of a cross betwixt a funeral an' a sewin' circle, you might say, for the men folks was all asked 'round to supper afterwards.

Our part was 'p'inted for two o'clock to the house, an' they'd opened up the fore room an' the spare chamber, an' pinned up the paper shades half way, even though the day was sunny an' several cracks o' light was let right in onto the best carpets. You could see that the Spooner girls meant to go the whole figger when they'd once set out. They all had on their good black alapackers that they wore to the real funeral, an' their best false fronts, an' Loviny even had a set of new store teeth for the occasion. They looked real well on her an' took fully two years offen her age. Loviny is goin' on forty-nine this year, I know, 'cause she was born the same year as Samuel Pearson, my brother that died; but the other girls hev alwuz babied her so that sometimes I ketch myself a-feelin' as if she wa'n't over forty-five or that matter, an' specially so with them air teeth. It did seem a pity 'twa'n't an occasion when she could smile more so's to sorter show 'em off. I saw her start to once or twice, but Mary Magdalene kep' a keen eye on her an' hunched her in the side good an' she sobered down sudden.

Wal, howsumever, the girls met us to the front door an' took us to the spare chamber to lay off our bunnets an' shawls, an' then down to the fore room, where there was chairs ranged round for the sewin' circle an' Elder Pease an' Deacon Blodgett—Deacon Hiram, I mean, the one that leads the singin' to church. Pretty nigh the whole sewin' circle was thar, except one or two that was prevented by sickness or preservin', so a few that was late had to spill over into Mary Marthy's an' Loviny's bedrooms; but I was in good season an' had the best rush-bottom rocker with a feather cushion, right out in the forefront o' the offendin', as you might say. I alwuz believe in gettin' to the fore part o' the commencement, so's not to lose nothin' that's goin' on. If a thing's worth goin' to, it's worth goin' early. Summer settin's never raised no spring chickens yet.

Wal, when we all got together except Delight Miller—she'll be late to her own funeral, I'll be bound—Elder Pease led us, as he says, to the Throne o' Grace. Elder Pease prides himself on his gift in prayer, an', land o' Goshen! I never knew him to be so newsy as he was that day. He reelly outdone himself. I follered him close, I tell you, an' I learned that the Thurstons had a new baby. I hadn't hearn tell a breath about. He didn't mention, though, whether 'twas boy or girl, called it an infant—an' I declare I forgot to ask afterwards. Then he prayed for a new fambly that had moved into the old Brightman place—their names is Haskins—cousin to Bill Peck's wife—an' he prayed for them that was likely any day to die of old age. That got me for a minute, an' I sorter let my mind wander till I figured it out that he meant Uncle Mose Williams, an' so I missed his prayers for missions an' such, an' I did wanter know how they liked our last barril too; but I was right on deck again by the time he got round to Philander. He was a-settin' right in front o' the manteltry piece, which brought him right under an enlargement o' Polly Ann done by that tonguey young chap from Little Compton last summer. He'd put gilt buttons up an' down the front o' Polly Ann's bask waist, an' a red necktie onto her neck sot off by an elegant great cameo breastpin, an' a long gold watch chain, tho' goodness knows Polly Ann never so much as thought of havin' a watch. But, land, she did look fixy an' dressy, an' bein' as nobody was fooled we can't begretch Polly Ann a few airs now she's dead an' gone.

Wal, as I said, thar sot Philander right in front o' the manteltry piece. He kep' his hat on all the time so's to show the weed he had on it. It was higher'n his hat if anythin'—sorter stood up around the top like a paper collar. Wal, the Elder prayed for Philander up hill an' down dale. He fairly wrastled in prayer for the mournin' relick that he might be comforted an' consoled, an' hasten on to meet his beloved spouse on the other side o' Jordan in white robes an' the palms o' their hands. It was beautiful to hear him. He wrastled so hard that the perspiration stood out in great drops on his forward, and he sunk into a chair clean beat out.

Then Deacon Blodgett he squeaked around in his Sunday shoes an' passed the meetin'-house singin'-books outen a grape-basket, an' we all set there an' sung all the hymns she had to her funeral—"Sister she was mild an' lovely," an' "Hark from the tombs," an' the whole kit an' caboodle of 'em. It was real impressive.

Aunt Sophi' Pierce got up next. She read a paper all about Polly Ann's life—jest like an obituary—when she was born an' married an' all, an' when she become a professor an' joined the church, and her receipt for quince jell an' soft soap, and what she died of, an' the number o' kinds o' patchwork she'd made, an' wound up with her fav'rite piece o' po'try.

The girls felt obliged to ask Aunt Sophi' 'cause she's president o' the sewin' circle, but she ain't no scholard, an' she did mix it up fearful, an' read so sorter queer that we didn't reely ketch what she died on, an' it sounded as if 'twas the soft soap. She left out, too, what doctor she had, an' what was the text o' the sermon, an' that was a dretful slip, I must confess.

Still, nobody thought o' that when they hearn the poem. I ain't much on po'try as a general rule, though I s'pose it's all very well for them as can't relish good common sense, but Elvine Higgins, she's got the genooine gift. Words seems to roll right outer her mouth like water off a duck's back. Land, I wisht I could remember it all. It's comin' out in the "Gazette" next week, an' I shall cut it out an' keep it. I alwuz do keep Elvine's pieces an' put 'em in the back o' my Bible along with the obituaries. Less see, it begun

"'Twas jest about a year ago
When Polly Ann was laid under the snow."

Course there wa'n't no snow, bein's 'twas September, but Elvine explained to me that she had to have it on account of *ago*. She said there was poets, Shakespeare an' such, that was so slack that they go right ahead an' write whether it rhymed or not, but she's got to have the words sound alike or her conscience wouldn't let her pass it off for po'try, an' I agreed with her.

Wal, she went on to tell about Polly Ann's life ag'in—how she went to school an' then—I wisht I could repeat that. Lessee how it goes:

"At the age of 18 she began to meander
Down the flowery pathway of love with
Philander,
Who rejoiced also in the name of Spooner,
An' him she married the quicker the sooner."

Now don't that jest go good? I do wisht I could remember the hull piece. She named all the children an' rhymed 'em up first rate, Melindy, an' Philury, an' Josiah Reuben, an' all, tho' land only knows how she done it; an' told what they all died of. I can't remember no more, though, till the end:

> " She suffered much from erisypelas,
> Till things was brought to such a pass,
> She said: 'I'm tired o' bein' a Spooner,
> I guess I'd be an angel sooner,'
> So up she died an' was buried in church,
> Leavin' poor Philander in the lurch."

With that, I'll have to own that Elvine casted several sheep's eyes at Philander, an' my opinion is that he casted of 'em back at her, though the weed had come ondone by this time an' dropped so fur over one ear that I couldn't see his face —a-settin' as I did on his off side. Dear me suz a day! I hope that won't make no match. Philander ain't nigh good enough for Elvine. She's an old maid, I know, an' as such hain't no call to be pickers an' choosers, but, land sakes! when a woman can write po'try like that I for one respect her almost as much as if she was married.

Huh? Oh, yes, after that we sung another hymn, Polly Ann's fav'rite, I b'leeve they said:

> " Speak an' let your wants be known,
> For speakin' may relieve you."

I guess lettin' her wants be known was all the relief Polly Ann did have, for Philander is as clost as the bark on a tree. He made her be buried in her old brown caliker so's to save her good black alapacker in case he got married ag'in. I guess that's one reason the Spooner girls giv the party, to wipe out the memory o' that brown caliker funeral. One comfort is that that alapacker's fur too narrer-chested an' short-waisted fur Elvine, besides strikin' her about the top of her gaiters. I measured her for it with my eye when she stood up to read her piece.

After that, the girls took us up to the shed chamber, where they had a reg'lar cattle show of all the things Polly Ann had made. Over the rafters was her quilts, twenty-five diffrunt patrons—Polly Ann was a master hand at piecing quilts—an' rag carpets, an' drawin'-in rugs, an' tidies, an' mats, an' feather flowers, an' etcetery. You never saw the beat. They'd borrowed of 'em back from all the relations she'd give 'em to for twenty year.

At the very end o' the room, on the parlor table, was the hansumest thing of all—Loviny had made it. 'Twas a memorial flower piece, an' the green leaves was all made of Polly Ann's green moreen she had the year she was married, an' the other leaves was her red necktie her cousin Sarah Maria give her, an' the blue with pink spots she bought with the egg money unbeknownst to Philander, an' then there was a yaller an' purple checked. I couldn't place where that come from, nor remember ever to have seen it. An' I wondered a sight about it, so I asked Mary Magdalene afterwards. She made me promise not to tell, but it was a gingham petticoat Polly Ann had once. It worked in so good that Loviny felt justified in usin' of it, but it mus' be kep' of course, so don't you breathe it to a soul.

Wal, then there was tendrons that was locks of her hair, an', if you'll believe it, they had seed pods too—three on 'em. They was her last pills that she never had time to take. Now, wa'n't that smart of Loviny? I never had an idee she had so much gumption in her. Ain't it odd that when anybody looks so much like a *gump*, you never expect 'em to have no *gump*-tion?

By that time the men folks had begun to come, so we all went down to the kitchen an' eat supper. The girls certainly done well by us, though I s'pose they'll take in sewin' for weeks to pay for it. Beans an' brown bread, an' boiled eggs, an' ham, an' doughnuts, an' pickles, 'n jells, 'n three kinds o' cake, an' mince an' apple an' squash pie. It seemed more like a weddin' supper than a funeral. Land, I hope I ain't no prophet! I keep a-worryin' so about Elvine an' Philander, an' I'll bet you anythin' 'twas them I ketched sight of jest now a-comin' down the meetin'-house steps together.

There come the Blodgetts, too. Wal, wal, I b'lieve meetin's broke. Who'd 'a' thought it? We've been a-visitin' so fast I hain't sensed how the time was a-flyin'. Land alive! There are the Simmons young ones now a-pilin' down to the horse-block. I'd better be a-gittin' out to the front door, for I ain't as spry as I used to be, an' Jake Simmons won't wait for nothin' once he gets started. I'm glad he goes to meetin' reg'lar, for he'd land straight in perdition if he once got p'inted in that direction.

Wal, good-by, Lucindy. I hope you hain't talked too much and wore yourself all out. I hain't much of a hand to talk myself—'tain't good for my cough.

You send out an' get this chair, Lucindy. I'm goin' to take it to climb up on.

Yes, yes, Jake, I'm comin'. If you hurry me so, somebody'll have to be givin' a memorial party for me pretty soon. I'm all beat out a-chirkin' up Lucindy Peters.

Education of the Negro in the United States[1]

SOME notion of the thoroughness of research and soundness of scholarship employed in the preparation of this monograph may be gleaned from the fact that it was accepted as a thesis by the University of Paris, and the author was awarded the doctorate "avec mention très honorable." The work comprises over four hundred pages. It is a paper-bound volume, having the typographical dress for which the French book-making art is famous. There is appended a most complete bibliography, comprising books, pamphlets, and scattered articles. While the author's views and opinions rest very largely upon documentary knowledge, yet she maintains throughout such scholarly thoroughness and saneness of judgment as to make the treatise at least equal in value to any that has yet appeared upon this phase of our complex social problem. As the work is intended for French readers who are not supposed to be familiar with the details of the subject discussed, the author has recounted many well-known and well-worn historical data, which to the American student might seem tedious and tasteless. The attention accorded the subject by a great European university reminds us that the race problem in the United States excites universal interest. Although the adjustment of diverse races "in the ends of all the earth" is perhaps the chief problem of the new century, yet in America we have the problem in its most unique, aggravated, and interesting phase. The author analyzes the whole race situation in the United States with a fearless and refreshing frankness, unhampered by prudential restraints of policy or traditional bias of thought. The skeleton of fact seems at times repugnant in its bare and bony outline. No settled belief or cherished notion or sacred dogma escapes critical dissection. The natural force of race prejudice is not brushed aside with a wave of the hand, as it has been at times by many of our philosophers, nor is it regarded as a reasonable justification of "man's inhumanity to man;" but it is duly recognized as a social dynamic, which, though it cannot be suppressed, should at least be directed and controlled. "How to direct the [negro] race in a manner to develop to their highest efficiency all of its faculties so that it may become a useful factor in society instead of a cancer in the breast" is posited as the fundamental proposition, and education is relied on as the sole and sufficient solvent. Theories of education are made to depend upon the rôle which the propounders expect the negro to play in society. There are three classes:

1. Those who regard the negro as an inferior order of being, who wish to reduce him to a state of actual slavery, allowing him only the appearance of liberty (*liberté illusoire*), and who advocate the most rudimentary education, with the sole object of lessening the menace which a grossly ignorant and stupid race would constitute to society at large.

2. Those who believe that the fullest

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[1] *L'Éducation des Nègres aux États-Unis.* Par Kate Brosseau, Docteur de l'Université de Paris; Professor of Psychology, Normal School, Los Angeles, California. Félix Alcan, Paris.

development of the negro depends upon the accumulation of wealth, and who ardently advocate industrial education.

3. Those who believe that the welfare of the race depends upon the fullest intellectual and moral development of the talented few, who will serve to lift the benighted masses up towards their own high level.

Much confusion and bitter controversy might be avoided if these clear distinctions were always borne in mind. The first two classes are generally confused in popular discussion. Two men, zealous alike in their advocacy of industrial education, as the phrase now runs, may be as far apart as the poles in their attitude as to the negro's place in society. The one has in mind merely occupational training so as to render the black man a more profitable servant to his white lord and master; the other regards industrial education as the means of developing character, competence, and enlightened self-respect. Between the second and third class there is no essential dispute. The end is the same and the means are complementary. Between the first attitude and the last two the issue is as sharply drawn as it was between the pro-slavery and the anti-slavery advocates. The question, then, in its simplest analysis, was whether the negro was entitled to his own hands and to enjoy the fruits of his own labor. The question now, restated in terms of the new controversy, is whether the colored man should be permitted to expand and exploit his higher faculties, either through industrial or higher education, and utilize them for his personal and racial welfare. Is his present unfortunate situation a condition temporary and ameliorative, or is it a status fixed in nature, to be sanctioned by custom and law?

Between the contending claims of the higher and industrial education the author exercises a just and discriminating judgment. She defends industrial education with a grasp of fact and vigor of argument that even Dr. Booker T. Washington might envy. On the other hand, there is scarcely a fact or argument for the higher education which she does not present with convincing power. Indeed, one might say that she holds two briefs. However reprehensible this might be in an advocate, whose function is essentially one-sided, yet one cannot be accused of inconsistency or intellectual obliquity for insisting upon parallel lines of development. The raging controversy between the modes of education is both foolish and mischievous. For the rival advocates to condemn and belittle the claims of each other would be like discrediting the eye because it cannot hear or belittling the ear because it cannot see.

The author tells us: "If the black race would escape the crushing misery of to-day, its members must become skilled in the different industries so as to be necessary factors in the progress of the Nation." And also, "The salvation of the black people depends upon the influence of their cultivated men and women." Both of those statements are true and worthy of full acceptation.

The personal observation of the author, that the negro teacher inspires in the black pupil a sense of self-respect and personal dignity, in comparison, or rather in contrast, with the timidity, uncertainty of self, and "physionomie compassée" of those under white instructors is of striking interest; but the careful student desires further confirmation of so important an indication. "The development of this backward race, whose presence is a menace to the peace of the Nation, can be brought about only by a judicious education combined with the wise encouragement and sympathy of the dominant class," is the concluding word of this interesting study, and must command the earnest approval of every true American of whatever social creed or educational belief.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked " net."

Avril: Being Essays on the Poetry of the French Renaissance. By H. Belloc. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 237 pages. $2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Balthazar: The Magus. By A. Van Der Naillen. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 270 pages. $1.50.

Cat Tales. By E. Nesbit and Rosamund E. Bland. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 64 pages. 25c.

Mrs. Nesbit has written some of the most attractive and humorous of recent stories *about* children. This pretty little book is *for* children and about cats. It has several colored pictures and many clever pen-and-ink drawings by Isabel Watkins.

Dennis McGrath—Autocrat; and Other Horseless Tales Hanging Thereby. By Edward Porter. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 211 pages.

Fountains Abbey: The Story of a Mediæval Monastery. By George Hodges, D.D. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 130 pages. $3, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Good Digestion. By Eustace Miles, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 160 pages. 75c., net.

Lexington, the Birthplace of American Liberty: A Handbook Containing an Account of the Battle of Lexington, Paul Revere's Narrative of His Famous Ride, etc. Illustrated. By Fred S. Piper. The Lexington Publishing Co., Lexington, Mass. 6×7½ in. 49 pages. Paper bound.

New World Fairy Book (The). By Howard Angus Kennedy. Illustrated by H. R. Millar. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 12½×8 in. 354 pages. $2.

This volume of fairy tales is both printed and illustrated in the best of taste—which is more than can be said of the majority of books of this class. The tales themselves are chiefly from Indian sources. We have, for instance, the story of a Huron Cinderella, while other tribes furnish the folk-lore for thrilling tales about wolves, birds, fishes, snakes, and many other real or fabulous animals.

Official and Statistical Register of the State of Mississippi, 1904 (The). Edited and Compiled by Dunbar Rowland. Department of Archives and History, Nashville, Tenn. 6×9½ in. 694 pages.

Reciter's Treasury of Prose and Drama (The): Serious and Humorous. Compiled and Edited by Ernest Pertwee. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 942 pages. $1.50, net.

This has interest as a collection of readable extracts from prose writings and the drama, but many of these selections are obviously poorly suited for reciting—the nominal purpose for which they are brought together here. This is particularly true of some of the excerpts from plays. A fair proportion of the passages selected are from recent literature, and it is pleasant to note that although the book is of English origin American writers are well represented.

Some of My Recipes, with Prices and Reasons. By Eustace Miles, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 112 pages. 75c., net.

Trotting and Pacing Horse in America (The). By Hamilton Busbey. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 369 pages. $2, net.

Vergilius: A Tale of the Coming of Christ. By Irving Bacheller. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 279 pages. $1.35.

Mr. Bacheller's new story marks so wide a departure from " Eben Holden " and " D'ri and I " that it inevitably suggests comparison with " Quo Vadis " and " Ben Hur," not because it is modeled in point of style or of structure on the other stories, but because it enters the same field and deals with the same general questions, or, to be more accurate, with aspects of one great experience. That Mr. Bacheller was drawn to write " A Tale of the Coming of Christ " by his own tastes and inclinations rather than by any desire to set his craft afloat in the stream of popularity which has so long carried " Ben Hur " and " Quo Vadis " on to fortune is beyond question, and he has done his work perhaps as well as any writer whose love of nature is so great, whose knowledge of primitive types is in many ways so intimate and sympathetic, and who is so much at home in the simple life of the newest world could have done. " Vergilius " records the birth of love in the idealistic and modern sense in the heart of a young Roman man and woman, the gradual perception in the mind of the young noble of a different order of life from that which he sees about him, and, therefore, the gradual preparation of his spirit to receive the announcement made at Bethlehem. Taking into account the breadth of the field and the variety of the material, the story is a sketch rather than a finished tale; but there are some well-drawn characters in it; and first and foremost must be named the very interesting portrait of Augustus. That there were such monsters as Antipater, the son of Herod, in the days of Herod there is no question, but Mr. Bacheller's study of the character is not quite convincing. There is so much that is good in the story in characterization, in dealing with striking incidents, as in the fight between Vergilius and Antipater, the meeting between Vergilius and Salome, and the story of the plot to overthrow Herod, that most readers will regret that the tale is not longer. Later comment will be made on the story.

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

"The Subway Tavern—An Experiment"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your editorial on the Subway Tavern overlooked certain facts that call for consideration.

I. The most plausible justification for this experiment is that the Tavern is on the crowded East Side, where every one drinks. Consequently it will not do anything to create the drinking habit, but much to restrain it.

Now, in the three hours that I watched the Tavern I was surprised to find that in two respects it was like its neighbor, the Astor Library, four minutes to the north. Both are on the East Side, in the district between Broadway and the Bowery. Both are patronized chiefly by people who regard Broadway rather than the Bowery as their chief thoroughfare. The tenement-house people in Mott and Elizabeth Streets, a block or so east of the Tavern, live in another world; when they do drift out of those long north and south streets, their drift is away from the Subway to the Bowery, which is to them Broadway and Fifth Avenue rolled into one.

The Subway is to a very large extent a Broadway saloon. It is less than a minute and a half's easy walking to that thoroughfare. The street on which it is located is an artery of travel connecting the Broadway wholesale district with the traction lines on the east. The large number of people that daily pass by will be greatly augmented when the Subway station is opened. From its very location, the new saloon can hardly do much in bettering East Side conditions. It belongs to the Broadway wholesale district in the same sense in which a Broad Street banking house is a Wall Street concern. It is a significant fact that a great many young men and young women who would shun an ordinary saloon will twice a day be close to the doors of this liberal temperance resort, without going out of their way to look for it

II. The soda-water room conducts an aggressive campaign in leading its patrons to believe that soda water and beer are equally harmless. A conspicuous sign in large letters, which no one can help seeing, bears the legend, "Good soda water and good beer are equally harmless if taken temperately." The other day, boys and girls under sixteen, and young women of the class whom you see in Childs's restaurants, were drinking soda at the fountain and swallowing down this dangerous half-truth.

The propaganda of the Subway is like a "knock-out drop," all right without but poisonous within. Perhaps you may handle torpid rattlesnakes as safely as though they were kittens, but the keepers at Bronx Park do not advise people to make the experiment.

III. While the Tavern exerts its influence against the treating habit, and tells men to be careful in their drinking, yet in one important respect it is more dangerous than the lowest grog-shop in the city. Not only to its own patrons at the soda fountain, but all through America, it is giving men the notion that moderate drinking is all right. While they tell us that it is not a sin *per se*, they do not tell us that, under the conditions of modern life in America, it carries concealed for every moderate drinker all the potentiality of hell. It is true that you cannot predict its action in any given case; in some instances not until after many years of experimenting. But there is one thing absolutely certain, that for a large minority of men this evil potentiality will be unexpectedly and terribly actualized.

At the best, this Subway experiment is fighting fire with fire, a necessary proceeding sometimes when buildings of wood and stone are concerned, but when it comes to burning up the souls and bodies of men, that is another proposition.

It is a serious matter when a fire chief believes it necessary, in preventing the spread of an awful conflagration, to order the dynamiting of a building in which many people are sleeping in careless oblivion of danger. He might do it—but not till he had stirred heaven and earth to get them out. He might do it, but he would not do it with cheerfulness and with a psalm of thanksgiving. Tears would start to his eyes, his heart would grow faint within him. * *

For the Filipinos

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The remarkably frank statements of Mr. David Gray, in his article entitled "The Recantation of an Anti-Imperialist," in your issue of August 20, call for commendation. They are candid confessions which it would be well for all men, of whatever political, social, or religious beliefs, to weigh carefully. Statements such as these, made, not from knowledge gained from hearsay, but by actual experience, and experience gained, too, as the result of an effort to acquire first-hand knowledge, in order to combat the retention by the United States of the Philippine Islands (positive knowledge gained negatively), cannot lightly be put aside. Still less can our Nation refuse to view the question of the retention of those islands in any but the most sober light, and from the standpoint of fact. That fact is stated clearly by Mr. Gray: "Right or wrong, we have taken the islands, and must accept the responsibility for the welfare of the people whose blood we have shed and whose lands we have laid waste." In a nutshell, that is the fact which we as a Nation must face. We cannot afford, for the sake of humanity and progress, to blind ourselves with glittering generalities because we, as a Nation, have won and maintained independence. Those who cry immediate independence would do well to do as Mr. Gray has done—namely, study the facts at close range. Those who desire independence for the Filipinos *when they are ready for it* would do well to bend their energies to a meeting of the responsibilities facing us in our present control of the Philippine Islands. Responsibilities we have that seem stupendous and well-nigh impossible, in educating and rendering homogeneous almost eight millions of people belonging to different tribes and stocks. This is the task that calls for our earnest legislation, our broadest and most humanitarian statesmanship. We must accept the fact of ownership, we must accept the fact of actual conditions in the islands; and, accepting those facts, we must bend our energies to the work, on what data we have and are constantly gathering, earnestly and manfully, to better conditions in the islands, not shirking for a moment the task and stopping to call out for what may not now be given for the very good of the islands and their inhabitants. The question of independence can take care of itself.

JAMES ALEXANDER ROBERTSON,
Co-editor "The Philippine Islands: 1493–1898."
Madison, Wisconsin.

A State Railway

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In a recent letter of your correspondent, "L. A.," the Careless Traveler, is a pleasing reference to the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway that doubtless would have been somewhat differently expressed, though none the less pleasingly, had the writer been informed as to the story of the building of this highway. The story goes back to the days when George Washington was a young surveyor in the wilds of the Kanawha region, dreaming with far visions of the time when the waters of the sea would be linked with the beautiful Ohio. The story would tell of war and its fierce strivings after the control of this line of transportation. Then would come the narrative of the historic labors of earnest and patriotic men who, after the war was ended, determined to complete what the Commonwealth of Virginia before its dismemberment had begun. The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway is the heir to the work done by the Board of Public Works of old Virginia.

Begun in 1836 with a halting purpose, "the Louisa Railroad" crept slowly from old Hanover Junction, where Lee's army and Jackson's men fought off the Federals in later years, to the Jackson's River. The State of Virginia on her own account built a road through the Blue Ridge Mountains to their western base. The policy of the State to carry the road to the Ohio River was interrupted by the hostilities of 1861. When thus interrupted, $3,000,000 had been expended. The road was a child of the State, owned by the State, built by the State. No private interest was involved, no "capitalists" were "behind" the undertaking. On the western portal of the tunnel under the Blue Ridge at Rockfish Gap, a tunnel that engineers love to call "Crozet's Tunnel," are cut in fitting memorial the names of those who directed the work of construction at that time. To construct a tunnel when the great Crozet was with us was as though we should undertake to penetrate the Alps. Further west in the Alleghanies Ellis and Fiske were laying down the bold line that made Huntington, the builder of the road through the Rocky Mountains, wonder. They worked in the day when engineers planned and capital obeyed. It would have been worth the while of your Careless Traveler to have stopped a moment at Jerry's Run, the largest fill or embankment in the world. One million and a quarter yards of earth and rock were dumped into a chasm one hundred and seventy-five feet deep.

But to fail to speak of Collis P. Huntington in this connection would be to fail in simple justice. Through the efforts of General Williams C. Wickham and Judge John B. Baldwin, of Virginia, Mr. Huntington became the master brain that at last brought to fruition the hope of Washington and created the great highway that to-day is crowded with traffic between the Atlantic and the lower Ohio waters. He was a builder of cities no less than of railways. The work that he did in founding places where men might find need of their toil is his greatest monument. Newport News is a tribute to his power. The shipyards there are the result of his determination, after a meeting with the King of Belgium, one of his friends, to give to this country a place where would be built the best ships upon the seas. With something of a fine and prophetic imagination, he touched this place here and that place there upon the map, and a city came into being at his bidding. What Washington dreamed of, Huntington brought to pass. What the State of Virginia began with no socialistic purpose, but to develop her vast wealth in the West and to give her people a needed highway, Huntington finished. The story of his life has in it much of romantic interest, not only in connection with the Chesapeake and Ohio road, but also with the upbuilding of the great West. He was indeed a builder of workshops where men to-day earn a living.

JAMES POYNTZ NELSON.